

CHATELAIN

APRIL 1959 15 CENTS

The Canadian Home Journal

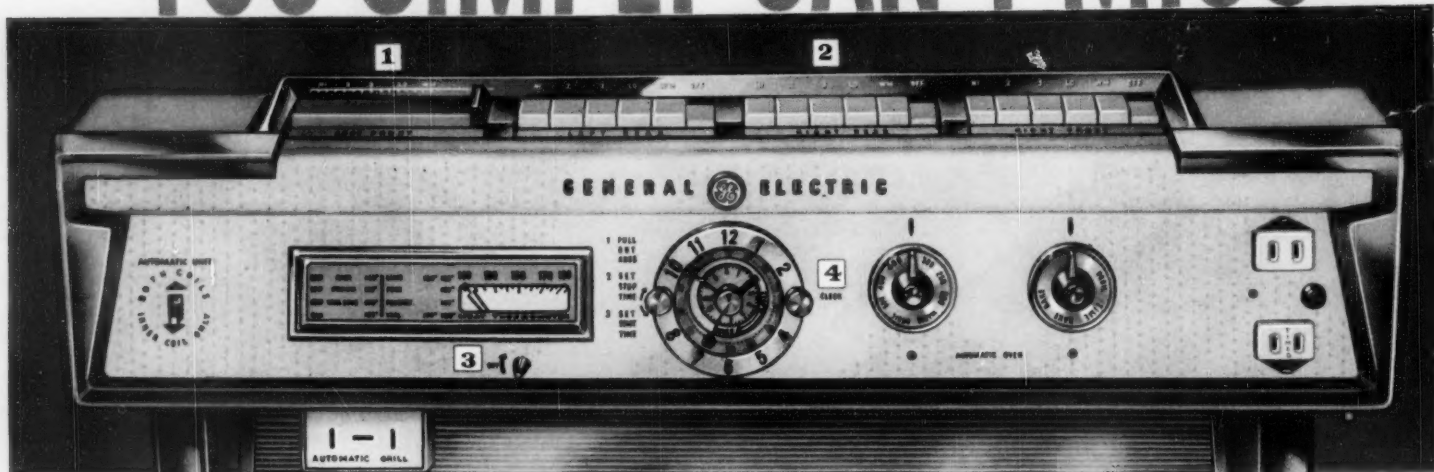


"Aggie was a terror"—Agnes Macphail's story
What are you worth to your husband?

Joyce Davidson's TV beauty secrets—page 42



YOU SIMPLY CAN'T MISS



1.—Here's the *slide control* that you set for automatic cooking on the G-E thermostatically controlled Calrod element . . . eliminates pot watching.

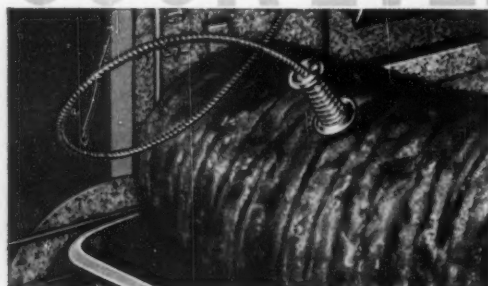
2.—*General Electric Pushbutton Controls* are conveniently located on the rear-mounted control panel—out of children's reach. There are five heats—from simmer to high—for each element. And, there's a colored light at the

back of each key on the panel to show which element is on—at what heat.

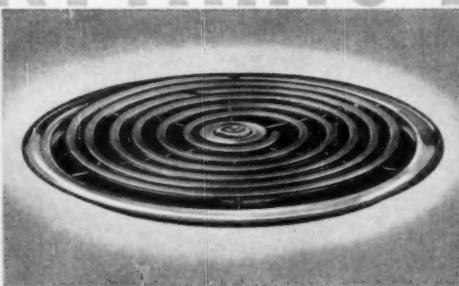
3.—This is the control that you set for your automatic *Meat Thermometer*.

4.—The *Oven Timer* turns the oven 'on' and 'off' automatically—the *Minute Timer* is a precise alarm which can be set to buzz at the end of any time period up to one hour—an invaluable help for 'just right' surface cooking.

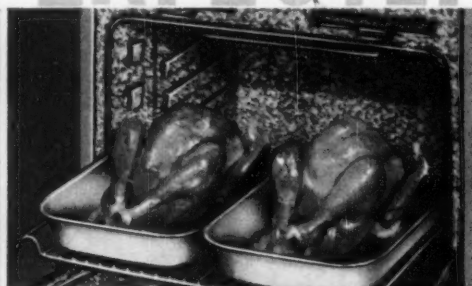
COOK EVERYTHING PERFECTLY



Exclusive G-E Meat Thermometer completely eliminates all the guess work from roasting meat. And so simple to use—just insert probe into the roast, set the dial for rare, medium, well done or in-between. When the roast is done *exactly* the way you like it, a buzzer sounds.



Only General Electric has the automatic Calrod element—another feature that makes automatic cooking so easy. All you do is set your control and when food comes to a boil the element *automatically* adjusts to the proper cooking temperature. Eliminates over-boiling and spilling.



The giant size G-E Oven cooks a full meal for 24 people all at one time! You get 10% more shelf space than many standard ovens. 'Focused heat' broiling sends the heat right to the heart of the food. The result is cooking perfection every time—without over-heated kitchen.



Model RJD 365

AUTOMATICALLY

The General Electric 30" Range has the new 'straight line' design to give your kitchen a built-in look. A window in the oven door, together with an outside switch for the oven light, lets you see what's cooking—without disturbing cakes, pies, roasts. Cook with electricity—cook on the beautiful new G-E Range—it's safer, cooler, cleaner, more economical. See your G-E dealer and ask about the 24-inch, 30-inch and 40-inch ranges. In Mix-or-Match colors of Canary Yellow, Turquoise, White.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
30" RANGE

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, APRIL 1959, Vol. 32, No. 4

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what's new

Photographer Paul Rockett and
 cover girl Joyce Davidson
 "take five" during shooting.



AT CHATELAINE

Our warm-looking spring cover was taken on an exceedingly cold day—ten below zero with a razor-sharp wind. To help get TV star **Joyce Davidson** into the proper spring mood, photographer **Paul Rockett** kept up a running patter that went something like this: "Come on, you're looking wonderful! Build up that

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smile . . . build it . . . build it . . ." Click. About thirty shots, two hours and several breaks for snacks (see at left) later, we had a cover. Incidentally, the two little girls on our cover are naturally Joyce's daughters—**Shelley** (standing) and **Connie**.

Just for a change, as this month's Chatelaine goes to press the entire staff is in the office. But it's a rare occasion. Since the beginning of the year art director **Joan Chalmers** has been to New York, Ottawa and Montreal on magazine business. Home planning editor **Barbara Reynolds** flew down to Chicago for the Chicago Furniture Mart and the latest news in decorating. Editor **Doris Anderson** went to Ottawa to judge the Carol Lane Safety Awards. Beauty editor **Eveleen Dollery** has been to New York for Fashion Press Week. Managing editor **Keith Knowlton** hopped down to Cleveland for a day on a writing assignment. **Jean Byers** has made several short trips around Ontario on **Seal of Approval** business. **Christina McCall** is about to set off on a three-week swing through western Canada with story assignments on Vancouver Island, at Winnipeg and Calgary. And **Vivian Wilcox** is poised with a trunkful of clothes to fly south in search of a sunny background for our June fashion story.

Continued on next page

"For busy...
but beautiful
hands

Trushay

is my Pet!"

says *Juliette*
homemaker and TV Star



"I can't risk dishpan hands on camera," says Juliette. "My hands lead a double-life, so I use Trushay for double protection... and I get it from every drop." Take a tip from your pet, Juliette, use her pet, Trushay... the rich, creamy lotion for quick, deep-down protection... absorbs instantly—not sticky.

Trushay

your loveliest hand habit

SOLD AT YOUR FAVOURITE COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



what's new CONTINUED



Doris French



Margaret Stewart

We're proud to be offering you, in this month's Chatelaine, the first part in a two-part biography of **Agnes Macphail**. The book was a co-operative writing job by two Canadian women—**Margaret Stewart** and **Doris French**. Before she died Agnes Macphail spent six weeks with Margaret Stewart and also turned over to her her files and an autobiography which she had begun and abandoned. Writing a book together while living miles apart isn't easy. Mrs. French lives in Ottawa and Mrs. Stewart lives at Sturgeon Point, Ontario. As the book grew, it was shipped back and forth by mail. Saskatchewan-born Doris French is the mother of two—a boy and a girl; she is also an editor in the economics and research branch of the Department of Labor. Margaret Stewart was born in

Ontario but has lived all over Canada. She has eleven grandchildren. The Stewarts moved to Sturgeon Point in 1950 to free-lance. They have written many radio plays and scripts and have won one Columbus award for the best documentary.

IN PARIS SUITS

Although short jackets predominate, the **most-talked-about suits** are the wrist-length widely belted ones with bell-shaped skirts designed by Jules François Crahay (pronounced "cry") of Nina Ricci. They could start a trend back to longer jackets for fall.

FOR CHILDREN

Here's a plywood **Magi-chair** specially designed for the young fry—with endless variety of assembly. The slotted curved unit with the seat piece forms a chair; add the U-shaped piece and provide a tray area; remove pieces and add a **teeter-totter section**; or use as a rocker. Initial unit with seat is \$5.75. Extras: a tray piece and a teeter-totter board at \$1 each. In color or natural finish, by Curvply Wood Products.



FOR APRIL BEAUTIES

A trick to try with the new **pure white lipstick** (biggest news since lipstick began): brush it on your lips, either under or over your own favorite lipstick shade. Essence of Pearl by Max Factor, \$1.50 per stick and White à la Carte by Revlon about \$1.15 for a Futurama refill.

A new mascara stick we've seen offers these improvements: it's delicately scented and the **mascara won't clog** on the applicator. In shades of smoked diamond black, emerald, deep topaz and sapphire, in a gold-pencil case. From Tussy, about \$2.50.

Just one sudsing—even in hard water—is all you need with Dubarry's new **Royal Shampoo**, containing royal jelly plus a special antidandruff ingredient. Out this month—six ounces for \$1.75.

We like the **rainbow tints** of the new pearl nail polishes. And now it's old hat to wear just one shade at a time. Instead, paint each nail a different delectable color—orchid, blue, pink, green and silvery grey. Available from Cutex, at about 59 cents a bottle.

what's new in the arts

By EDNA MAY



ART ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

The art market is teaming with young couples balancing babies and budgets; teachers, office workers and students are buying original lithographs, water colors, paintings and sculpture—on credit. In some galleries as much as seventy-five percent of a show is often sold on the installment plan. No matter how gilded the gallery, be sure to ask about credit because most dealers and terms are flexible since art lovers are turning out to be reliable risks. Some galleries ask twenty-five percent down, have you sign a contract and let you take your picture home; others require a series of postdated cheques; a few insist you have adequate insurance in case of fire or theft. Some dealers store your picture until the final payment is made; very few add interest charges and nearly all allow a year to pay. Remember, all dealers welcome your interest, so don't be afraid to enquire about prices and payment; with careful planning you, too, can become a collector.

PEPPER IN THE POET'S POT

*Only one woman I have met
with the humble and absolute dignity
of a turtle . . .*

This is just one of the sentiments of dynamic Montreal poet **Irving Layton**, lecturer at Sir George Williams College. A publishing event of the year will take place next month when **A Red Carpet For The Sun** (McClelland and Stewart, \$1.95) rolls off the press in a handsome full-size paperback artfully designed to show off this collection of poems written from 1942 to 1958.

In his introduction, Layton explains the poet's new place in the universe: "Poetry, by giving dignity and utterance to our distress, enables us to hope, makes compassion reasonable." Layton, whom **Anne Wilkinson**, an editor of the *Tamarack Review*, has called the most powerful Canadian poet writing today, gives the impression of charging through life like a bull wearing a camellia corsage—his vigor full of surprises, his brickbats petaled with tenderness.

Now that man is breaking the sound barrier, reeling toward Mars and spinning for the moon, the poet is gaining a new foothold on earth. Japanese poems are the rage in New York, **Boris Pasternak's** poems are in demand in England, and the Canadian publishing surprise of the decade was the sellout of **The Boatman** (Oxford, \$2.50). Now in its third printing this is a volume of intensely intellectual poems written by twenty-seven-year-old **Jay Macpherson**, English teacher at Victoria College in Toronto.

Another poet to burst into print next month is **George Johnston**, associate professor of English at Carleton University, in Ottawa. A collection of his witty verses, some previously published in the *New Yorker*, will be issued by Oxford under the title **The Cruising Auk**.

Meantime, back in the parlor of prose, don't miss the much-discussed new novel by **Hugh MacLennan**, *The Watch That Ends The Night* (Macmillan, \$3.95). Writing about Montreal in the



Now you can
protect him
from polio . . .
why don't you?

Perhaps no medical development was ever so eagerly awaited as the vaccine against polio, or infantile paralysis.

But when the vaccine was perfected and supplies became plentiful, a strange thing happened. Millions of Canadians failed to take it—or neglected to get the three injections needed for their protection.

In fact, more than 35 percent of our people under age 40—the period when most cases occur—have not had any shots; only half have had the full series. Of the pre-school children who are most susceptible to the disease, nearly one-third have not been inoculated at all.

To help correct this situation, Public Health authorities in Canada are urging inoculation of as many as possible in the susceptible age group, particularly children under five years of age.

You can strike a blow against polio!

If you have children, now is the time to provide them with protection—well in advance of the polio season which is at its height during hot weather.

Three injections—properly spaced by your physician—are 85 to 90 percent effective against paralytic polio. If your children completed their series of three injections a year or more ago, ask your doctor about a fourth "booster" shot at this time.

Remember, it is especially important to protect children under age five. Polio injections can be started as early as three months of age.

If you are under 40, see that you, too, are inoculated. Polio is not limited to children. In Canada in 1957, 35% of cases and 61% of deaths occurred among those over 20 years of age.

So, you could do no wiser thing than to call your physician or clinic now—and arrange for your family's injections.

If we all act immediately, we can face the summer of 1959 with the bright hope that there will be no polio epidemics!

For more information about this disease, send for Metropolitan's booklet, *ABC's of Childhood Disease*. Use the coupon below to order your free copy.

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SEE SOFT, SMOOTH RADIANT SKIN RETURN

Clear blemishes fast this new Cuticura way

Just lather-massage your face a full minute morning and night with Cuticura Soap. Very soon you'll discover the special magic that has made this uniquely superemollient, mildly medicated soap the complexion secret of lovely women all over the world. Years have proved, as Cuticura helps clear up your skin, it softens, freshens, brightens—helps keep it young!

Get the Full Treatment

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1 Cuticura Soap is vitally important to properly cleanse your skin and condition it for medication.



2 Smooth on fragrant Cuticura Ointment nightly. Notice how it softens, gently stimulates, improves your skin as it helps speed out blackheads, relieve pimples and dryness.

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Get all three and see! For FREE FOLDER, "Lovelier Skin in 5 Days" describing correct way to wash your face, write Cuticura, Dept. CL-94, 9471 LaSalle Blvd., LaSalle, Quebec.

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World's best known name in skin care



what's new CONTINUED

thirties, MacLennan vividly conveys the climate of depression and tells the story of a sick woman and two men whose lives are bound by admiration, love and struggle.

The truth about famous actor **Leslie Howard** is revealed in *A Quite Remarkable Father* (Longmans, Green, \$4.75) by his daughter, Leslie Ruth Howard—Mrs. R. B. Dale-Harris, of Toronto. The late Mr. Howard emerges from this lively account as an indulgent father, an extravagant eccentric and lovable romantic.

A plum for children from six to nine is the color-splashed book of stories from many lands told by **James McNeill** in *The Sunken City* (Oxford, \$3). Born in Edmonton, McNeill has been a lumberjack, cook, sailor, businessman, and is now posted with the Directorate of Military Intelligence, in Ottawa. His stories are the result of years of travel and research plus story-telling to his seven children.



Hugh MacLennan



Celia Franca



Irving Layton

BALLET—ON THE SCREEN AND IN THE SCHOOL

For the first time **Canada's National Ballet**, in association with the producers of the famous film *Red Shoes*, is sponsoring a movie version of the gay Strauss musical *Oh, Rosalinda!* in theatres across Canada. This is a modern version of *Die Fledermaus*, in Cinemascope and Technicolor, featuring **Ludmilla Tcherina** (see below), **Mel Ferrer**, **Michael Redgrave**, **Anton Walbrook** and **Anthony Quayle**. Part of the proceeds of the showing will go into the coffer of the National Ballet.

It is time to enquire now about the **Ninth National Ballet Summer School**, to be held from June 22 to August 8 under the direction of the National Ballet's artistic director, **Celia Franca**, and **Betty Oliphant**, acting as the school's principal. Courses for children eight years and over will be provided; there will also be intensive training for teachers, along with supervised accommodation for students ten to eighteen. For information and prospectus, write: The Secretary, National Ballet Guild of Canada, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.



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EVERY WOMAN HAS MOMENTS, days even, when her nerves are taut . . . when she is easily irritated, inclined to quick anger . . . not like her usual agreeable self.

If you follow the pattern, you may have upset days like this too. Days when you take extra cups of tea or coffee in an effort to calm yourself, soothe your troubled feelings. Many people, of course, drink tea and coffee without noticeable harmful effects. But many others can not.

Ask your Doctor about this — and he will tell you tea and coffee contain stimulants, drugs, caffeine. So instead of putting you at ease, these beverages may aggravate your symptoms . . . make you more nervous, irritable.

For your trying, down-in-the-mouth days, there is a hot beverage that can offer you a world of comfort. It is Instant Postum. Instant Postum is not like tea or coffee. Instant Postum contains absolutely no stimulants, drugs or caffeine. It does have a delicious aroma and a comforting flavor. There's no need, really, to drag through another month. Let Instant Postum help you. Get a jar. Drink it faithfully and see if you don't feel more at ease, calmer . . . like your usual pleasant self.

**There is no substitute for
Instant POSTUM**

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here's health

by Lawrence Galton

Special pregnancy treatment for Rh mothers

A much greater chance of survival for babies born to Rh-sensitized mothers has become possible now in Ontario through a program organized by the Ontario Medical Association, the Department of Health and the Junior Red Cross. It enables any physician to have pregnant patients tested for the Rh-blood factor at Department of Health laboratories, Red Cross Transfusion laboratories or at laboratories attached to treatment-centre hospitals. Follow-up studies also can be made, when necessary, at these laboratories and Rh-sensitized mothers can be delivered in a treatment-centre hospital equipped and staffed to give expert care. The program may well reduce the mortality of Rh babies to five percent or less and may also avoid the complications.

Are nylon brushes one cause of baldness?

A new type of baldness has been discovered by a British physician in a number of patients of both sexes whose hair was falling out without obvious cause. All had been using hairbrushes with nylon bristles. Examination showed that the hairs had been pulled out by the roots or broken off and split by the brushes. Nylon, reports the physician, is tough, hard, virtually indestructible, and a substance that makes a good pot scourer hardly could be expected to be kind to the hair. But also blamed is the shape of the ends of some nylon bristles, which are cut off square instead of being rounded like hog bristles, and therefore are more likely to produce injury. Recovery without any treatment occurred when the patients stopped using the nylon brushes.

Tear treatments soothe dry, burning eyes

Dryness of the eyes caused by insufficient tear flow may produce burning sensations, light sensitivity and stringy mucoid secretions. Generally, tear flow tends to decrease with age, and degeneration of the tear glands occurs in about one third of people over forty. In addition, obstruction of the tear ducts due to burns or irradiation, debilitating disease, or even a medication such as belladonna may interfere with tear flow. In many older people, reports a University of Toronto physician, use of a cool alkaline eye lotion is helpful. In other cases, an artificial tear solution such as one-percent methylcellulose or gelatine and Locke's solution, is often valuable. When these measures fail, the outlets of the tear canals in the edges of the eyelids can be sealed with a diathermy needle, to allow more effective use of the smaller quantity of tears formed by degenerated glands.

Are the wonder drugs prescribed too often?

Are antibiotics needed whenever there is an acute middle-ear or tonsil infection as many people—even some physicians—believe? A British physician, over a three-year period, treated 482 tonsillitis attacks and 552 cases of acute otitis media. Each patient was followed carefully and penicillin was withheld unless there were definite indications that an antibiotic was essential. Such indications appeared in only twenty-five percent of the tonsillitis cases and twenty-two percent of the ear infections. Results in those

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The wall-to-wall flooring that fits all budgets!

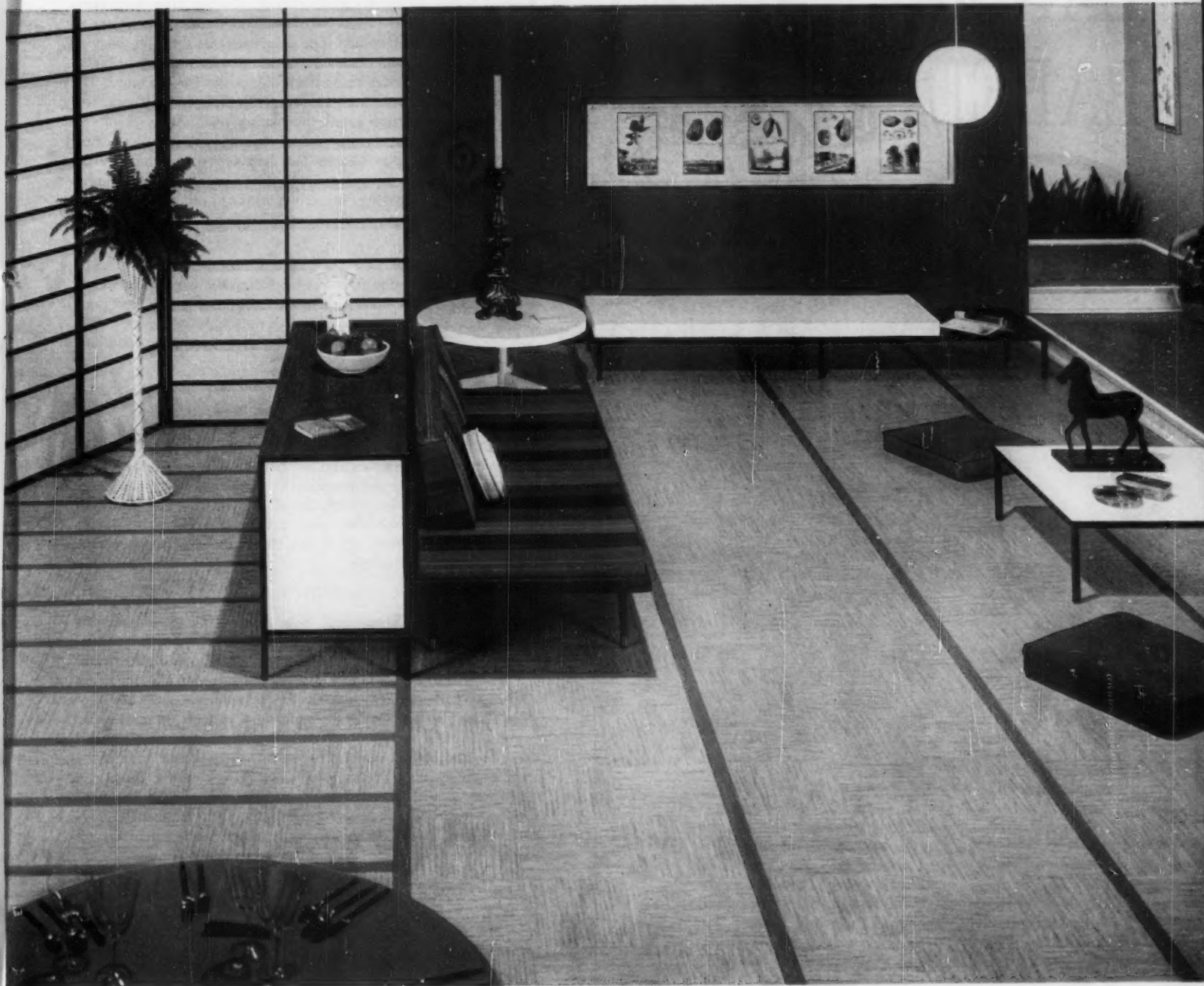
Its smooth finish won't show scratches, sheds burns, wears as long as you want it!

As vibrant as an oriental gong... this sophisticated room goes to the East for its mood, goes to linoleum for a flooring in tune with its modern feeling. How smart to use beige 'Handicraft' tiles by Dominion Linoleum as a foil to such brave splashes of colour! How smart to use darker linoleum stripes to give this airy, spacious effect!

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leum's *smooth* surface sheds spilled things, won't harbour dust and wipes clean easily. Enough patterns and colours to fill a book... all "starters" for a room with the 'model home' look. Dominion Linoleum is a *quality* product manufactured by a company with nearly a century of experience. For *further* inspiration — other room scenes, free illustrated guides on linoleum colour selection, installation and maintenance — write: Home Planning Dept., Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd., 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

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Chatelaine — April 1959



here's health CONTINUED

treated with and without antibiotic were equally satisfactory. No serious complications occurred in either group and recurrences were uncommon. Seventy to ninety percent of patients with tonsillitis and ear infections ordinarily are treated with antibiotics in general practice, the British doctor notes, and questions whether such extensive use is necessary. Antibiotics, he points out, are relatively expensive drugs and not without danger.

New tranquilizer for women in labor

During labor, promethazine is a safe, effective drug with many advantages, two Vancouver physicians report after reviewing its use in five thousand women. The drug increases the pain-relieving effect of Demerol and decreases the amount of the latter needed. In doing so, it reduces respiratory depression for the child. The baby, when born, usually is pink and cries lustily. The tranquilizer effect of promethazine calms the mother and usually results in establishment of satisfactory labor. Resting well between pains, the mother usually arrives in the delivery room comparatively fresh and is able to co-operate. The drug's anti-vomiting action is valuable and its antihistamine action seems to reduce fluid collections in tissues and to result in better healing.

Faster bone healing for the aged

Faster healing of bone fractures, including difficult hip breaks in elderly people, has been obtained with isoniazid. Two or three daily doses of the drug, which is often used in tuberculosis, helped healing even in fractures that had previously refused to unite and had remained unhealed for months.

Cure for periodic pimples

Ninety percent of a group of women subject to periodic acne outbreaks were completely freed of them by chlorothiazide taken for ten days before menses and for three days afterward. The drug, a diuretic, is in wide use in congestive heart failure and other conditions in which excess accumulations of fluid must be flushed out of body tissues. In periodic acne, it appears to work by ridding the skin of excess fluids which may collect there, as in other body tissues, just prior to menses.

Slow but sure relief for arthritis

Two of the newest compounds to be tried in rheumatoid arthritis are antimalarials — chloroquine phosphate and hydroxy chloroquine sulphate. Now, after three years of study in more than eight hundred patients, Cleveland Clinic physicians report that the drugs are easy to administer, cause few undesirable reactions, and produce major improvement in the majority of patients. In most cases, maximum improvement, once attained, is maintained. One disadvantage: in about one third of patients there is a delay of many months before major relief is obtained. However, the drugs can be combined with other agents to hasten response. Of one hundred and ninety-four patients receiving combined treatment, eighty-three percent have had their arthritis suppressed and it has remained under control for eighteen months thus far.

Plantar warts

The painful, often stubborn type of wart that develops on the sole of the foot can be removed by ultrasonics. The high-frequency sound-wave treatment has been successful in ninety percent of cases in which it has been tried, reports a University of Oklahoma physician.

END ♦

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feminine hygiene

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DESIGNED SPECIALLY FOR YOU — CLOTHES YOU CAN BUY NOW, ENJOY ALL SUMMER LONG:

for femininity—floral stripes

for smartness—a nautical ensemble

for madness—plaids, a Casey Jones jacket

By VIVIAN WILCOX PHOTOS BY JOHN SEBERT



Navy jacket tops a sleeveless dress with red- and white striped cotton bodice, Arnel sharkskin skirt. It's a Wm. G. Size 7-15. About \$25; Peggy Anne Breton hat; Capezio pumps, Simpson's.



Mad plaid . . . red, fringed. It's in Galey Lord's Tarpoon—a washable, pre-shrunk cotton. This outfit is by Juniorite, in sizes 7-15. Top, about \$5.95; slims, about \$8.95.



Casey Jones jacket comes in black-and-white striped cotton with train appliquéd on the back. By Casual Togs in sizes 10-18. About \$10.95; matching Jamaicas, about \$4.95.



Row upon row of flowers—yellow, gold and white with green leaves on a maize ground. The fabric is hopsacking. The dress is by Vicky Vaughn. Sizes 9 to 17. About \$12.95.



Roses, roses everywhere — in the stripes, on the bow. The dress is pale yellow cotton cord; the belt is rose and green grosgrain. Kay Junior, sizes 7-15. About \$20.

"WHERE-TO-BUY" . . . PAGE 129

**NOW MATINÉE GIVES YOU A NEW HIGH
LEVEL OF FILTER EFFICIENCY
with the *finer filament* filter!**

Matinée—the leading filter cigarette in Canada—
now has a new, improved filter.

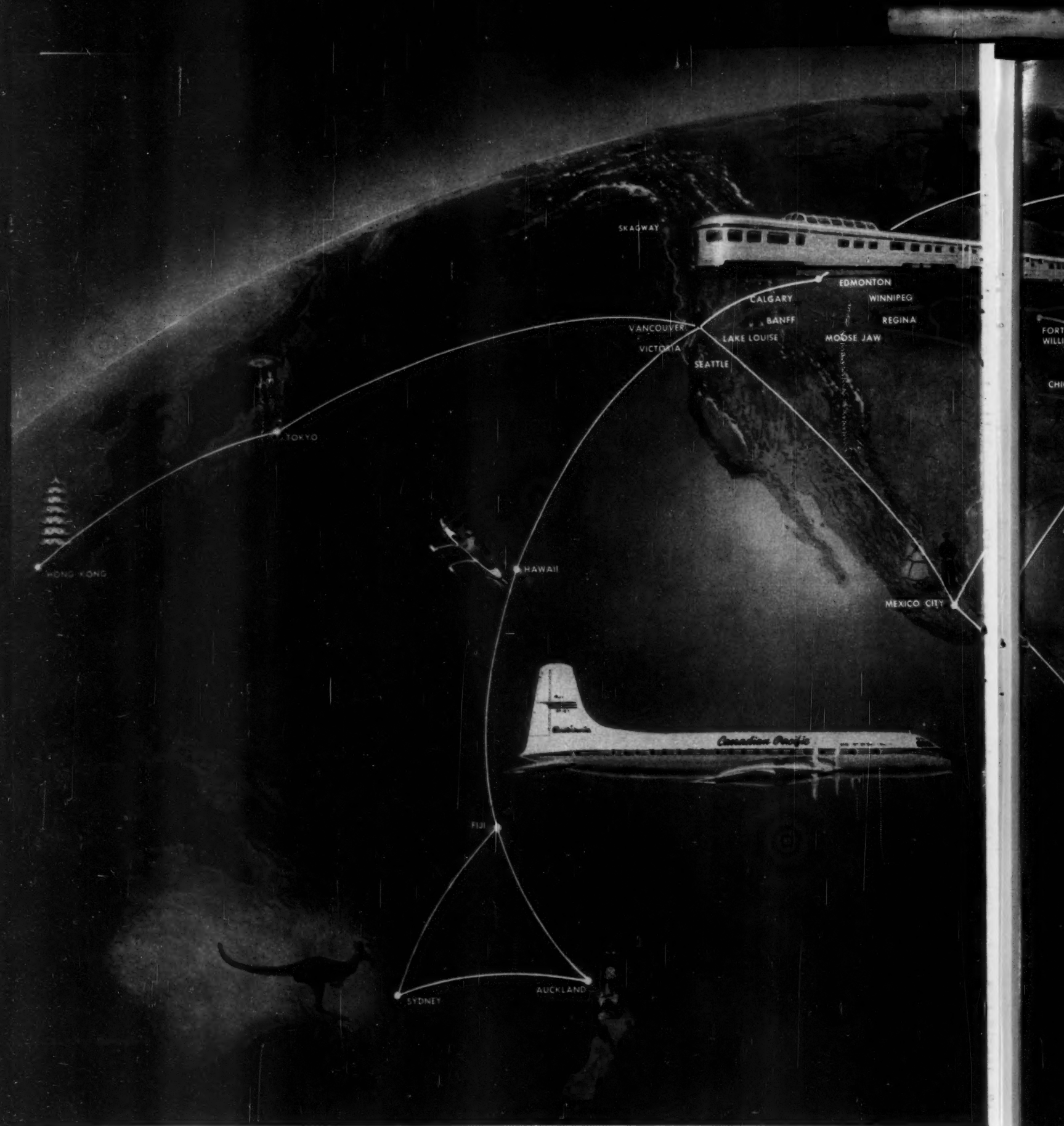
Made with *finer* filaments of one of the most effective
filtering materials known—it gives a new high level
of filter *efficiency*.

This new improved filter relays the *full taste* of
Matinée's fine tobaccos.

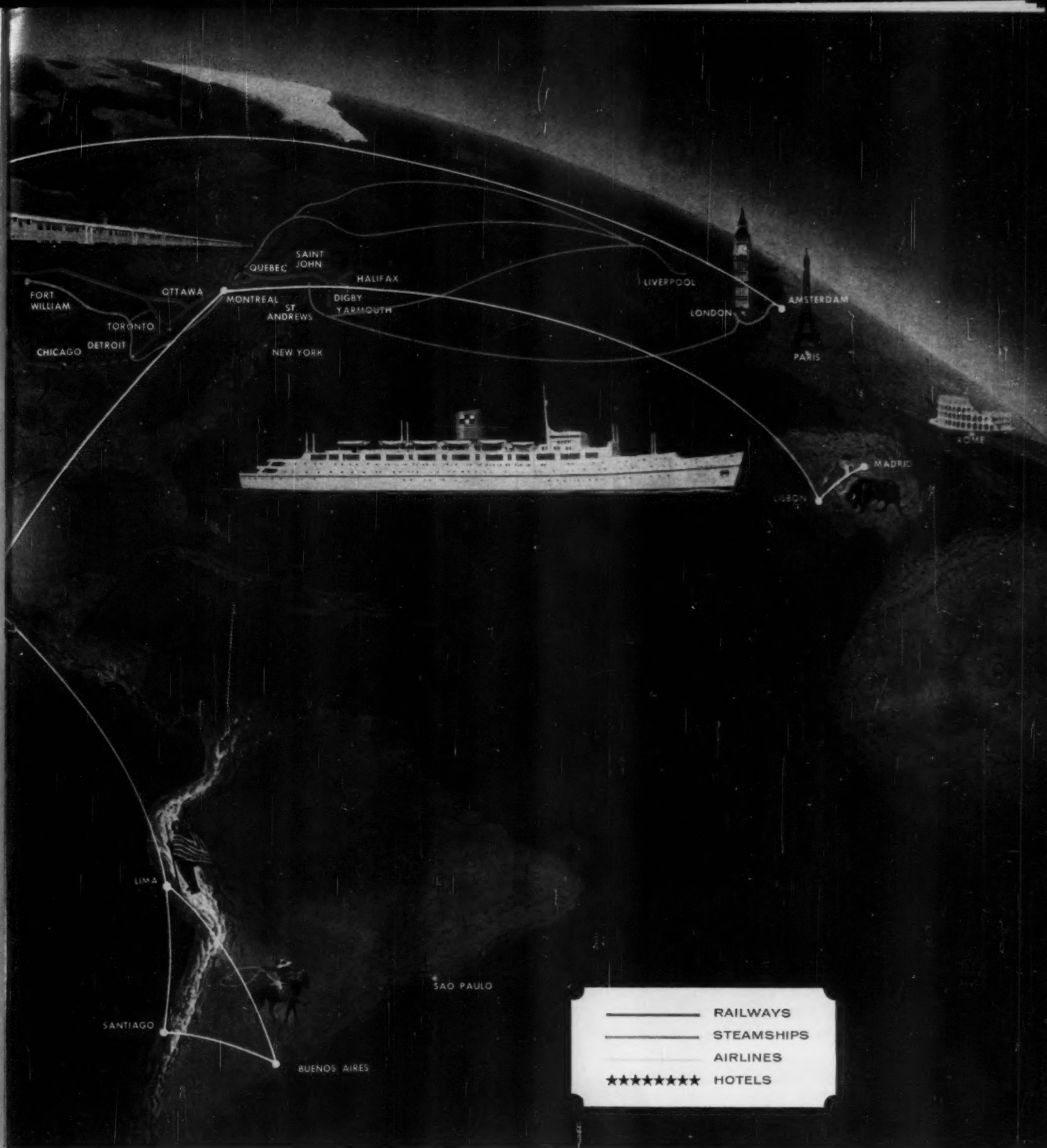
even more than before: in **MATINÉE** they have found the finest



even more than before: filter efficiency
even more than before: flavour appreciation



By land, by sea, by air, Canadian Pacific —
the world's most complete transportation
system — serves five continents



Daily, Canadian Pacific's sleek scenic dome streamliner train, "The Canadian," speeds across Canada on the Banff-Lake Louise route.

Graceful White Empress ships glide majestically down the St. Lawrence River past picturesque French Canadian farms and villages.

Jet-prop Britannias and super DC6-Bs take wing regularly to five continents, and Canadian Pacific aircraft also provide new air service across Canada.

Night and day, commerce moves across Canada by Canadian Pacific coordinated rail and trucking

services—by ocean, inland and coastal ships.

Canadian Pacific operates a chain of hospitable hotels typified by baronial Banff Springs in the Canadian Rockies, and the Royal York in Toronto, largest hotel in the British Commonwealth.

And rounding out its many services, Canadian Pacific maintains a system of world-wide communications and express services.

This is Canadian Pacific—the World's Most Complete Transportation System—operating and expanding more than 85,000 route miles by land, sea and air.

Canadian Pacific

The World's Most Complete Transportation System

RAILWAYS • STEAMSHIPS • AIRLINES • HOTELS • EXPRESS
COMMUNICATIONS • TRUCKING • PIGGYBACK

CHATELAINE DROPS IN ON

Marilyn Bell DiLascio



Marilyn wants baby Lisa Jane spared the publicity she herself grew to hate.

This is the first of a series of informal visits to interesting people. Here Marilyn tells us how her publicity-ridden past affects her marriage and plans for her baby's future

By CHRISTINA McCALL

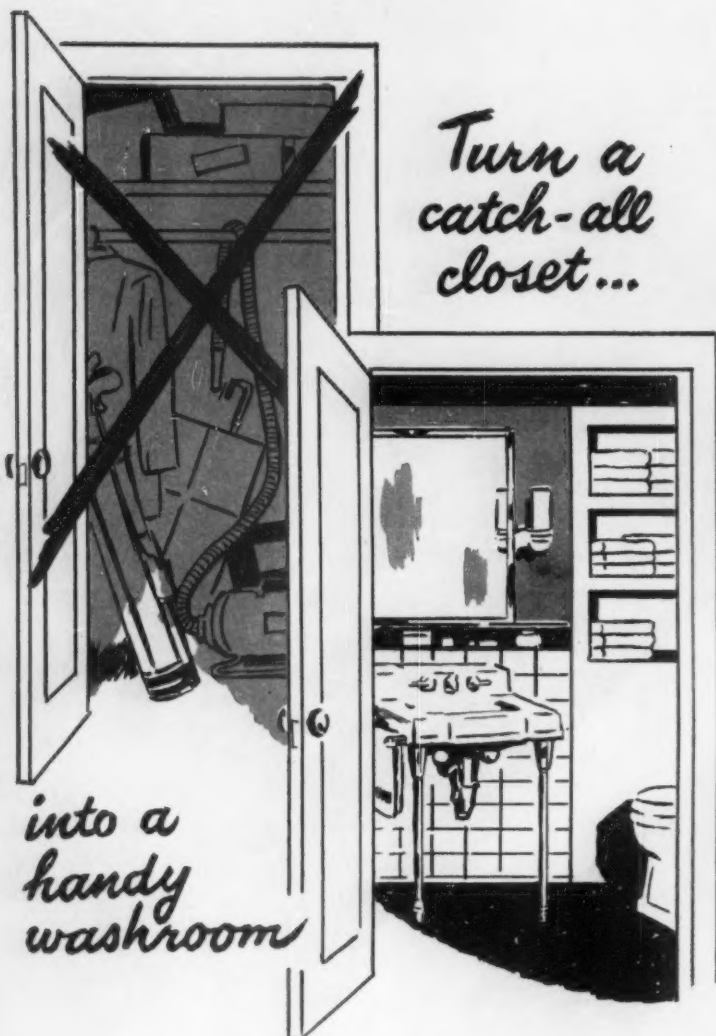
MARILYN BELL DILASCIO is a sturdy, twenty-one-year-old girl with gentle eyes and pale hair who was born in Toronto's St. Joseph's Hospital and now lives in Camden, a small industrial city just across the river from Philadelphia, with her husband, Joe, a parole officer for the State of New Jersey, and her infant daughter Lisa Jane. The middle-aged American housewife in the apartment across the court, the cashier in the supermarket down the street and the raspy-voiced man who sold the DiLascios insurance for their Austin probably think of her as a pleasant girl with an easy smile, gracious good manners, and a slightly unfamiliar accent—a normal, unremarkable young mother with ordinary problems. And they're right.

But for one brief, hectic period during her teens, Marilyn was famous,

the biggest human-interest story Canadian newspapers had fastened on, and fought over, for more than two decades and the darling of a conservative nation of about seventeen million people who were unaccountably demonstrative in their admiration for her. She was Marilyn Bell, a professional swimmer with unusual physical stamina and a fabled determination that almost everybody called guts: the first human to swim Lake Ontario, the youngest girl to conquer the English Channel and the only woman to plough her way across the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Now, scarcely five years after she first became the subject of hysterical headlines, Marilyn, with characteristic good sense, is busily getting on with the kind of life she always lived and always

Continued on page 145

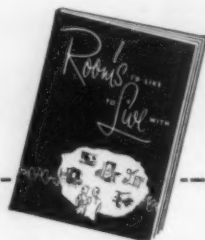


Space for an extra washroom or a powder room is easier to find than you think. Modern washroom fixtures change small wasted space into new convenience—on the main floor, in the basement or off the master bedroom.

A handy washroom is only one way to modernize your home. To help you see other advantages in bringing your plumbing and heating facilities up to date, ask for the booklet "Rooms I'd Like to Live With". Fill in the coupon below. You can live in modern style with less trouble and at less cost than you probably think—right where you are.



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Canadian Institute of Plumbing & Heating
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Without obligation, please rush my copy of the colorfully illustrated
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SEVERAL DIFFERENT CLAYS are refined and ground to incredible fineness, mixed to precise proportions and fired at extremely high temperatures. That is the Spode Imperial body, one of the finest earthenwares ever made. Light, strong, durable, extremely resistant to chipping, it is a soft off-white color ready for decoration in Traditional or Contemporary styles.

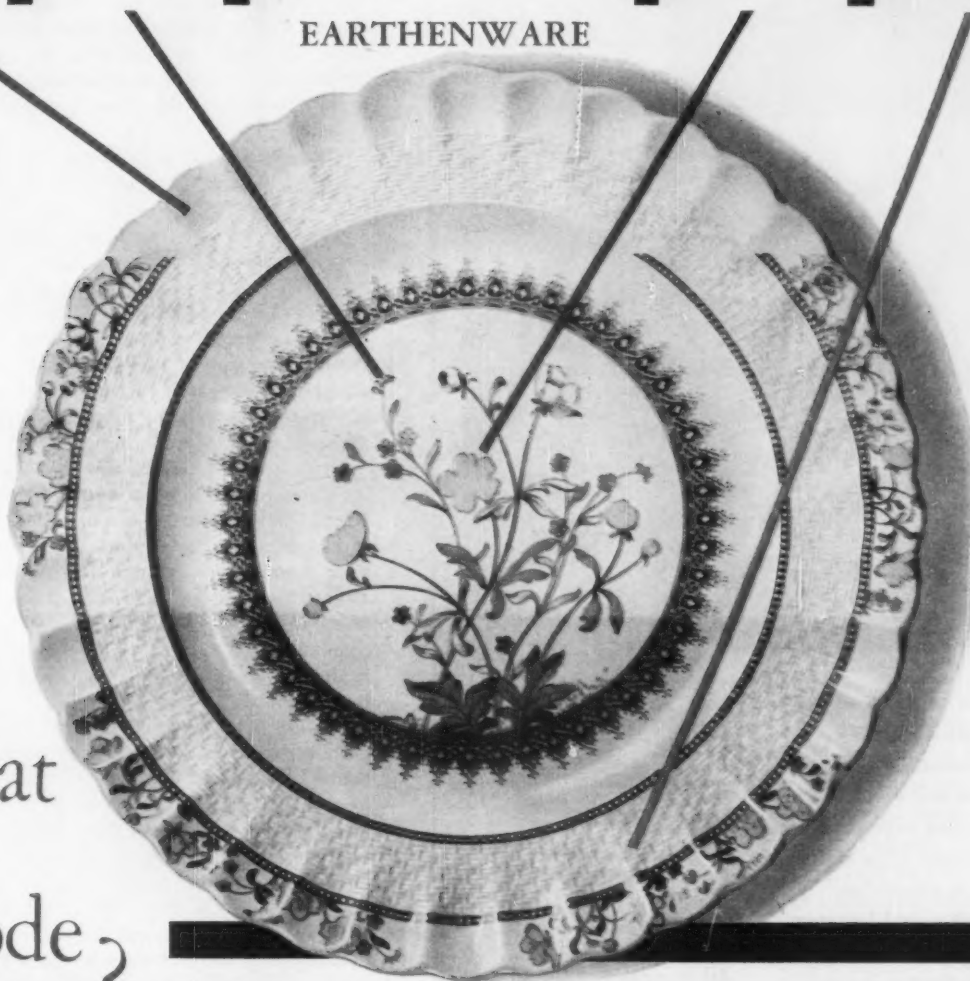
EACH PIECE OF SPODE is individually decorated. A print from a hand-engraved copper forms the basic design. Imperishable copper engravings, Spode's priceless stock-in-trade, assure the continuous availability of patterns.

NO OTHER DINNERWARE offers so large a variety of serving pieces. Not only plates, but hollowware of every description—platters, bowls, vegetable dishes, soup and sauce tureens, etc. Each piece matches in modelling and decoration all the other pieces in the service.

ADDITIONAL COLORS, sometimes as many as eight or ten, are painted by hand. Colors suitable for application by brush have a clarity and brilliance that can never be equalled by mechanical means. Spode earthenware is decorated before it is glazed so that the colors are permanent.

EACH PIECE is individually dipped by hand to spread an even layer of glaze material mixed with water. The final fire melts this to a glass-like, transparent, stain-proof covering that intensifies the colors of the decoration while protecting them from the corrosive effects of food acids and dishwasher detergents.

EARTHENWARE



What is Spode?

Spode is a brand of English dinnerware, and the name comes from Josiah Spode who began it all.

Spode Earthenware—he called it Imperial—was the first ware he produced. Today, as in 1770, it is made with fastidious care. Butter-soft clay is molded by the practiced hands of dedicated potters into a hundred and more different shapes; decorated by sensitive artists with designs Contemporary or Traditional, but always tasteful.

Spode is made for those whose sense of value demands real quality for the price, whose aesthetic needs transcend the basic utilitarian necessity for dishes. Such people

find their Spode adaptable to all occasions, agreeable in every setting. They take pride in knowing that their Spode is beyond the whims of fashion, yet, at the same time, they realize that people of good taste have always deemed it quite fashionable, and always will.

One last word: don't look for Spode "wherever dinnerware is sold". But if you know of a store that stands stubbornly for quality, you'll find it there, for as little as \$4.80 a place setting. Just don't wait to *inherit* Spode.

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

WRITE FOR BOOKLET "O"

Wholesale distributors: COPELAND & DUNCAN, LIMITED, 222 Bay Street, Toronto

get wall-to-wall
ELEGANCE
without **EXTRAVAGANCE**

NEW
PEERTWEED ^{VP}



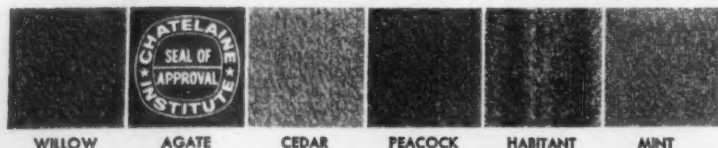
Shown above:
PEERTWEED GOLD

Flatter your floors with wall-to-wall carpeting—at so little cost! New Peertweed VP Viscose broadloom brings the comfort and warmth of a wall-to-wall floor plan within everyone's reach. New Peertweed VP is moth-proof, soil-resistant . . . so wonderfully resilient and long-wearing! Let your rug dealer show you the exciting range of ten new Spring shades!

Peerless RUG CO. LTD.
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Ask to see these
Peerless qualities, too!
PEERCREST
PEERTWIST
IMPERIAL

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WE NEED MORE WOMEN SCIENTISTS

EVER SINCE SPUTNIK with its innocuous bleep-bleep thrust us into the Space Age, we have been desperately concerned about our scientific strength compared with Russia. Suddenly we are talking and reading about our "soft" education, the need for rapid expansion in science courses and more science scholarships in universities. The bright student who, for the past twenty years, has almost been treated as a personality problem, whose main job is to learn to adjust to the group, is now receiving some long-overdue attention.

But no one has pointed out one important source of future scientists we have generally ignored — and that is the female half of Canada's population.

Almost from the time a little girl picks up a toy in her playpen, she is taught that mechanical matters and scientific affairs are the province of boys and men. This subtle propaganda is continued through school and university. The girl who bucks tradition and goes into a science course is regarded as a curiosity. The misconception that women don't belong in science is fostered by the universities who rarely encourage women to continue into graduate science courses and even more rarely appoint women to the teaching staff in science faculties.

The prejudice against women is carried on in industry. A committee of enquiry sponsored by the Manchester College of Science and Technology in England in 1957 reported in a survey of engineering firms that wherever women were employed they were found to be as competent as men, but it was clear that "where there are sufficient men, the employment of women engineers, in general, is unlikely to be seriously contemplated." The committee found that women were readily accepted as technicians in drawing offices and laboratories, but did not often rise above this level.

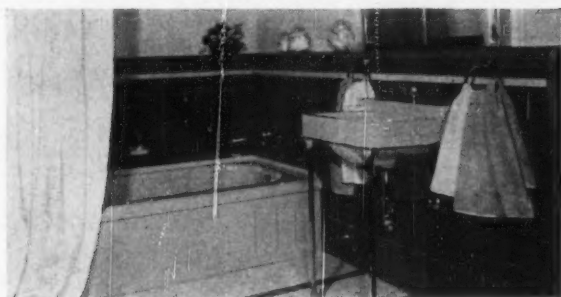
In Russia, seventy-five to eighty percent of doctors and engineers are women. But at the University of Toronto, for example, out of 1,974 engineering students only twelve are women. If we are to compete with or keep abreast of the Russians in this desperate race, we can't afford to continue to discourage women from entering science fields. We must re-tool our thinking and accustom ourselves to the idea that girls can do as well in mathematics and science as boys. Women, themselves, must feel obligated, if they take expensive training and accept scholarships in science courses, to continue in the profession for most of their lives, whether they marry or not. Our female brain power is presently one of our richest untapped reservoirs. The longer we fail to make use of it, the less chance we have for survival in the Space Age.

Doris Anderson



QUALITY
CANADIAN PRODUCTS
MADE FROM QUALITY INCO COPPER

Inco Copper makes a modern home a model of comfort, beauty and efficiency



It's easy to take copper plumbing for granted. Copper won't rust, resists corrosion . . . it lasts for years and seldom, if ever, needs repairs.



Since the early days of electricity we have depended on copper wiring to bring us light and power.



Copper tubing in radiant panel, baseboard or convector heating helps insure lasting comfort.

Beautiful, durable copper, one of the oldest metals known to man . . . and the newest! For the red metal of the ancients has never been more useful than it is today—as a functional and decorative material in smart, modern settings like this.

Copper is richly colourful and, with the brass and bronze alloys, provides a bright array of warm colours for hardware and ornamental accessories

in the home. Copper won't rust . . . resists corrosion. That makes it ideal for plumbing and heating systems, for screens, weatherstripping, eaves-troughing and downspouts.

Inco produces fine quality ORC* Brand Copper from the ores mined near Sudbury, Ontario. And Canadian manufacturers use this copper to make hundreds of beautiful and durable products of copper, brass and bronze.

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IT'S YOUR WORLD

A monthly background to the news headlines



MAO TSE-TUNG

Why is Red China's dictator, Mao Tse-tung, stepping down? Has Russia scored a victory over this veteran Communist who wouldn't be bossed? Here is a revealing report on a critical moment in the world's largest nation By WILLIAM STEVENSON

HONG KONG—Every fall for nine years the familiar moon face of Mao Tse-tung has risen above the red horizon of Peking's Gate of Heavenly Peace as the people of China marched twenty abreast crying out for ten thousand years of life for Chairman Mao. The soldier-philosopher would touch his peaked railroader's cap in pleased acknowledgement of these organized eruptions; and the crisp blue skies were filled with the shrill pipings of whistles tied to the legs of pigeons, the deep whine of jets and the crackle and pop of firecrackers.

But what will be Mao's place in this year's celebrations, the most significant since he led the world's biggest nation into humanity's most fantastic of social experiments? He was due for re-election as chairman at the Second People's Congress early this spring but during an important session of the Chinese Communist Party's central committee last December he announced that he would stand down.

Who tipped the Dragon Throne?

Mao's decision was a shock to many. His ideas are so deeply embedded in the minds of his followers that it is hard to imagine Red China surviving his disgrace. Yet Mao seemed to be the scapegoat for mistakes made in recent months — errors of judgment that led to economic chaos until the party, with that unique talent it has for rescuing victory from defeat, hastily changed step. Mao's resignation came, in fact, after a psychological defeat in the Formosan Strait (where the threats of last August to capture Quemoy were frustrated) and it followed over-hasty establishment of the People's Communes. The original directive on the communes, which coincided with the first shelling of Quemoy, implied that China might proclaim the final attainment of Communism even before Soviet Russia.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that Mao has been purged in some subtle Oriental fashion because of Chinese over-confidence. He led more than 500 million peasants into twenty-six thousand communes during 1958's staggering experiment to leap forward into collective life, and it was admitted at December's central committee meeting that many of these communes had been organized so hastily that injustice and hardship were often the result. The fact that Russian leaders disapproved of the Chinese communes does not mean that Peking blindly abandoned the experiment, but it probably does help explain why Mao judged it expedient to retire from the Dragon Throne.

He had often expressed a wish to become the Grandfather of China, in much the same way that ancient emperors retired from the rigors of ceremonial routine in order to give the nation the fullest benefit of their experience and philosophy.

So we are left with the impression that Grandpa Mao plans to guide this new, communalized China along its own stubborn road to the Marxist Utopia, even if this means a few temporary concessions

to Elder Brother Russia, whose valuable aid must not be jeopardized by too foolish and public a devotion to Mao's divergent theories.

Mao did not, in fact, relinquish power when he doffed his grey-cotton crown as Head of State. His strength, aside from physical control of the army and party, lies in the peasantry. It always has. This was the cause of Mao's quarrel with Soviet leaders more than thirty years ago and it is the basis of differences today between Moscow and Peking.

Mao was expelled from the Politburo because he established his control first in the countryside, whereas Russia advocated seizure of the cities first. He was brash enough to utter another discordant note: "Soviet democracy has progressed far but not far enough. Persuasion should replace dictatorialism vis-à-vis the masses."

There is really little reason to believe that Mao and the Russians love each other any more today. But expediency dictated their eventual collaboration and today the marriage of convenience is determinedly preserved. Both Khrushchev and Chinese Premier Chou En-lai went to some trouble at the recent Twenty-First Soviet Party Congress in Moscow to convince the world that the two Communist giants remained firmly united, even if China was following a different road to Communism. Only Mao, of course, was not there to provide the needed confirmation.

Today, still only sixty-six although his devotees like to pay him the Chinese compliment of exaggerating his age, Mao is busy adding to the steady stream of edicts and politico-philosophical writings which has issued from his fluent pen ever since he worked in Peking University as a threadbare and chronically hungry librarian. He still insists that China's methods of attaining Communism are best suited to the needs and vast human resources of Asia, Africa and many parts of Latin America where enormous populations have got to be absorbed.

How far can a peasant be pushed?

In the Soviet view, Communism will be achieved when heavy industry and productive forces are far advanced. The Chinese prefer to rely on "peasant power." Mao's first directive, in which he called for the immediate creation of the communes, envisaged an early transition of Communism by greater employment of human labor. The communes (where thousands of people would exist without personal property) were to provide this human work-force for China's industrialization, to be achieved by small-scale industries worked by primitive tools as well as by the establishment of heavy industry along modern Russian lines.

But life in some Chinese communes had become so intolerable by fall last year that popular misgivings began to find expression even in the controlled press. One Chinese newspaper described the day's routine in a typical commune:

Continued on page 155



WATCHING MOMMY "PRETTY-UP", 2-year old Tony finds a Noxzema facial is mighty fascinating business. Bev smooths on Noxzema . . . tissues off the surplus . . . and leaves the remainder as a foundation for her make-up. "It gives my make-up a smoother finish . . . keeps pores from clogging . . . and my skin looks so wide awake," says Bev.

A simple beauty trick
used often...is the real secret
of natural beauty...

says Beverley Rockett

BEV AND HER HUSBAND, Paul Rockett, one of Canada's leading photographic illustrators, live with their two children in a comfortable old "converted" house on Toronto's Oriole Road.

Professionally, they are a hard-working team. Bev, herself, is a fashion photographer and when not busy with her own assignments she tags along with Paul as an indispensable Girl Friday. Friends maintain Bev is so beautiful she belongs *in front* of the camera . . . instead of behind it.

"Beautiful—Nonsense!" laughs Bev. "As a photographer, I'm naturally conscious of skin texture. I know what make-up and hot lights can do to your skin. And Noxzema gets my vote when it comes to restoring moisture . . . clearing . . . and maintaining a healthy young skin."

Bev's right. Noxzema cares for your skin *completely* in nature's own way. For Noxzema contains *five* beneficial ingredients to nourish, smooth and clear your skin.

As a night cream and under make-up, Noxzema's "suspended moisture" brings dewy freshness to your skin and prevents dryness. In fact, for *all* family skin care you can't beat Noxzema . . . it heals so fast.



"DARK ROOM CHEMICALS really tear into your hands," says Bev. "So we keep a jar of Noxzema handy. Paul uses it on his hands after he's finished developing. But me, I'm a sissy . . . I slather on Noxzema even *before* I start."

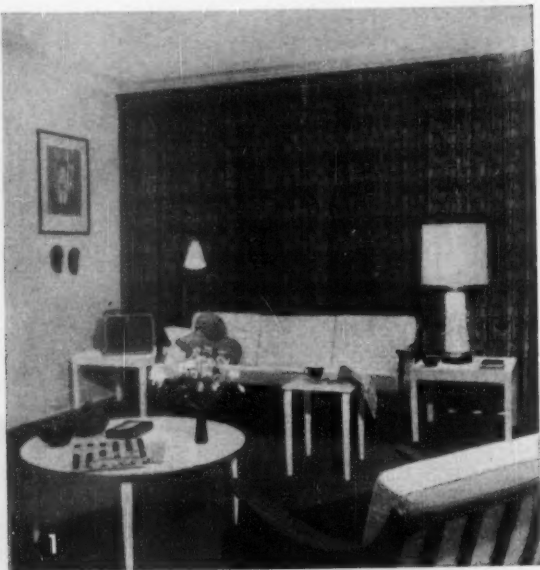


READY TO "BEAUTY SLEEP" her way to a fresh, wide-awake complexion, Bev smooths Noxzema over her freshly scrubbed face. "As a night cream, it's wonderful", she says, "and comes morning tired lines are erased away!"



YOU PROBABLY HAVE A JAR IN THE HOUSE right now. Most people do. So why not start the Noxzema way to loveliness today. Medicated Noxzema gives you the beautiful skin nature intended for you . . . naturally!

NOXZEMA *does it, naturally!*



Five ways to decorate with unpainted furniture

- 1 Painted end and coffee tables stretch the living-room budget. In a beige-and-brown scheme, these are painted robin-egg blue.
- 2 Red and white is the color plan for this attractive serving bar. The white matchstick blind rolls down to close off the bar.
- 3 For a dining corner, table and chairs with rush seats are painted olive green, rug is chartreuse, café curtains, cream.
- 4 Two base chests plus stack-on tannhour units in varying shades (mauve, pink, periwinkle) are exciting against a white wall.
- 5 Provincial hutch cabinet and chair painted subtle green-gold contrast with lemon wall, pumpkin-colored floor covering.

By Doris Thistlewood



Rain tomorrow?



© 1959, THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORP.

That's "Cream of Wheat" weather...when hot,
nourishing "Cream of Wheat" is so important.





WABASSO

COLOURED SHEETS

Just imagine these lovely WABASSO PASTELS on your beds — an invitation to deep refreshing sleep! You'll be proud of their colourful "dress-up" look, their fine-cotton smoothness, their all over long-wearing qualities. Family Pastel Sheets are available in Twin and Double sizes, Hostess Percale Pastels in Twin, Double and Large-Double sizes. Both qualities have Pillow Slips to match.

Treat your family to the pleasant, inexpensive luxury of WABASSO Pastel Sheets and Pillow Slips! And buy them for *beautifully* practical gifts — most attractively boxed in sets of 1 Double Sheet and 2 Pillow Slips.



Remember!
WABASSO
makes
PURE WHITE
SHEETS TOO!



MADE IN CANADA BY THE WABASSO COTTON COMPANY LIMITED TROIS RIVIERES, QUEBEC

Chatelaine — April 1959

Ever So Smart, So Debonair^{*}



What is so fair...so brimming
with trim, good looks and vitality...
as today's up-to-date Canadians?
They favor the new light look.
And everything in the land
reflects their preferences.

Move toward the light look.
Look smart. Stay young
and fair and debonair. Be
sociable. Have a Pepsi—the
lighter Pepsi of today.



PEPSI-COLA the Light refreshment

*Forty years ago a salty spinster stepped out
of her schoolroom to become Canada's first woman MP.
Behind the familiar stern façade and caustic tongue that became
the trademark of AGNES MACPHAIL was a warm impulsive
and occasionally vain woman whose story is told here for the first time*



AGGIE WAS A TERROR

By Margaret Stewart and Doris French

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

Agnes Campbell Macphail was born on March 24, 1890, in Proton Township in Grey County, which runs south from Georgian Bay in Ontario. It is typical of the choice so many Scots made in picking homesteads out of the wilderness. They seemed to suffer a deep nostalgia, so that they chose rocky, hilly land that reminded them of the homeland of their ancestors. Once cleared and drained, the land in Proton is excellent growing soil, but the work of preparation is heartbreaking and backbreaking. Here the Macphails and the Campbells settled and farmed and produced many children, among them Agnes.

A few years before she died, she wrote an account

of her family: "... In this gallery of my ain folk, perhaps one figure stands out particularly. My grandmother Campbell was brave and bonny ... The daughter of a coal miner, she learned to read by standing behind her uncle's chair and following the finger with which he kept his place as he read aloud the weekly newspaper. At twelve she became one of the family breadwinners ... In her day writing was a frivolous accomplishment for a young farm woman, and she did not learn to write until her daughter Maggie married and moved away. At sixty-seven she became an accomplished penwoman."

Grandmother Campbell was the guiding spirit of Agnes Macphail's life. There was a bond of love and respect be-

AGGIE WAS A TERROR *continued*

Agnes Macphail (below left) was a sombre seven-year-old in a red dress (her mother's favorite color) and high-button shoes when she posed for photo with sister Gertha.



Agnes' father, Dougla Macphail (left), was a farmer, auctioneer and horse trader. He was famous around the countryside for his flashes of humor—and his temper which, Agnes said, she inherited. His wife Etta (right) had neither the time nor temperament for gaiety and relaxation. This 1904 family photo shows Agnes (standing by mother) at fourteen, sister, Gertha at ten and Lilly (seated), a decorous six-year-old.



Agnes idolized grandmother Jean Campbell (above in 1906), daughter of a coal miner, who taught herself to write at 67, instilled in Agnes an interest in the welfare state, and a horror of prejudice.

tween them which never weakened. Agnes remarked, "She could do everything a woman is supposed to do and do it better than most women, and she could do most things a man is supposed to do and do them as well as most men. That's not unusual in a farm woman, but I idolized her for it."

Jean Campbell was far ahead of her times in her thinking and in her interests. She had definite ideas about a welfare state. She had a horror of any kind of discrimination or prejudice against people of a different creed or color. She taught Agnes that the duty of the strong is to protect and champion the weak.

When Dougla Macphail married Etta Campbell, they had very little to set up married life on — "\$800, a few sticks of furniture and a team of oxen." They were given a farm in the neighborhood, with a mortgage on it, a log barn and a house. It was low-lying and poor land. Mrs. Macphail hated it, but it gave Agnes the opportunity, which she cherished, of saying truthfully that she had been born

in a log cabin like a true pioneer. They lived there until Agnes was twelve.

Mrs. Macphail was a very industrious and conscientious woman, and she had neither the time nor the temperament for gaiety and relaxation. She was impatient of holidays and celebrations. If Christmas happened to fall on Monday, it was not allowed to interfere with washday. For years Agnes firmly believed that Santa Claus simply did not know where she lived.

It was not until she was grown up that Agnes understood and appreciated the strength of character and endurance, the staunch moral fibre that drove her mother to severity toward her family. The nice little girls were expected to take their knocks and tumbles without tears or sympathy. And later, when the hurts were not physical, they were expected to endure without whining. The only time Mrs. Macphail ever expressed sympathy with Agnes was when she was being berated and slandered during her battle for penal reform. Agnes said of her, "Perhaps if I



From the log cabin in which Agnes was born, the Macphails moved in 1902 to this brick farmhouse near Ceylon, Ont. The house became a social centre in the community and here Agnes grew up amid discussions of politics and farm matters.



Shortly after being elected to parliament, Agnes bought this Star touring car, to keep in touch with her constituents in South East Grey, to whom—behind her back—she was known as Aggie.

Canada's first woman MP, Agnes was criticized for her severe appearance and meagre wardrobe. Photo at right was taken outside the House of Commons in 1925. Later she thriftily had this taupe brown coat made up into coats for her twin nieces.



Some of the men in Aggie's life—her foes and allies

owed my father the ability to get into parliament, I owed her the ability to stand it when I got there."

All her life Agnes Macphail identified herself absolutely with her background. She was proud of being farm bred. She was proud of coming from pioneer stock. And she was proud of her Scottish blood.

The people who influenced her, the currents of her time, swept her political life. But none of these things explains her personal magnetism, the charm and warmth that attracted people to her. The camera slandered her, making her face look flat, and hiding the good modeling of her bones, giving her an appearance of gravity and severity that misled the people who knew her only through her pictures.

Still, she was not a pretty girl, nor a pretty woman. But her personality drew men and women alike, singly and in crowds. Her flashing wit and amusing phrases kept her audiences in roars of laughter, while her serious purpose crept into their minds. She *Continued on page 80*



GEORGE DREW
Dislike was mutual.



HUGH GUTHRIE
He caused her "anguish."



MACKENZIE KING
He exasperated Aggie.



R. B. BENNETT
He held hands with her.



J. S. WOODSWORTH
For him, near worship.



ERNEST LAPOINTE
Aggie's lifelong friend.

AGGIE WAS A TERROR *continued*

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Agnes idolized grandmother Jean Campbell (above in 1906), daughter of a coal miner, who taught herself to write at 67, instilled in Agnes an interest in the welfare state, and a horror of prejudice.

tween them which never weakened. Agnes remarked, "She could do everything a woman is supposed to do and do it better than most women, and she could do most things a man is supposed to do and do them as well as most men. That's not unusual in a farm woman, but I idolized her for it."

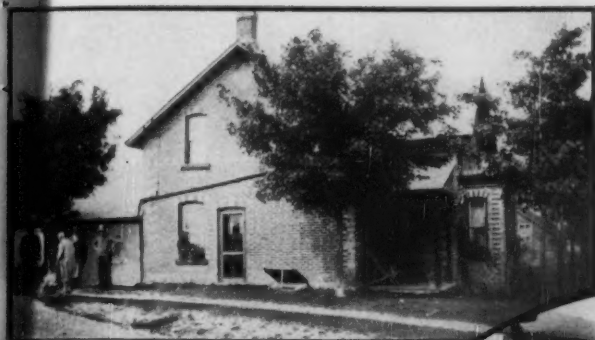
Jean Campbell was far ahead of her times in her thinking and in her interests. She had definite ideas about a welfare state. She had a horror of any kind of discrimination or prejudice against people of a different creed or color. She taught Agnes that the duty of the strong is to protect and champion the weak.

When Dougal Macphail married Etta Campbell, they had very little to set up married life on — "\$800, a few sticks of furniture and a team of oxen." They were given a farm in the neighborhood, with a mortgage on it, a log barn and a house. It was low-lying and poor land. Mrs. Macphail hated it, but it gave Agnes the opportunity, which she cherished, of saying truthfully that she had been born

in a log cabin like a true pioneer. They lived there until Agnes was twelve.

Mrs. Macphail was a very industrious and conscientious woman, and she had neither the time nor the temperament for gaiety and relaxation. She was impatient of holidays and celebrations. If Christmas happened to fall on Monday, it was not allowed to interfere with washday. For years Agnes firmly believed that Santa Claus simply did not know where she lived.

It was not until she was grown up that Agnes understood and appreciated the strength of character and endurance, the staunch moral fibre that drove her mother to severity toward her family. The nice little girls were expected to take their knocks and tumbles without tears or sympathy. And later, when the hurts were not physical, they were expected to endure without whining. The only time Mrs. Macphail ever expressed sympathy with Agnes was when she was being berated and slandered during her battle for penal reform. Agnes said of her, "Perhaps if I



From the log cabin in which Agnes was born, the Macphails moved in 1902 to this brick farmhouse near Ceylon, Ont. The house became a social centre in the community and here Agnes grew up amid discussions of politics and farm matters.



Shortly after being elected to parliament, Agnes bought this Star touring car, to keep in touch with her constituents in South East Grey, to whom—behind her back—she was known as Aggie.



Canada's first woman MP, Agnes was criticized for her severe appearance and meagre wardrobe. Photo at right was taken outside the House of Commons in 1925. Later she thriftily had this taupe brown coat made up into coats for her twin nieces.

Some of the men in Aggie's life—her foes and allies

owed my father the ability to get into parliament, I owed her the ability to stand it when I got there."

All her life Agnes Macphail identified herself absolutely with her background. She was proud of being farm bred. She was proud of coming from pioneer stock. And she was proud of her Scottish blood.

The people who influenced her, the currents of her time, swept her political life. But none of these things explains her personal magnetism, the charm and warmth that attracted people to her. The camera slandered her, making her face look flat, and hiding the good modeling of her bones, giving her an appearance of gravity and severity that misled the people who knew her only through her pictures.

Still, she was not a pretty girl, nor a pretty woman. But her personality drew men and women alike, singly and in crowds. Her flashing wit and amusing phrases kept her audiences in roars of laughter, while her serious purpose crept into their minds. She *Continued on page 80*



GEORGE DREW
Dislike was mutual.



HUGH GUTHRIE
He caused her "anguish."



MACKENZIE KING
He exasperated Aggie.



R. B. BENNETT
He held hands with her.



J. S. WOODSWORTH
For him, near worship.



ERNEST LAPOINTE
Aggie's lifelong friend.

By ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE

Illustration by William Sully

The Outsider

HELEN WAS HAVING difficulty concentrating on the bidding, her ear was tuned so acutely to the other bridge table where Karen Joy was holding forth. She hadn't been at Karen's table all afternoon and Helen couldn't have said at this moment whether she was glad or sorry. The name of her son, Alan, might have come up sooner, true, but then there would have been that much longer to sit and hold her smile just right, trying to pretend she wasn't famished for the precious, carelessly thrown-out scraps from Karen Joy's overflowing board.

Helen bent her head over her cards, straining to catch every word.

"... perhaps I shouldn't say anything just yet, but Alan's promotion is practically assured. You can imagine how delighted my Betsey is."

A sensation started at the base of Helen's skull and crept down her spine and out her arms in tingling waves. Is this really *me*, Helen asked herself, Alan's *mother*? Is it really *my* son she's talking about? Telling people, telling strangers, something *I* don't know?

Mummy, guess what—I just learned how to make a snowball. Mother, watch me! Watch me swim! Hi, Munkie, so you didn't think I'd get an A in spelling? Bow to the new first trumpet, Mrs. Lady...

Suddenly the roaring in her ears seemed loud enough to make the Rescue Squad come flying. But her partner, Louise Woodford, merely said with a little smile as if she'd said it once before, "You're dummy, Helen."

She dropped a card as she hastened to lay her hand on the table. She retrieved it with trembling fingers.

Her reaction was exaggerated, she chided herself, for such a little thing. Yet it was just such little things that

Continued on page 109

Helen faced the intangible yet steely barrier

a wary daughter-in-law can erect between a mother and her son.

How could she overcome the distrust

that shut her out from those she loved?

Betsey dropped to her knees and pulled Stevie to her in a fierce embrace. "How could you!" she snapped at Helen. "I've been frantic. What did you hope to gain?"







Mystery woman Frau Alexander Tchaikovsky (left) claims she is Anastasia (right), the Russian princess believed murdered in 1918.

The truth about ANASTASIA

Did the youngest daughter of Russia's Tsar really die with her family before Bolshevik guns? For years the world has argued the claims of a lonely woman who insists she is Anastasia. The Grand Duchess Olga, sister of the Tsar and now living in Canada, reveals to Chatelaine evidence about that woman which could close the case forever



Grand Duchess Olga, Anastasia's aunt and godmother.

Did any of the Tsar's family escape?

A FEW MINUTES after midnight on July 17, 1918, the Tsar of all the Russias, his Tsarina, their son, Alexis, four daughters, Olga, Maria, Tatiana and Anastasia, the family doctor, cook, maid and manservant were herded by their Bolshevik guard into the cellar of a house in Ekaterinburg, Siberia, grouped as for a family picture and sprayed with gunfire for several minutes. The bodies were examined for signs of life by the commander of the guard, a commissar named Yourovsky, and his nine riflemen. Those who twitched were bayoneted or shot again. The corpses then were carted to the pit of an abandoned mine outside the town, and cremated. No trace of the bodies was found two weeks later, when White Russian troops entered Ekaterinburg.

Those are the established facts of the murders of the Romanovs. What remains a mystery is the footnote to the violent event in Siberia: the story of the woman who claims to have survived, to be Anastasia, the fourth daughter of the Tsar. For thirty-seven years the Anastasia case has baffled the world. No one, it seemed, could say with certainty what was the fate of the little princess. As the file on the Anastasia case has thickened, so has the mystery.

But soon the case will be closed. In Hamburg, Germany, the woman who claims to be Anastasia is suing for legal recognition. Among the mass of testimony being gathered for the court's scrutiny is a document from Canada that should close the Anastasia file forever. It is the signed testimony of the Grand Duchess Olga, the sister of the Tsar who, under the name of her late husband, Col. Nikolai Koulikovsky, lives quietly in the town of Port Credit, near Toronto. In two interviews, Mrs. Koulikovsky gave me the information that will be read in the Hamburg courtroom. It concerns the visit that she (not her mother, the Empress, as in the movie and stage versions of the story) paid to "Anastasia" in 1925. Her conclusions from that visit should decide the verdict of the court and, at the same time, end one of the most bizarre royal mysteries since the little princes disappeared from history in the Tower of London.

The Anastasia case was three years old when the Grand Duchess Olga made her entrance. The opening chapter had begun exactly nineteen months after the murders in Siberia and fifteen hundred miles from the scene.

At nine p.m. on February 27, 1920, a young woman plunged from a bridge into the Landwehr Canal in Berlin. She was saved by a police sergeant and admitted to the Elizabeth Hospital. No papers or valuables were found in her possession and *Continued on page 132*

By JEANNINE LOCKE



Tsar Nicholas, Anastasia's father.



Tsarina Alexandra, her mother.



The Tsar's family: Back row—Maria and the Tsarina. Front row—Olga, the Tsar, Anastasia, Alexis and Tatiana. All but Anastasia, says mystery woman Tchaikovsky, died in the midnight massacre carried out by a Red firing squad.



Captive princesses Tatiana (left) and Anastasia work in the field at Ekaterinburg in Siberia, where the royal family was later killed. Though gravely wounded, says the mystery woman, Anastasia was spirited to safety by a loyal guardsman.



A poignant Easter story, timeless in its meaning for every woman

Martha

By Phyllis Lee Peterson



Behind the plain face
and slow tongue
was a hungry heart
and a love she could not speak

Below lay Jerusalem, where Martha might see her Lord. But could she go? Could she ignore the cries of the girl who so desperately needed her help?

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY LAZARE

SHE LIVED in a world like our own, full of violence and fears and uncertainty. There was nothing unusual about her—except that through an accident of time and place, she had a Friend. He came to her house and ate the meals she prepared. He slept on her rooftop, under quilts sweet because she'd aired them in sun. He saw past her plain face and slow tongue to the hungry heart of a woman. And because she was inarticulate and could not tell her love, she once filled a cookpot with flowers and set it before Him.

Her name was Martha.

When they came back from Jerusalem that night, Mary and Lazarus stunned by grief and shaken with shock, she had no time for tears. She made them eat, forcing food on them though it choked. She washed the dust from them and soothed them with calm until they slept. Only then, when the house was quiet, the dishes done and put away, did she go out to the terrace where the vines she had planted rustled in shadow against low limed walls. There she crouched at a table—a big-boned woman with brown braids drawn smoothly from her forehead—and stared unseeingly at a bronze cookpot while she relived the events of the day.

It had begun with dawn and fists pounding on the front door, a runner sent by That Woman. *Continued on page 51*

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH TO YOUR HUSBAND?

By CYNTHIA STEERS

Photos by John Sebert





Handyman \$3



Seamstress \$5



Cleaner \$2



Hostess \$17



Gardener
and
groundskeeper
\$5



Tax deduction \$16.65

Nothing
to show
for a
day's work?
Look again!
In a
month
all these
jobs you do
save him
\$257.65

● How much is a housewife worth? Even leaving aside the incalculables—for instance, your blue eyes and smiling face, your role as family comforter and psychologist—it's an impressive amount.

Suppose, as we did, that yours is a city family in a middle-income bracket (\$5,000 to \$8,000), three children, living in a moderate-priced home. Now, you take the month off.

Here's what your husband would have to pay out in cold hard cash—and, if anything, our figures veer to the conservative. The housewives we questioned sometimes also pickled, jammed and canned out of their own gardens, sewed *all* the children's clothes, papered and painted, helped their husbands with office work at home—but the average wife's work added up like this:

HOUSEKEEPER AND CLEANING WOMAN:

For better or worse the wife does all the cleaning, light dusting, heavy scrubbing and floor cleaning. She takes care of the three children all of the time, naturally—a job that lasts usually from at least seven in the morning till eight at night (on a good day).

A paid housekeeper who sleeps in charges \$125 to \$140 a month, with at least a day off a week. She does the light cleaning but not the heavy work. So a cleaning woman to take care of the onerous duties costs \$7 a week plus carfare and lunch—or \$30 a month.

LAUNDRESS:

All a part of the day's work, the housewife takes care of the household, children's, her husband's and her own personal laundry, washing, ironing, spot-cleaning, pressing.

A paid housekeeper keeps the children's clothes and household linen in order. She doesn't take care of the husband's attire. Laundry bills for shirts alone total \$1.75 to \$2 a week for five to six white shirts and a couple of sports shirts—adding up to \$8 a month. Turning collars costs 50 cents a shirt, pressing pants, 50 cents, pressing suits, \$1.25. *Continued on page 128*

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH TO YOUR HUSBAND?

By CYNTHIA STEERS

Photos by John Sebert



Housekeeper \$140



Cleaning woman \$30



Laundress \$9



Home
economist
and
shopper
\$5



Chauffeur \$5



Baby sitter \$20



Handyman \$3



Seamstress \$5



Cleaner \$2



Hostess \$17



Gardener and groundskeeper \$5



Tax deduction \$16.65

Nothing
to show
for a
day's work?
Look again!
In a
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all these
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For as little as five dollars you can start
your own collection of these beautiful old pieces to be

found today in attics and shops across Canada

Glass Treasures

from Colonial Cupboards

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

IN AN AGE of mass-produced apartment buildings and marvelously efficient split-level houses with furnishings of Scandinavian severity, more and more Canadian women are delighting in the old glass inherited from their grandmothers' cluttered parlors. Their husbands share this enthusiasm — some of the best collections of glass in the country have been assembled by men. Single girls, too, are brightening their bachelor apartments with plump cranberry glass bowls brought in by an ancestor from Bristol or goblets in the daisy-and-button pattern that originated more than a century ago in Philadelphia.

The collector of old glass is at once handicapped and challenged by the absence of hallmarks — those tidy indicators of age that are imprinted on china and silver. Sometimes she's helped by a sticker which bears the name Antique Dealers' Association and which is the British association's certification of an object's being more than a century old. Canadian dealers, who are not organized and are therefore ineligible to give such certification, are careful not to wash those previous British stickers off their stock.

Collectors of old glass prefer to be their own authorities than to look only for certified articles. Gerald Stevens' book, *In A Canadian Attic* (Ryerson Press), is probably the best guide for beginners. Those who are well and truly in love with their hobby will want J. Sydney Lewis's plump volume, *Old Glass And How To Collect It* (published by T. Werner Laurie Ltd., London). Both books, besides defining the different types and ages of glass, give approximate values.

The price tag on old glass fluctuates wildly. *Continued on page 121*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER CROYDON



FROM TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT:

AMETHYST CANDLESTICK of free-blown glass is a century old. Having lost its mate, it has a reduced value of about \$10.

BLUE FLASK has the white scrolls on colored glass base which are characteristic of Nailsea, early nineteenth century. \$7.

CRANBERRY PITCHER with a clear glass handle is an example of late-nineteenth-century Bristol glass. Its value is \$22.50.

BLUE COMFORT is a representative piece of blue milk glass from the late nineteenth century. Would sell today for \$15.

BALUSTER-SHAPED BLUE VASE from the late eighteenth century has hand-painted gilt decoration around the rim. Value, \$12.

AMBER JUG is Nailsea-type glass and was modestly priced in the early eighteenth century. It would now cost about \$35.

BLUE CRUET of Steigel-type, free-blown molded glass, was produced in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. Its applied handle is hollow, as is the stopper. Value—about \$25.

GLASS CHAIN, a rare piece of Canadian glass from the Hamilton Glass Factory, was hung from two large triangular rings in a valance. It was bought by its present owner for around \$6.

DINNER BELL of deep-blue Bristol glass is just a little less than a hundred years old. It is valued today at around \$8.50.

COVERED JAR, of yellow vaseline glass, was made in the U. S. about a century ago and valued at about \$25. Typical are the neoclassic ribbed design and the spire-shaped jar cover.

CRANBERRY GLASS COMFORT, with stem and base of clear glass, is from late-nineteenth-century England. Costs about \$8.50.

MILK-GLASS HEN is one of the finest examples of the popular American "fowl" dishes. Note the inserted colored eyes. It dates from about 1840 and the price today would be about \$25.

PALE-GREEN CRUET is an example of the distinctive color of celery glass. From the late nineteenth century. Its value: \$10.

AMBER MUG from the U. S. has two distinct signs that reveal its one hundred years' age: the hobnail pattern and an applied handle (not shown in this photograph). Current value: \$10.

GREEN BRISTOL GLASS dinner bell bears the much-prized Antique Dealers' Association seal, which means that the object is at least a century old. Price today would be from \$20 to \$25.

GLASS CREAMER, in the daisy-and-button design, has the distinctive yellow color with green highlights of vaseline glass. An example of American glass, mid-nineteenth century—\$10.

FINALLY, IN RIGHT FOREGROUND: This early (about 1825) American blue glass decanter, of the blown three-mold variety, is one of a pair—and as such, a rare find. The pair costs about \$100; each separately would have brought only around \$30.





What to wear? How to pack? This gay traveler shares secrets that make it a breeze

FOR YOUR MAD FLING IN EUROPE

HAVE YOU GOT those between-seasons blues? Has the winter been too long, is the spring too slow coming? Then now is the time to shed the gloom by taking that gay, mad fling in Europe you've always promised yourself. Leave behind the in-the-rut you. Just pack and go.

But pack what—and how much of it? Isn't shopping for a wardrobe a chore; isn't packing it worse? Take it from this traveler, it all can be a breeze if you go about it properly.

For example, try not to take more than you yourself can carry in a pinch, since porters are often scarce and gallantry withers at the sight of a mountain of suitcases. "North American girls can take care of themselves," murmurs the charming Continental to himself as he stops kissing your hand and slinks off, leaving you to struggle alone with all the ramifications of that knock-'em-dead wardrobe stowed in tons of leaden luggage.

One good-sized suitcase, with perhaps a small carry-all, is best. If you're traveling with another

girl, by all means amalgamate your belongings, with one of you carrying a large fold-up suitcase that keeps dresses and suits flat and comparatively creaseless. This one's a special delight because you can hang it up without bothering to unpack.

As for packing: there are the slews-of-tissue-paper devotees, the roll-'em-in-a-ball-they-don't-crush school of thought, and the people who put their bottles in their shoes, roll their shoes in their jeans, dresses rolled around the jeans, and so forth. My system is: carry scores of little plastic bags from the five-and-dime.

Into them you put shoes, all those little things you'd otherwise have to dig and prod for in a suitcase; and sweaters—grouped by type into dressy, noncommittal and sloppy. Even my special-occasion chiffon dress is folded, with tissue paper, into a plastic bag. Another bag holds gloves; still another, scarves. I always take along more bags than I need, since sooner or later something always seems to pop up *Continued on page 64*

By JOAN CASSELL

● I've never met you, but I can see you leaving school in the afternoon with the other girls in your grade, hugging your binder and books, walking slowly through the melee of departing cars and kibitzing classmates, and wishing you were dead.

Well, not quite—but wishing you were somewhere else. In another city, perhaps. Because you know you're an outsider. You know that even if you joined that group of girls over there having such a ball you wouldn't really be one of them. Not that they wouldn't talk to you. One or two might even phone you tonight. But it will be about how to factor a polynomial, not how to fracture the boys. They never tell you about their dates. They never confide in you about their plans and secrets. And you remember, with that sinking feeling, the afternoon a week ago when you overheard the dread words—"a square."

Well, half the battle in solving any problem is in recognizing it. If you're a square, face it. It really isn't fatal. You've probably been secretly studying your bedroom mirror, wondering if your troubles lie in your looks, experimenting with lipstick layers deep, trying out hairdos, earrings and extra petticoats and concluding that you're downright gruesome. You may as well come downstairs and watch TV — or get those dishes done. You won't find the answer in your mirror.

You have your share of good looks. Perhaps a lot more than that. Even if you haven't, it has nothing to do with the problem. You know as well as I do that you can't name one weak feature that I can't point out in dozens of girls who have never had any trouble with the word "square" in their lives — except to remember that it's a parallelogram having four equal sides and four right angles.

And while we're on the subject of appearance, don't blame your parents for not letting you wear eye shadow, high heels, and make-up and clothes that will startle the boys. I know you think that their ideas about clothes went out with the farthingale and snood. But all parents are like this, including me, and it just seems to you that yours are worse because you have a special problem in popularity. But it isn't caused by the way you dress.

There's only one reason why you're a "square." You're different. That's all there is to it. Perhaps what some of the kids call having a good time looks to you as if they'd flipped, and you've made the mistake of showing it. Per-

LETTER TO A YOUNG "SQUARE"

*This piece of tender advice is
addressed to everyone from eleven
to eighty, who has ever stood all alone on
the outside looking longingly in*

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Illustrated by William Winter



haps you're naturally reserved, which is often known as "stuck up." Maybe your tastes run to something besides Li'l Abner and Perry Como. Perhaps you just don't take to escapades, skipping classes, making out with the boys, experimenting with the minor vices. Whatever it is, you don't fall into the popular pattern. You're growing up in a direction of your own. You're an individual. For some reason, this has always been the one thing that shocks youth to the soles of its flats.

Most people who have anything special to offer have had to face it. An attractive, successful business woman I talked to recently told me that she was so worried about being a "square" when she was your age, that she deliberately tried getting poor grades, hoping it would reinstate her with her heroines. Boys don't escape the problem. A doctor I know, a brilliant energetic man who makes friends galore, told me the other day that he was such an outcast when he went to school, because he got top grades and liked poetry, that he deliberately took up boxing to try to hold his own with the rest of the boys who thought anyone that different should be beaten up regularly.

But all this probably seems as remote and theoretical to you as Newton's laws of motion, and just about as useful to you. You'd trade your chances of a glowing future for one date tonight with that quarterback, or the boy across the aisle in chemistry who has the cute way of laughing. You want to be popular and have some fun now, not ten years from now.

But it won't be ten years, or anywhere near it. Things will change for you at college age, and probably before that. Adulthood comes very fast. Narrow age and group barriers will disappear, and you'll be able to choose your friends from a bigger, more cosmopolitan world.

You're on the threshold of a different world. The word "popular" will begin to take on a new shade of meaning, and will be applied to such things as paper-back novels, bathing cuties, baby contests, breeds of poodles, song titles and brands of soap flakes. You won't be able to tell the squares from the round ones. That popular crowd you're so worried about will somehow begin to notice you for the first time. It will be a world where a list of people who were "squares" in their teens will include most of the *Continued on page 126*

OLD-TIME FAVORITES

Remember the mouth-watering dishes our grandmothers labored over and loved? Let's enjoy them again—in today's timesaving versions

By ELAINE COLLETT DIRECTOR CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

OPPOSITE: Front Row (left to right)—Plum Duff, Blackberry Roly-Poly, Brown Bread.

Second Row—Maple Butter Pie, Barbecued Little Birds, Strawberry Cream Muffins, Beef and Bean Soup.

Back Row—Marinated Beef, Deep Chicken-and-Ham Pie, Frosted Rocks, Maids of Honor.

Not so very long ago, in large friendly lamplit kitchens throughout our land, women with patient hands skillfully churned butter, fed the fire, set bread in a dough tray, made candles and soap, and carried water for the dishes. Most homes had their molasses kegs and fragrant apple barrels. Onions and sheaves of corn hung drying from the rafters. Something good was always cooking on the big black wood stove.

Now we can again enjoy those hearty old-time favorites—as delicious as ever but, thanks to modern products and methods, they can now be made with far less effort and time.

MAIDS OF HONOR

To make these flaky tarts with Lemon Curd filling a good cook's instructions began: "Take the peel of two large lemons, boil till very tender, then pound in a mortar with 1/4 pound loaf sugar . . ."

OUR METHOD:

Beat 3 eggs thoroughly, add 3/4 cup sugar, the juice and rind of 2 lemons, and 1/2 cup melted butter. Stir and cook on low heat until thick. Cool. (This Lemon Curd may be made ahead and keeps well.) Meanwhile, beat 1/4 cup butter, 1/4 cup sugar and 1 egg together. Add 1/4 cup sifted cake flour, 1/2 tsp baking powder and 1/2 tsp salt sifted together. Fold in 1/2 cup chopped almonds. Line 8 large tart pans or muffin cups with rich pastry. Cover bottom of each with 2 heaping tsp of



Lemon Curd, then spoon almond batter on top. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 25 minutes.

STRAWBERRY CREAM MUFFINS

1 egg	2½ tsp baking powder
½ pint whipping cream	¼ tsp salt
½ tsp vanilla	Sliced sweetened straw-
1/3 cup fruit sugar	berries
1¼ cups sifted cake	2 oz cream cheese
and pastry flour	1 tbs sugar

Beat the egg, 1/3 cup whipping cream and vanilla together. Add the next four ingredients sifted together. Beat until smooth. Spoon into 8 greased muffin cups. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from pans and cut off the tops. Fill with sliced sweetened strawberries. Add a

spoon of Mock Devonshire Cream. Replace tops and cover with more Devonshire Cream.

MOCK DEVONSHIRE CREAM

"Let the evening's milk stand in a cool place until ten the next morning. Then put it on a slow fire to cook for 6 to 8 hours, or until it bubbles. Take it off the fire and let it stand for 24 hours, when the cream will be ready to be skimmed."

OUR METHOD:

Beat the remaining whipping cream with 2 oz soft cream cheese and 1 tbs sugar until stiff. Keep chilled until serving time.

MARINATED BEEF

"Take a good buttock of beef, interlarded and rolled up in savory spice and sweet herbs. Put in a

great earthen jar with a few laurel leaves and cover with wine or vinegar. Let stand four days . . . Simmer five hours on top of the stove."

OUR METHOD:

5 lb short rib OR	1 crushed clove garlic
chuck roast	1 sliced onion
½ cup vinegar or	2 or 3 celery leaves
red wine	3 or 4 juniper berries
1 cup tomato juice	2 cloves
2 tsp salt	1 bay leaf

Trim thick fat from beef. Set meat in a bowl. Mix, remaining ingredients in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Pour over the meat and cover. Leave in the refrigerator twenty-four hours. Turn meat over three times during this period. Drain meat

RECIPES CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Four TV



Juliette

Juliette's vivacious personality has delighted radio and TV audiences for thirteen years. Blond by choice, Juliette styles her own hair, has worn it for years in the short, softly curled cut that she feels best suits her rounded features. She never uses rouge, but she does wear false eyelashes, and makes her lips more brilliant with a lip gloss over her lipstick. She feels everyone knows her beauty fault—overweight, which she acquired as a teen-ager simply because she loved to eat. Remembering this, she advises all mothers to keep a strict watch on their teen-agers' diets in these crucial years. She herself has now lost thirty-five pounds in eight months, on a doctor's diet (1,200 calories a day) plus mechanical massage, and plans to lose ten more. Last year a hand-lotion firm chose Juliette to appear in their ads. When she was approached she couldn't have been more delighted. She was at one time a confirmed nail-biter (she used to hold her hands behind her back whenever she was singing) and it was only through her pride and grim determination that she was able to break the unattractive habit.

Joyce Davidson

Accomplished in asking questions on the TV show *Tabloid*, Joyce is an expert question answerer, too. She claims that just being blond is her beauty problem. Her remarkably long lashes, so pale and fair, must be tinted frequently at a salon. To accentuate her pale-blue eyes, she outlines the lids with dark-brown theatrical pancake make-up applied with a brush. Instead of pencil, which she feels would be too harsh for her fair looks, she mascaras her brows lightly. To give her fair skin a pretty pink glow, she uses a pale tinted foundation and powder. Joyce's hair, which she calls a natural disaster, needs constant pampering. Fine and straight, it must be set on rollers scant hours before each show. Clever back-combing gives it a thicker appearance. On TV, her most difficult beauty problem was learning to use her hands gracefully. For six months she was told to do her interviews holding her hands under the table. When she was allowed to bring them up, they seemed to move easily and beautifully, and she's never had to worry about them since.



Katharine Blake

Although she's appeared on London and New York stages since she was fourteen, Katharine Blake is best known to Canadian audiences for her sensitive acting on television. Being an actress aggravates Katharine's beauty problem: her Dresden complexion is extremely dry and sensitive, and the heavy make-up required for her frequent period roles does little to help. Off stage she pampers her finely textured skin with enriched creams and lotions, and wears only a clear lotion and a light dusting of powder as make-up. To give prominence to her deep-set eyes, she applies eye liner, brushes mascara onto the outer tips of her lashes only. Keeping her figure, Katharine says is a problem—she would like to diet more but cannot for she loses weight from her face first. She does manage to keep her 22-inch waistline with a few regular exercises. Her present hair style, long and semi-bouffant, she finds is the most flattering to the rather narrow oblong shape of her face, but there are days, she admits, when she secretly yearns to see herself as a mauve blonde with a short and fluffy cut.



Beauties

By Eveleen Dollery
Beauty Editor

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PAUL ROCKETT

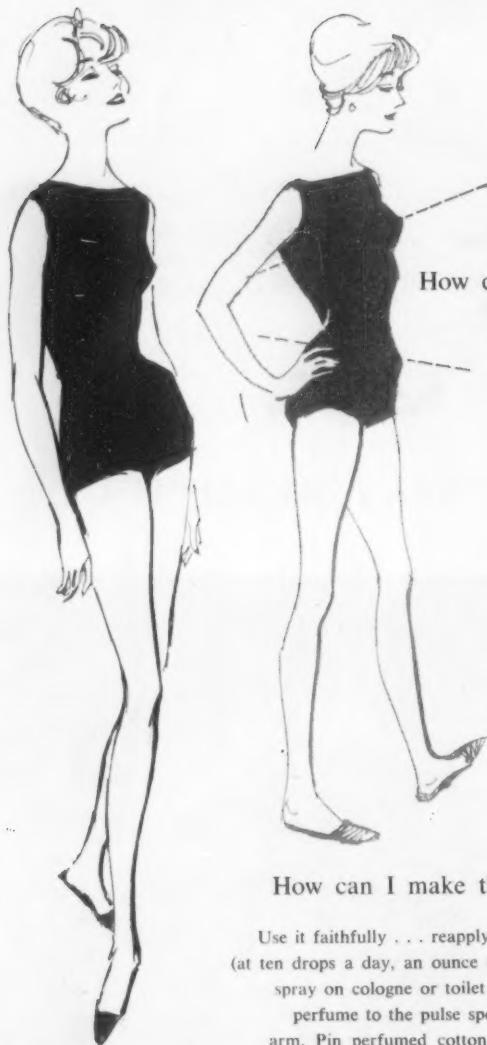
AND HOW THEY STAY BEAUTIFUL

Toby Robins

Three different careers have already been braided into Toby's busy life—model, actress, and now TV panelist on Front Page Challenge. Early to bed, early to rise is Toby's beauty formula for keeping her complexion radiant and her eyes sparkling. She sleeps nine or ten hours a night, afternoon-naps when she can. She hates to exercise — "sheer laziness" she says — instead weighs herself daily. If she eats ice cream one day, she sips consommé the next. As a result she has maintained her fashion-model figure and weight of 116. She loves today's make-up fashion—pale complexion, accented eyes—which makes the most of her best feature, her enormous dark eyes. She wears a subtle make-up that makes no attempt to cover her freckles . . . outlines her eyes with pencil, adds false lashes. A favorite device—changing her lipstick to the latest mad fashion color. A raven beauty, Toby perversely has always wanted to be a blonde—sometimes tops her locks with a dazzling blond wig or golden hair spray.

On page 46 — a view of beauty from the expert male eye. TV producers talk about the extra qualities — beyond mere loveliness of face and form — that make any woman more truly beautiful.





How can I achieve GOOD POSTURE?

By walking with your head held high, chin parallel to the floor. Pretend to keep your eyes fixed on an imaginary spot just a little above your eye level. When you stand, keep knees slightly bent, pull your tummy in hard, push your hips down and slightly forward. Your arms should hang loosely — align them with the seams of your dress.

How can I make the most of FRAGRANCE?

Use it faithfully . . . reapply perfume every four or five hours (at ten drops a day, an ounce should last six months). Splash or spray on cologne or toilet water after your bath, then touch perfume to the pulse spots — wrists, temples, crook of the arm. Pin perfumed cotton to hems . . . spray your ankles before you go dancing. Sprinkle rinse water — for lingerie, your hairbrush and comb—with cologne. Keep tissue scented with your favorite fragrance in your handbag.

SKETCHES BY ANN RUCKLEY



What's the best eye MAKE-UP for GLASSES?

You need more make-up than the non-wearer to accentuate your eyes, make them wider and bigger. Apply pearly silver shadow all over the eyelid, powder over it. Next to upper lashes, draw on with a brush an eye liner of bright blue, green or violet shadow. Start close to the inside corner of the eye, widen the band as you curve up, then narrow it as you draw down to the outside corner. Try accenting blue eyes with blue mascara on brow and lashes. For more accent: false eyelashes, cut and shaped the length of your own, and mascara'd. A final widener: fan lashes upward with an eyelash curler, or use one of the roll-on mascara applicators that help curl as they color.

Continued on page 48

beauty problems YOU ASK ABOUT MOST

From our Beauty Clinic files, Eveleen Dollery chooses a dozen questions Canadian women ask her most often—and answers them here



What's the rule for BEAUTIFUL LIPS?

This year you'll need two lipstick shades, a lip brush or pencil. Smooth foundation over lips, then powder. With the darker shade outline your lips (the rule now is youthfully curved, no straight lines or sharp bows). Take special care to uptilt the corners. Fill in with the lighter shade. To make lips glisten, smooth a little gold eye shadow or the new white lipstick on lower lip or use two shades over both lips—over a light pink, wear a blue tone.

How can I manage THIN DRAB HAIR?



Try these first aids: a weekly hot oil shampoo; a gentle permanent every three or four months aided by a blunt scissoring; curls set with beer. A short easy-to-handle hair style makes thin hair appear fuller. Color rinses add body and sprays help keep it in place; color streaks define waves and curls.

False hair pieces are new glamour aids. Frequent massage is good for all hair: starting at the crown, pull locks of hair up and away from the scalp. Do entire head, then move scalp in little circles with finger tips.

*Beauty
is Real
Time is
an Illusion
with Elizabeth Arden's Essentials*

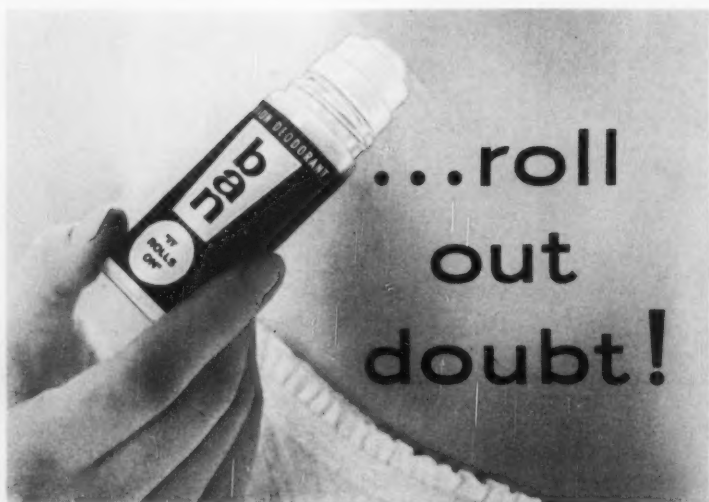


Let the clock tick on. It is only a meaningless sound to the woman who is faithful to Elizabeth Arden's essentials. For these preparations relegate time to the calendar and protect today's beauty for tomorrow and tomorrow. From the day you turn fifteen, right through the years, all you need do is *Cleanse, Tone, Smooth*. But you must do it *every day*, thoroughly, the Elizabeth Arden way. *Cleanse* with Ardena Cleansing Cream 1.50 to 8.00 and Ardena Skin Lotion 1.50 to 5.50. *Tone* with Ardena Joie de Vivre 2.50 and 4.50. *Smooth* with Ardena Velva Cream 1.50 to 4.50.

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A MALE VIEW OF *Beauty*

TV producers talk about the extra qualities that make the TV stars — and you — more truly beautiful. See page 42.

ROSS MCLEAN, who has developed such shows as *Tabloid*, and *Close-Up* for CBC, admits that grooming and make-up create a woman's first pleasing impression. But, "If a woman has a general look of 'emptiness,' I am concerned no more with outward aspects." McLean rates the inner qualities of beauty in this order: Serenity—which includes composure, calmness and an untemperamental attitude; vitality—but with a balance, just enough to give the personality a spark, but not pushing or over-aggressive; naturalness—which is difficult to learn, though it can be developed by the woman who tends to be slightly reserved or affected.



ROSS MCLEAN

TED POPE, *Tabloid*'s producer, finds that interviewer Joyce Davidson exemplifies the inner beauty he admires. "She's funny and warm and down-to-earth—qualities we admire in anyone. But she is also a mixture of practicality and intuition—a very womanly mixture. Joyce also has a gentle insight that tells her in her first moments with visitors what it is they would like most to express about their work or about themselves."



TED POPE

HARVEY HART, producer on the *Folio* series, feels true beauty can never exist in an unattractive personality. Of Toby Robins, whom he has directed on *Folio*, he says, "She has a spark, an effervescence, a genuine warmth for people, a healthy willingness to learn, and an honest curiosity about the things around her. This is her true beauty and it doesn't change with a new hairdo, cosmetics or new clothes." He believes that every woman, to be more exciting, should learn—as an actress does—to understand herself first, and then to project this understanding to others. That is, she should exhibit to the best advantage her total self—voice, mind and appearance.



HARVEY HART

LEO ORENSTEIN, producer of *GM Presents* and *The Unforeseen*, believes self-assurance is the most magnetic quality a woman can possess: "With self-assurance, a woman has a natural grace, poise and knowledge that she is doing the attractive thing at all times." It is this assurance, Orenstein feels, that makes Katharine Blake a superb actress and exciting woman. He thinks the externals of beauty—make-up, for instance—are useful, but a face should be alive with individual beauty, not just an attractive façade. He dislikes intensely a phony cultivated voice, likes a husky tomboyish quality.



LEO ORENSTEIN

PETER MACFARLANE, producer of the *Juliette* show, declares that "beauty today is a cultural demon—long fingernails, purple lips, blue stockings—and most make-up is unnecessary." An intelligent woman with an outgoing personality and an alive fresh mind is much more interesting than a mere beauty. He abhors superficiality: "You just can't get away with it in TV." Of *Juliette*, he says, "She is a most believable person—sincere and truly feminine. Her direct simplicity appeals to men and women alike."



PETER MACFARLANE

It gives you such a feminine feeling
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It's the loveliest feeling! The way creamy Lux lather caresses your skin—smoothing it to fresh radiance—making you feel so delightfully feminine. And how you'll love the soft Lux fragrance, the delicate Lux pastels. Use pretty new pastel Lux in regular and bath-size, as 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars do.



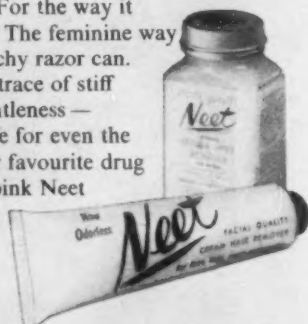
ANNE BAXTER starring in
"SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL."
A Hecht-Hill-Lancaster
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BEAUTY PROBLEMS you ask about most

continued from page 44

How can I remove FACIAL HAIR?

The only permanent answer is electrolysis executed by a skilled operator. Otherwise, if the growth is not too heavy, use a blond hair bleach (follow directions on package). Wax pulls hair out, is effective for a month to six weeks, and regrowth is usually not stubbly. Creams dissolve the hair, removing it only to the skin or a little below. Easy to use, but hair reappears fairly quickly. A patch test on your arm is always advisable first.



How can I tidy UNEVEN EYEBROWS?

Brush, then pluck stray hairs across the bridge of the nose and underneath the brow only. Your brow should begin above the inner corner of the eye, end a quarter or half inch beyond a pencil held up at a forty-five-degree angle from the outer corner. Never allow the natural brow to droop at the outer corner — it should be straight, or gently curved, or tilted slightly up. Fill out or lengthen with feathery strokes of well-sharpened eye pencil. Accentuate the natural arch by penciling the tiny hairs above the brow. To soften penciling, use powder, then brush — or use grey pencil if brown or black appear too harsh.

Can I prevent small FACIAL LINES?

To some degree — yes. Correct massage with rich creams does help tone slack muscles and smooth the skin. For lines around the mouth — apply cream and pat-massage with fingers of both hands beginning at centre lower lip and working around until fingers meet in centre of upper lip. For lines at side of nose, massage from centre chin out around lips toward nose, then out over cheeks. Use a rich cream nightly. Remember, too, that dry skins tend to line more easily than oily; frowning, squinting or pursing the lips will also cause lines.



Problem: EYE CIRCLES AND PUFFINESS

May be caused by improper rest or ill health, so see your doctor first. To hide slight circles, apply white eye shadow or very pale foundation in hollows beside nose bridge and under the eye. Use light, bright shadow and eye liner, and a clear lipstick. To lighten whole eye area, continue white shadow out over temples, apply regular foundation and powder. To reduce puffiness, smooth on a rich cream, pat in gently under the eye, working toward the nose and out over eyelid. Apply cold cotton compress, rest two minutes then follow with warm compress. For extreme puffiness, plastic surgery may be the answer.

Continued on page 50

Even
morning
sunlight
says
you're
naturally
beautiful
in

Sheer Velvet Film

Sheer Velvet Film is the lovely complexion you smooth on once — for the day — concealing blemishes and tiny lines
... makes you look even more naturally beautiful than you naturally are!

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- * Does not streak or dry ... stays petal smooth
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the irresistible scent...
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For complete eye beauty, use Maybelline Professional
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Maybelline

Nothing Does So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful



BEAUTY PROBLEMS you ask about most

continued from page 48



Can I minimize a TOO-GENEROUS NOSE?

Your allies are the right hair style and proper use of foundation. Have hair parted diagonally, with soft waves and curls brushed forward on the cheeks. Full outcurving bangs help minimize a prominent nose, too. Smooth on foundation that's two or three shades darker than your usual one over sides and tip of nose, leaving only the bridge highlighted by your normal shade. Follow with usual make-up. If you wear glasses choose frames with a bridge that curves down low on the nose.

What can I do about BLEMISHED SKIN?

First and essentially check with your doctor re diet and your general health. For daily cleansing and care there are handy kits containing all you need in the way of medicated soaps, lotions, creams and masques. Double blessings are the medicated tinted foundations included in the kits, that help put blemishes into hiding during the treatment period. Other aids: shampoo your hair scrupulously and frequently; accent your eye make-up; wear a clear bright lipstick. For occasional blemishes, try a tinted medicated concealer that dries individual trouble spots.

What's the answer to BREAKING FINGERNAILS?

Buffing—which tends to bind the split layers together and also improves circulation and lustre. More helps: never file nails deeply at the corners. For protection and reinforcement, apply two thin coats of polish on top and a coat of colorless underneath the tips.

END ♦



PHOTOS BY JOHN SEBERT

MARTHA

Continued from page 33

("You shouldn't call her that," Mary reproved. "She's Miriam of Magdala." But to Martha, she was always That Woman.) While the boy blurted out his message, incoherent with terror, Martha shrugged and took it from whence it came.

Mary wheeled, her loveliness a bruised flower. "They have taken the Master!"

"I do not believe it," said Martha.

"The lad says they will try Him before Pilate."

"They can do Him no harm," asserted Martha. "He is the Son of God. No man can hurt a hair of His head."

Thus her argument of faith, sound enough to herself but ignored by her brother and sister, who ran from the house after the messenger, down the green hill of Bethany to the Jerusalem road. Martha watched them go, shielding her eyes and seething with frustration. They were as hysterical as That Woman, blown by the winds of rumor and running off like fools. The Man for whom they feared was more than a man. He was the Messiah who had raised the dead. No one could hurt Him, not even the Roman who ruled this occupied Judaea. She, Martha, wasn't worried — and now they'd gone on a wild-goose chase and left her with all the work.

Her shoulders were stiff with rebellion as she went about dull tasks. She fed the hens, took the goats to pasture, turned rooms inside out in a frenzy of activity. The day was unlike any she could remember, unseasonably hot for spring and without even a cooling breeze from the fields to make it bearable. And there was strange darkness at noon while she beat soiled clothes at the brook. Martha thought it meant storm but no rain fell. Instead there was only green-blackness filling the sky, a distant rumble of thunder.

Her mind flew to her neighbor next door. Tamar was alone, expecting her first any time and her husband away with his sheep. It would do the girl no good to be frightened . . . and even while Martha wondered if she should run in, the sun came out and caught her standing with her mouth open and her arms clutching sodden clothes.

She thought of that now and the



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Veach's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

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447 women look this test*

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Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a greasy film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. Stops chapping, weather damage, too!

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(Made in Canada)

*Conducted by leading United States research laboratory.

Notice to doctors and dermatologists—for a summary of above report, write to the Andrew Jergens Co. Limited, Perth, Ontario.

1531B

Continued from page 51
 shame of it swept over her in a flood. While the Master suffered and died, hung on a cross between thieves, she'd worried about something as ordinary and commonplace as a woman having a baby.

Martha lifted her ravaged features

to the night and groped desperately for her Friend who was gone. He'd come to this house, He'd sat at this table, but when she tried to recall what He looked like, what He said, she couldn't. So many always came with Him and she'd been too busy cooking, serving, waiting on everyone,

to pay much attention. There were only bits and patches in memory to grasp at—the tilt of His head, the gleam of His unseamed robe, the soft murmur of His voice. The guilt within her became a living thing as she remembered just how she had complained about slaving in the kitchen

while Mary was lolling at His feet.

"Martha, Martha," He'd told her, and lingering on the name, showed He loved her, "thou art careful and troubled about many things . . . and Mary hath chosen that good part . . ."

Someone has to be careful, she thought dully. Someone has to trouble about the ordinary business of living. Good food, clean beds, daily drudgery. And might it not be for these, the peace and order she gave to this house, that He had come here so often?

Her cheeks flushed. She was bold, even blasphemous. He was God's own Son and if He had chosen to die, He would conquer Death. No grave could hold Him. Martha knew it as surely as she sat here staring at a cookpot . . .

THE GLEAM OF BRONZE swam into focus and she concentrated on that, as though by so doing she could shut out mysteries beyond her simple understanding. She was proud of the cookpot. She'd bought it from a peddler at the door for only two leptons and although she privately suspected him of grave-robbing, her fingers had itched to scrape off encrusted dirt and restore it to red-gold sheen. She'd worked on it for weeks, bringing it up to burnished brightness. And once on some impulse—a sort of tribute, she supposed shyly—she'd filled it with field flowers and set it before the Master.

She remembered that day, the white walls of the terrace hidden by people who came to listen. She was rushed off her feet but there was a moment—one blinding moment—when she stood behind Him to pour wine. She looked over His shoulder to the tumult of blossoms, yellow and scarlet and green—and saw His face reflected beneath. Every feature was clear in polished bronze—the curve of His cheek, the deep probing eyes, the tenderness of His smile just for her.

Remembering, knowing He was crucified, Martha wept as she had never wept in her life. She had failed Him, utterly and completely. He had been her Guest, her Friend, and the only time she'd seen Him—really seen Him, with her heart—was in a cookpot. And today, while the sky darkened at His death, she was doing laundry and fussing over Tamar. Troubled about many things—and none of them important.

"Martha!"

Her brother's troubled cry rang out



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and she shivered as she rose. Lazarus was so frail, so intense, never the same since the Master summoned him from the grave. The village shunned him, the men by silence, the women calling their children lest his shadow touch them. And Mary . . . Martha sighed, recalling how her sister wandered at night, the unearthly ecstasy in her face when Martha found her praying in the hills. It was no easy thing living with a miracle and a mystic, the eldest thought drearily. If the villagers didn't depend on Martha for her skill with herbs, her hands strong for birthings and gentle with sickness, they would long since have stoned this family from Bethany.

"I am coming," she called to Lazarus and crossed the terrace to light a wick in its pool of oil. At the foot of the stairs, she turned to glance back at the sheen of bronze in blue shadows. Her grey eyes changed—wide, clear with determination.

"I have failed You," she whispered, "but You are stronger than death and I will find You again. And though I see You but for a moment—one little moment—I will drink in every feature and listen to every word that I may witness for God's Son."

Her step lightened, climbing the stairs to someone who needed her. And in the yellow glow of a lamp, her strong face was almost touched by beauty.

THEY SAID He would rise from the dead, His followers who continued to come to Bethany as though His presence lingered.

"In three days," the rough fisherman called Peter told Mary and Lazarus. "For I have heard Him say were the temple destroyed, in three days He would raise it." Carrying plates, bringing bread, Martha nodded silent agreement. She would be there. She would go by night to the Arimathæan's tomb and keep vigil through dawn. Oh, she would see Him this time with every detail clear that she might tell all men how He looked, what He said. This was what He meant by "the good part"—to testify to His glory.

When the third day drew nigh, she rose by dark and threw on her homespun cloak, then slipped quietly from the house. Below the steep path lay the road that led two miles to Jerusalem. Martha hurried so she would reach the garden by city walls before dawn. A great exaltation filled her, pushing away the thought of chores

undone—the water not drawn from the village well, the fire unlit on the hearth. Let Mary and Lazarus attend to these for a change. She, Martha, would see her Lord again—and this time, clearly.

A low moan drifted out to her on the path. It rose to a scream and

Martha stood stock-still before the humble dwelling next to her own. Tamar . . . and Ephraim, the young shepherd, still out in the hills. A woman alone in childbirth . . .

But it is not my concern. And if I stop to help, I will not find the Master. How can I be His witness if

I can't tell people how He looked? The thin screaming rose in intensity and she tried to close her ears. For if she entered this door, she would not choose the good part. But if she hurried on, what then? Tamar was small, ill-built to bear a child. Martha struggled desperately with her con-



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science, her hands suddenly wet. Strong hands, she thought, staring down at them. Hands skilled to bring forth life...

The white ribbon of road beckoned ahead through the darkness. Quickly, before she changed her mind, she swerved and went into the shepherd's home. Once there she forgot disappointment, frustration, everything except the girl who strained and cried out on a pallet.

"Walk!" Martha commanded. "It is not time. Walk to make the pains easier."

Through the long hours, her own aching limbs moved with those of Tamar. When dawn came, Martha glanced briefly at its pink flush on the hillside then bent to the business at hand. Later, much later, she bathed a new mother's sweat and stood in the doorway, holding a red struggling morsel of humanity. Her gaze grew wistful, yearning to the far-distant green of a garden against Jerusalem's tawny stones. He had risen—she was sure of it—but she had not seen Him. Once more she had failed.

When she dragged home at dusk, Mary and Lazarus were waiting with news. The Master had conquered death. He had appeared first to the Magdalene. *That Woman*, Martha thought and her lips met in a thin line. *I should have been the one. Had I not stopped for Tamar, had I been there at dawn as I planned, I would have been the first to see Him, to kneel and call Him Rabboni...*

Wearily she took off her cloak and lifted an apron from its peg. Nothing was done, just as she'd expected. Mary was too rapt with joy, Lazarus too shaken with excitement, to notice mundane chores. Martha cleaned and cooked far into night to catch up. Foolishly, perhaps—but dirt was her personal enemy and if she didn't bake bread, there'd be none in the morning. When at last she picked up the lamp, the bronze cookpot caught her attention. She spoke. To it? The darkness?

"I, whom no man wants in marriage", she thought aloud, "today delivered a child. I washed him and wrapped him in swaddling clothes. It was not the good part, dear Lord... but somebody had to do it."

A poor excuse, she told herself—and caught her breath. For a moment all the glow of the lamp seemed to gather in red-gold metal and blaze back with remembered Features, a remembered Smile. Tender eyes shone, deep with understanding for her alone.

Martha's fingers shook as she passed them over her brow. There was no reflection, she'd imagined it—but for a single second, she could have sworn the Master stood near, leaning over her shoulder.

Martha blew out the lamp and turned to her bed by the kitchen. There in the night, she touched a roughened hand to her cheek, felt the emptiness of strong arms. A babe had lain in them today but there would be no children for her. She was awkward, without looks or wit, fit only to bake and scour. *Too stupid*, she mourned, *to witness for the Master. And where can I find Him—where did I ever find Him—but in a cookpot?*

His followers said He was appearing in Galilee. Peter had seen Him, they said, and other fishermen near Tiberias. Martha listened while she waited on them in the vine-shaded terrace where Mary and Lazarus hung on their every word. Slowly, fumblingly, she came to her momentous decision. She had failed her Lord in His life, at His death, His resurrection. But she might still see Him. With eyes hungry, ears eager, she who never left Bethany set out to the far city by the sea.

TIBERIAS was frightening with its gleaming colonnades, the villas set in gardens for the rich. Martha sought below on the shore until she found the hovel of a netmaker. Yes, he said, he knew Peter and Thomas and the sons of Zebedee. He'd heard talk of a man raised from the dead.

"But of course it's nonsense," the fellow added, glancing up from a tangle of twine to the tall anxious woman in a cloak stained by travel.

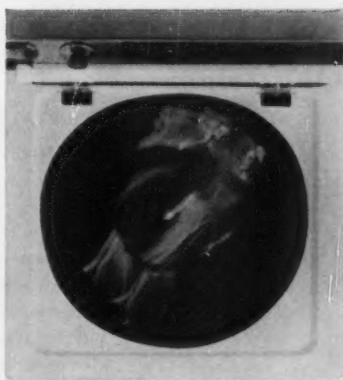
"No," said Martha, "it's not. He raised my brother from the dead," and because it was somehow important that he believe, she told about Lazarus and her own experience. She didn't tell it well — clumsy-tongued, with no gift for words—but she made him see. Her grief, her faith, the stone rolled back and Lazarus standing there in his graveclothes. When she'd finished, the man sat for a long time in silence.

"Well," he said at last, "it's a miracle. That's what it is." He looked at her, his expression thoughtful—different. "And you've come all this way—it's too bad. They left almost a week ago, Peter and the rest. They said they were going back to Jerusalem."

Her strength flowed away. Heavily,

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listlessly, she retraced her steps past the great pillared houses. Behind, the netmaker called but she didn't hear him. She heard nothing except the tired beat of her heart. It was no use. She would never see the Master again. Every plan, every move, she made, was thwarted. If she'd only listened while He was under her roof, graven His face on memory as had Mary, she could have been some good to Him. Now she could never serve as His witness.

A clamor of sound made her glance up from the road. Before marble gates, black slaves clashed cymbals and waved squares of cloth. Martha stopped and saw a woman dart out from wide doors. The purple hem of her gown trailed unheeded. Jewels flashed in her dark disheveled hair.

"Fools!" she shouted. "Oh, worse than fools. My boy chokes to death and you — you frighten away your devils. Is there no one to help me, no one who knows what to do?"

She wrung her hands and before that stark urgency Martha moved swiftly within the gates. A child choking — she'd seen that before. Sometimes if there was high fever, you removed the membrane from the throat. Then you held them over steam...

"I know what to do," she heard

herself saying. "Take me to him."

Sobbing, running, the woman led her through courtyards where fountains played, down vast echoing halls, to the room where a small figure gasped for breath. Martha snatched him up, feeling the heat of his body. Her finger groped for the tissue that shut out air.

"Steam! Bring cauldrons of boiling water."

The membrane gave, and she thrust him over warm moisture. His lungs drew it in—opening, closing. Martha smiled over his head.

"I think he will live."

The woman's mouth worked. "You are very brave," she said brokenly. "My husband is Roman adviser to the Herods. Had his firstborn died at your hands, he would have ordered you killed. Now I am only ashamed."

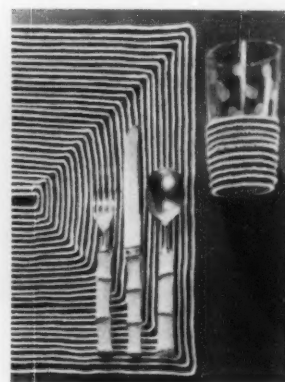
She wept with relief. Martha touched her arm ringed with gold.

"The boy will need sponging to bring down the fever. We will do it together, you and I through the night."

So they bathed him and watched while he slept, talking as women do when they are brought together over a child. To her own astonishment, Martha found herself telling about the Master. How He'd come to her home and she'd been too busy, too stupid,

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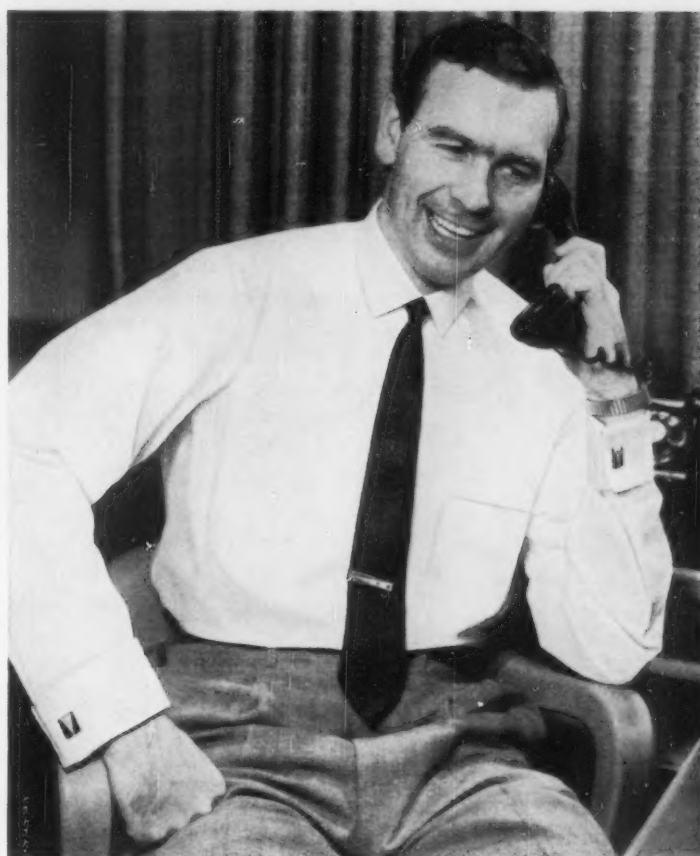
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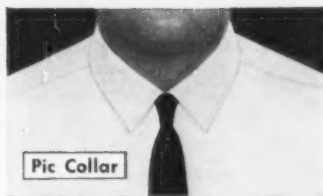
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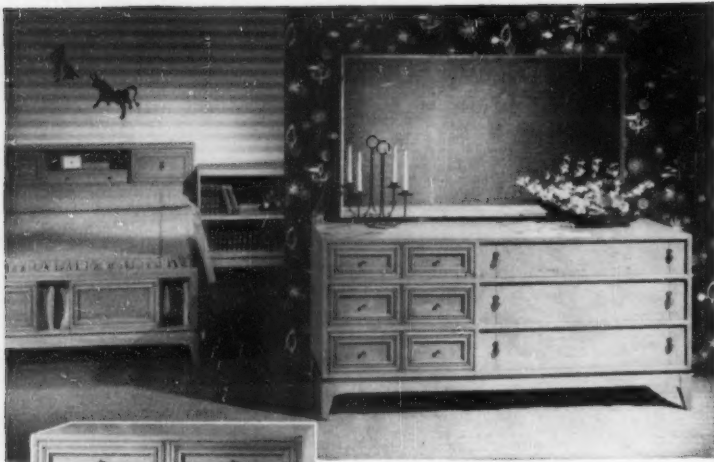
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to pay much attention. How He was still on earth and she was trying to see Him again . . .

When morning came, the woman stood with Martha at the gates.

"How can I repay you?" she pleaded. "With money—a slave perhaps to help you in Bethany?"

Martha smiled, imagining a slave in her humble house and how the village would talk.

"I want nothing, nothing at all. Except one more sight of my Lord—and that you cannot give."

Into the alien olive face stole the same expression Martha had seen in the netmaker's. Thoughtful, brimming with strange kindness.

"I hope you find Him," the woman said and added, softly, "as I have perhaps found Him this night."

NOW WHAT did she mean by that? Martha wondered and shrugged it aside as she turned her feet to home. Across rough mountain track, through the parched valley of the Jordan, stopping often to rest and with her cloak for a blanket at night . . . and overhead, the stars. When she reached familiar limed walls, she paused at the babble within. They were all there, she found when she entered. Peter and Zebedee's sons, Joseph the rich Arimathæan. That Woman—Martha frowned in the arch of the doorway. Silence fell over them, turning to the tall figure with her cloak bleached grey by dust.

And in them all, Martha saw new radiance and resolve. Unaccountably her hands trembled as they found speech. The Master was gone from men, they told her. He had blessed them—here, in the groves of Bethany—and they had watched Him lifted up to become one with the heavens. Martha sank down on a stool to hide tears that burned. *I could have been with them. He would have blessed me. But instead I sought Him in Tiberias . . . And the quest is over. I will never see Him again.*

Her glance found That Woman with hair like molten metal, her hands unstained by toil, and beside her . . . Mary! Very quiet, very still, her face luminous. At her feet, a bundle of hastily gathered clothing. Martha stiffened.

Her sister answered the unspoken question. "I am going away with them. To testify for the Master."

All the apprehension Martha had felt became a leaden weight.

"Where?" she asked harshly, and heard her voice grate.

"Wherever people will listen. In the fields . . . on the roads . . ."

The long safe years they had shared, secure with companionship, seemed to melt in Martha's shock. *But you can't, she wanted to cry out. You are the youngest, the little girl I took care of. You are the tender flower and I—I am a rough vine but strong . . .*

"Let me go instead."

"You?" One of the followers hid a smile too late and Martha saw herself as they must—gaunt, red-wristed, fumbling for her tongue and with no talent but for common chores. *And if I found words easy, what could I tell of the Master? That He liked lentil soup, how He slept with two quilts on His bed? The earthen floor blurred and she heard Peter's voice from a great distance away.*

"Your brother, too, is a witness. Strangers will come here to find him—and who will husband his strength? Even now he lies on the rooftop, exhausted."

Martha knew that exhaustion. If Mary's spirit shone from her with steady light, that of Lazarus was a candle flame, flickering in every wind. And the candle was guttering down. Martha shivered, forcing the reluctant truth from where she kept it hidden.

When the followers left and she watched Mary descend the Bethany path for the last time—oh, Martha knew it was the last—That Woman turned and ran back.

"I will take care of her," she said and, oddly, it was a promise.

Martha looked at her. At hair like fire and beauty so blatant it was indecent. *She has sinned*, said a part of Martha. *The Master forgave her*, said another part. *Can you do any less? And had you been born of different parents, in different surroundings, with beauty to blind men—would you be so blameless?*

"Thank you, Miriam of Magdala," she whispered and felt a confused relief in the Magdalene's arm around Mary, the burnished head leaning over a fair one, as they vanished from sight.

It was strange, Martha thought. She felt almost a—kinship, as though she and the Magdalene were bound together simply because they were women. Her broad shoulders straightened as she went into the house and carried the cookpot from the terrace to its hook on the hearth. Lazarus must be fed and she must keep busy. If she glanced up she'd see Mary's treasures—the simple ornaments, her jars of ointment.

Weeping was weakness. She'd shed enough tears.

But despite all her efforts, her mouth trembled and the bronze pot shimmered and swam so she had trouble filling it. She blew on the coals beneath it, then crouched back on her heels. Her eyes widened. Surely this time it was real—the Face smiling at her from the polished surface, the glow of love reaching out to enfold her.

"Dear Lord," she said haltingly, "I tried. But they did not want me for a witness and I am needed here . . ."

The light in bronze faded. Slowly she rose and prepared supper for two, stopping now and then to look at the cookpot. It was doubtless her fancy but fancy or not if Mary had again chosen the good part, then Martha was not quite so lonely, doing what had to be done.

THE WEEKS flowed into months and her life was a quiet stream returned to the obscurity from which it sprang. Strangers came to see Lazarus as Peter had predicted, and sometimes Martha—scrubbing, cooking, serving—rebelled at her lot. Of what use feather-light bread when, eaten to the last crumb, it meant baking tomorrow? And why this unending war against dirt when there would always be more? Yet in the still of night she took pride in a shining house and vessels gleaming on their shelves. "Perhaps," she confided to a cookpot, "because I have nothing else to be proud of."

At other times her heart was a weight in her breast as she watched Lazarus consumed by zeal, his hands fluttering like tired birds while he told visitors how the Master had looked here, what He said there. Daily her brother grew more frail and when plague came to Bethany, he was one of the first to be taken.

Martha thought she'd never forget it, but that, too, became vague. There'd been a merchant here that morning, a foreigner but wearing the Jewish *tallith*. He brought word of Mary, that he'd seen her in some far-off place called Antioch and she spoke well in the market place. "There was another with her," he added. "A woman with red hair . . ." Martha sighed, recalling a promise kept. When the man left, Lazarus shivered with chill and by dusk the swelling was on him. Before the next sunset Martha stood again at the seal of stone and this time, she thought dully, no miracle would roll it back.

The house seemed an echoing shell and often she caught herself listening for Mary's laugh, her brother's gentle voice. But when quiet shadows fell, the Face came to her in a cookpot and although she was perhaps a little mad—aching with weariness, hungry for her own—she felt the

Master near. At first she turned, startled—so real that Presence—but no one was ever there; and as the lonely days passed she found her comfort in a reflection, perhaps an illusion.

There was comfort, too, in the village wives who called on her for

help. The plague ran its course but there were other troubles—the time of drought when they gathered no harvest in Bethany, "The Place of Dates," and famine stalked the hillside; the troubles of Feigele, the spinner, whose granddaughter was too attractive; of Tamar, the widow of

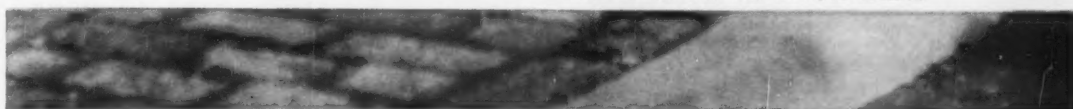


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Ephraim, whose eldest son got in with bad company . . . Martha frowned. There was something special about that boy, something long ago, but she couldn't remember. She was getting old, she told herself irritably, and forgot it in the brisk knock on her door.

"Who is it?"

"Aaron, from the vineyards. My wife said to tell you the pains . . ."

"I will come," said Martha and felt her shoulders creak as she smoothed thinning braids flecked with grey.

"A good woman," observed the gossips at the well as she passed by. "Always lending a hand, never refusing a neighbor."

"But a little cracked," laughed a bride so new she drew water for only one jug. "I ran in the other night to

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Anne Marx

She saved and stinted day by day

On her ambitious climb;

*No chance to catch a bride's bouquet
In time—*

She saved caresses for the years

When hoarding would be done . . .

Love lay, along a trail of tears,

A skeleton,

*She saved her spring, and summer,
too—*

Now autumn haunts her sleep . . .

Too late to sow, she turns to view

What others reap.

borrow some oil and there she was, mooning over a cookpot and talking out loud to someone she called the Master."

"It's her business whom she talks to," someone snapped. "And that pot was a great bargain—the finest in Bethany and for only two leptons. Wait until you can beat a peddler down on his price!"

The others nodded agreement and the scoffer slunk away before silent hostility. But later, when times were bad and Martha went through the village ladling hot lentil soup from a cookpot, she began to understand. It kept body and soul together, that soup, and no one starved in Bethany.

So the quiet stream of a life flowed on, rippled now and then by small events that loomed large. The aging fisherman called Peter returned once

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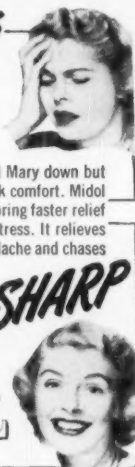
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—still big, still hungry—to tell how her sister had died, how the Magdalene tried to the end to shield Mary from the hail of stones on them. Martha wept to think it was like that but found, with the years, even death had lost terror. And once a great lady, stooped and wrinkled like herself, came to visit and ask Martha didn't she remember her, long ago, in Tiberias. The lady sent away her litter-bearers and drew a fish in the dust but Martha didn't know what it meant. When she shook her head the lady looked startled, then smiled and kissed her before she left. It was all very puzzling, thought Martha — a white-haired old woman blinking in the sun.

Then, suddenly, the quiet-flowing stream was churned and diverted from its course by war. At night Jerusalem was ringed with the Roman campfires and by day the hills of Judaea were made hideous by siege. In Bethany the villagers fled for no place was safe and, although Martha didn't want to, they made her go with them. At the last moment she snatched up the cookpot and when she dared to look back, the walls of her house were hidden in a curtain of fire.

After that she had all she could do to keep up with the feeblest straggler, and wouldn't have done so had not a soldier in flashing breastplate smiled from his horse to see this wizened crone lugging a pot. He dismounted and pointed where the others had gone, saying she reminded him of his grandmother, "who," he added with a grin, "would cook were the enemy to hang her next dawn." And Martha caught up, and stayed with the refugees from Bethany until they left the choked road and plunged into the blinding wasteland to the south.

There in the desert Martha lost them—and didn't care any more. A weariness like none she had known crept over her when she stopped to rest — a small shrunken figure, her arms around a cookpot—and did not rise again. The sky darkened. A harsh wind blew, loosening the shifting sand. Martha didn't notice. Before dimming eyes, her days moved in drab review. The menial tasks, the drudgery, the lending of a helping hand. She'd done nothing wonderful, nothing worthwhile. God had given her life and she'd wasted it—and now it was passing away like these grains of stinging sand. Who would remember her? Once a long while ago she'd had a chance to do something important—be a witness, wasn't it?—for the Mas-

ter. But she'd failed Him, too.

Through gathering mist, bronze gathered light and gave back the Face she loved. Clearer than ever before, drawing nearer.

"My Lord," she whispered, "forgive me that I did not serve."

And a Voice answered, filled with

remembered tenderness. "Martha, Martha, thou hast served and witnessed for Me all the days of thy life."

With her last strength she turned her head, and her heart leapt with such wonder and joy that the wind seemed to stop, the storm-tossed desert stand still.

Then the dun-colored sand whipped and blew, covering a small body and a cookpot until they were two mounds, then one . . . then nothing.

Her service was finished. She had not chosen the good part but what she had chosen was accepted. Martha had found the Master. END ♦

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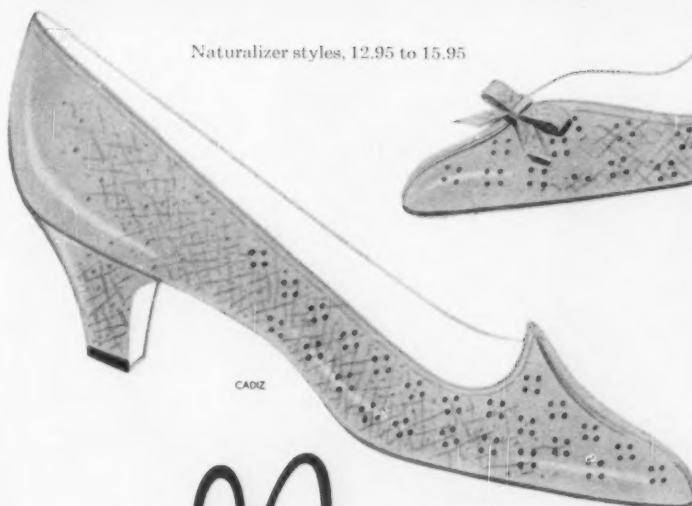


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2795: From one pattern—three interpretations of the high-waisted look. Make the version shown—slim dress with sheer overskirt—in twin-printed sateen and voile; or in plain silk crepe with lace. Other versions: with slim or flaring skirt, no overskirt. 2878: A full-skirted afternoon dress—make it in lightweight wool or rayon now; plain or printed cotton for summer. Both patterns in sizes 11 to 18, each 50 cents.



SERENADE TO SWEET DREAMS . . . RADIANT TROUSSEAUX

DU PONT Nylon *really* has it!

It's nylon lingerie for brides beautiful . . . and every wise woman! For only nylon's carefree magic spins such gossamer luxury . . . glowing, ever-lasting colors. And only nylon couples all this enchantment with the simplest upkeep ever!

Molyclair (left): Empire peignoir set: baby doll pyjamas

Model (centre): Baby doll pyjamas; waltz-length peignoir set

Linda (right): Bridal peignoir set; toreador pyjamas



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Tailored elegance in a delicate tone-on-tone fabric. Cool colours of mint, blue and tangerine. Retails at about \$3.98

Tailored luxury in a fine Jacquard fabric. Pastel tones in pink, white, ice blue and tan. Retails at about \$2.98



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LONDON SHIRT CORP. MONTREAL

FOR YOUR MAD FLING IN EUROPE

Continued from page 38

for them. They're great for soiled laundry, too.

This system doesn't save space—in fact, it may take a bit more. But then everything is so nice and organized. You just pile the bags in, and when you get there you can locate what you want in a minute without disarranging things. Makes living out of a suitcase—whether for lack of time or space—far more feasible, too.

Now to the most controversial point: what to put in your suitcase. Let's start with what was, to me, the most important single item—comfortable shoes.

Several people advised me to take walking shoes. There are some people who look great in sensible shoes. I'm small, with what in the nicest terminology can only be called "dancer's legs" (broadish - in - the - beam), and when I wear flat shoes they've got to be low-cut frivolous types. Otherwise I look like a Strength-Through-Joy schoolteacher or something equally unappetizing. So I took two pairs of airy ballet-nothings. They felt awful after six blocks. Another pair, not quite so pretty but a little more "sensible" made me wish I were dead after three hours of steady walking. I finally bought a pair of bright-yellow Oxfords with butter-soft sides and two-inch-thick sponge-rubber soles. They have changed my life! They'd bring the house down on fashionable Sherbrooke Street in Montreal, they're so odd-looking. But in Europe everyone wears them, including some exceedingly pretty, well-put-together young ladies. And the feet, they're in bliss.

Take less than you'll need

So, unless you're the type who can negotiate churches, cathedrals, cobblestones and miles of stairs in delicate, feminine high heels, for goodness sake take a pair of really comfortable rubber-soled Oxfords. You might also want to pick up a pair of sandals or espadrilles for beaches and slopping about, and one pair of ravishing heels, simple enough for suits and skirts and with the classic lines that complement soft dresses. If you go in for night life, tuck in a pair of evening sandals—they don't take much room.

That doesn't sound like much in the way of shoes—but hold on, you'll

want the space. In fact, this leads into one of my classic rules for European travel: *take less than you think you'll need—you'll want to shop while you are in Europe.*

Next on the travel list is the hand-bag-on-the-go. It should be big, with lots of compartments, and not too heavy. I favor soft leather with an indeterminate shape that doesn't look too odd when crammed to the gun-wales. In it you'll be carrying foreign phrase books, maps, passport, toothbrush (that you forgot to pack and discovered at the last minute), make-up, skin-freshener tissues (amazing how washing your face in the midst of a dreary, dirty journey can skyrocket one's morale), and enough face tissue to double for towels in an emergency.

Be warm — and elegant

Better also take along a suede, satin or kid clutch bag, to pair with your heels or evening sandals. Get this night-life bag a little larger than you'd think necessary at home; you're going to want to take your passport wherever you go, not to mention a fat book of traveler's cheques and a wallet stuffed with oversized foreign currency.

Next on the list is a coat. And with it comes my second rule for European travel: unless you're just headed for Spain and Italy in mid-summer, *always expect it to be colder than you think it will be*—because it will be! The solution is a loose, well-cut raincoat. There are some in dacron-and-cotton that wash and drip-dry and look elegant enough to cover most any outfit, if properly accessorized. Then take along—or buy, especially if you're going to Italy first—a bulky sweater-jacket that will fit under the raincoat.

Because it will generally be colder than you expect, take fewer cotton dresses than you think you'll need. Two or three flattering cottons—with at least one in a dark color and perhaps one in an unmussed-looking print—are enough even in the summer, especially if they are in a wash-and-drip-dry fabric. No-iron separates are splendid. T-shirt dresses travel beautifully. (By the way, do you know that splashing a crumpled no-iron cotton or synthetic with a little water before wearing can often restore at least a semblance of freshness?) For washing—just dump a box of soap flakes in a plastic bag and fasten it with a rubber band and tuck it in

Continued on page 66

At last...

Real Angel Food

from a mix

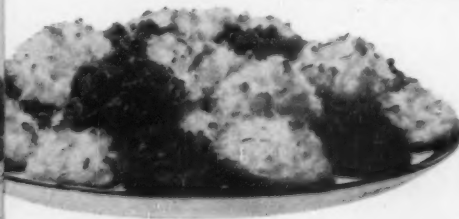
Ever wondered how Angel Food got its name? You'll know why the moment you taste Angel Food made from the *new* Ogilvie mix! Here is the tallest, the lightest, the most temptingly-tender Angel Food this side of paradise! And why shouldn't it be? The whites of *thirteen* eggs are in this snowy white cake with its tasty golden crust. All fear of falling—all fear of failing—are banished with this new Angel Food mix.



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NESTLE COLORTINT

Nestle Spraze adds the final touch of perfection as it sets hair in soft, lovely, lasting waves... keeps hair perfectly controlled in all kinds of weather. 2 types—regular Spraze and Soft Spraze (no lacquer). Three sizes: 69¢, 98¢ and \$1.39

NESTLE SPRAZE and SOFT SPRAZE



Nestle

HAIR COLORING SPECIALISTS
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

Continued from page 64
a corner of the suitcase.

In the space you've saved by taking two cotton dresses instead of eight, pack two or three wool skirts and at least as many sweaters. You'll feel like a fool when you're packing them on a warm May day at home, but you'll bless them when cold summer day follows cold summer day in France, England and Scandinavia. I'd recommend fully-lined straight or straightish skirts — they take less room, don't muss easily and seem to look a lot smarter, at least in Europe.

You'll wear no-iron blouses or T-shirts with these skirts on warm days, and sweaters on the cold. In Europe I discovered the sterling character of the old college "sweater set." When you visit and live in homes often incredibly cold and damp, you learn to dress in layers; intelligently accessorized, a cardigan with matching cashmere pullover goes almost anywhere.

Sweaters and skirts will be the staples of your traveling wardrobe, so make sure they're becoming, fit well and are in resilient fabrics and mix-and-match colors.

If Ali Khan should call

From then on, your wardrobe depends on your personal style. A suit's a blessing. It adds to the layer-of-clothes possibilities and is invaluable for the times when you want to look well-dressed but have no idea what anyone in that country or social group would wear. If you have a favorite dress-up-or-down sheath—be it knit, silk or wool—by all means take it. It will go farther than a "frankly evening" dress. If you have a madly becoming, short, packable evening dress that breaks your heart to leave behind, put it in. Even if you only wear it once or twice, it's sort of a nice feeling to know that should Ali Khan invite you to dinner, you'll be suitably gowned.

The whole question of how formal your wardrobe should be is tied in with your traveling level. If it's luxury all the way, by all means take the magnificent creations. If, on the other hand, you're a student or working girl and want to meet your opposite numbers in Europe, you'll do best in skirts, sweaters and suit, with a few all-things-to-all-occasions dresses.

As for last-minute toss-ins: a plastic toilet kit simplifies lugging your things to a community bath. Taking along a few rolls of toilet paper is a

lot less silly than it might sound at first hearing. A plastic clothesline with miniature clothespins can come in handy. Oh yes—do poke in one outfit you don't mind things happening to—one of those indestructible jobs that can take blizzards and twenty-four-hour train trips without breaking your heart or its spirit. Then add a few fripperies to dress things up—scarves, jewelry, gloves, flowers—and you're pretty much set.

Don't love them, leave them

Now that your wardrobe is settled, let's go on to a more important, if less easily managed, part of your vacation: meeting people. If you don't speak the language, you're at a definite disadvantage, since you're likely to mostly meet what I think of as "professional Europeans" — the men who have worked out a good approach and spend their time romancing one impressionable North American girl after another. They're really okay—in fact, they can be great fun and give you a wonderful time, introducing you to aspects of their city you would never otherwise see. But you must remember that romance, with these jokers, is simply a game, with well-defined rules and a just as well-defined beginning and end—so for goodness sake don't take it seriously because they don't. Have fun—dine, dance, look deeply in his eyes when he looks in yours—but don't love him and do leave him before he leaves you.

Where do you meet these types? If you are traveling alone, you won't have much trouble. You'll find them almost everywhere. Shipboard is great. Then there are semi-Bohemian cafés and restaurants, where a lone girl, or two, can watch the fun and quite often join it. In Paris, the Select and Dome on Boulevard Montparnasse are two; the Café Buonaparte, near St. Germain des Prés, is another that's even more long-haired and left-bankish. In Rome, there's the Tavern Mar-

gutta on the street of the same name: you eat well, and inexpensively, family-style on long trestle tables, and the place is just swarming with real or would-be artists, writers and film directors, all of them exceedingly amiable.

The best way to meet people is through personal introductions. Unfortunately, too many girls on their first trip to Europe just don't realize this. Most European society, unlike ours, is a closed society and incredibly difficult to break into without introductions. Once you are introduced, however, and pass the first critical once-over, people you've never seen before will go out of their way to be good to you, introduce you to others and make sure you enjoy your stay in their city.

Where do you get these introductions? Just hound everyone you know. The middle-aged lady Aunt Tilly went to boarding school with in Switzerland may be a bit of a bore, but she could quite easily have scores of entrancing nephews. The distant relatives you'd never in a million years look up at home may make you feel welcome on a dim day when you are just about to perish with boredom and loneliness. When you say you're going to Europe, almost everyone knows someone they think you should look up. Take these names, overcome your initial I-don't-want-to-bother-anyone shyness, and use them.

All set to go

So there you are, ready for Europe with:

A book of names and addresses with perhaps a few letters of introduction;
The wit and wisdom to use these to open new doors for you;
Little enough luggage to carry, yourself, in a pinch;
Truly comfortable walking shoes;
An enormous traveling handbag;
Enough warm clothing to insulate you against cold spells;
A wardrobe practical enough to travel well and so pretty it makes you feel sparkly every time you step into any part of it;
A reasonably attractive slop-around outfit that will take traveling wear and tear without breaking your heart . . .

. . . and most important of all, you—with eyes and mind open, ready to meet new experiences and new people.

Bon voyage!

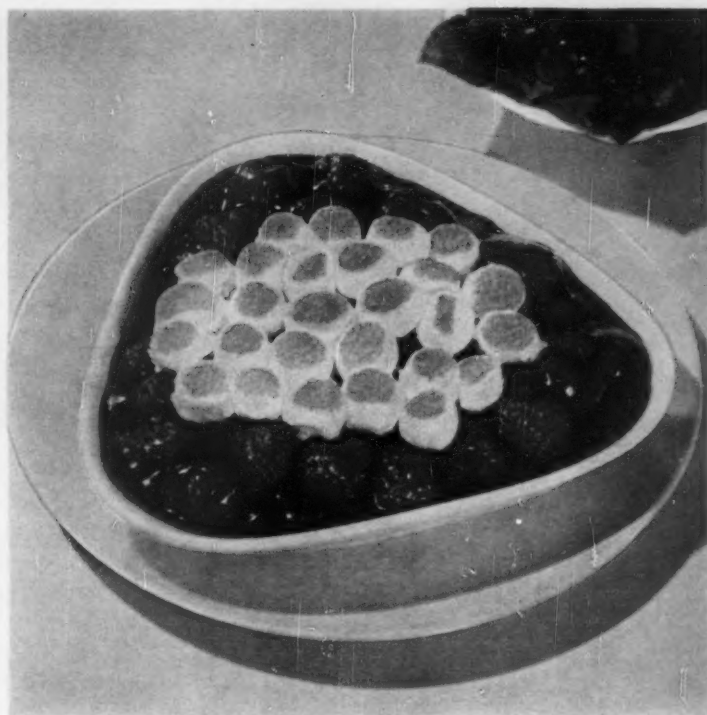
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CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

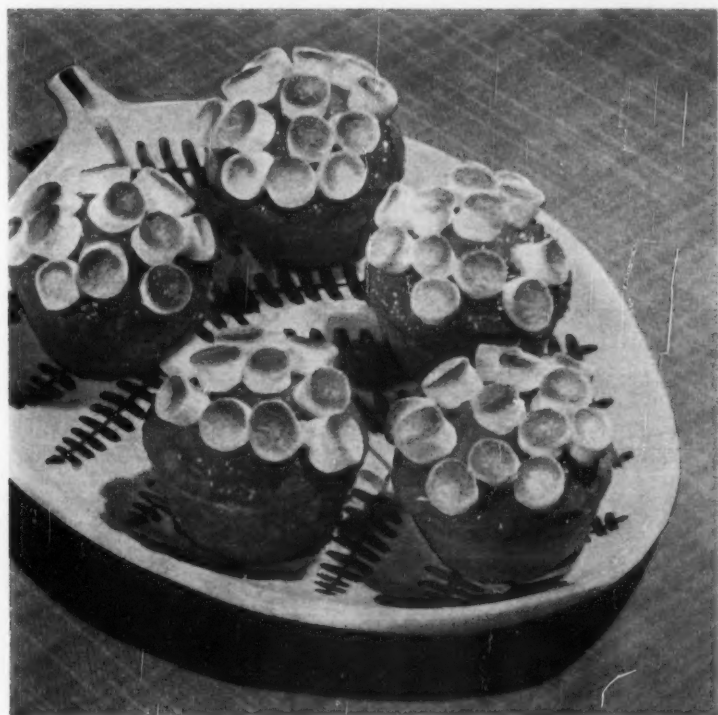
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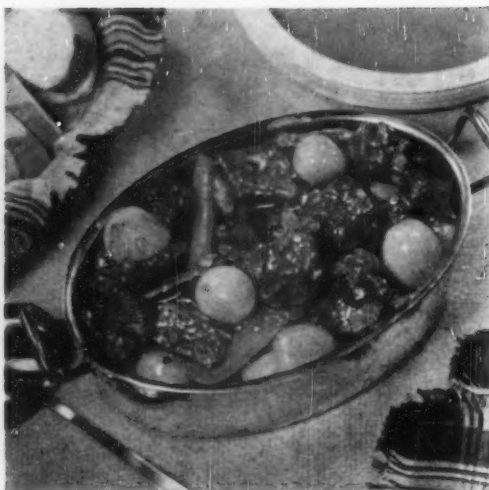
MARSHMALLOW LEMON PIE. Fill an 8- or 9-inch baked pastry shell with lemon pie filling. Sprinkle 2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows over top. Broil until lightly browned.

MARSHMALLOW TOPPED COBBLER. Prepare a cooked fruit cobbler filling. Pour into a baking dish and top with Kraft Miniature Marshmallows. Broil lightly.

MARSHMALLOW ORANGE GEMS. Spread Kraft Pure Orange Marmalade on cupcakes. Top with Kraft Miniature Marshmallows and broil.

**Try Kraft Jet-Puffed Marshmallows, too—
the big sweet ones for toasting!**

The only kind that stay soft!



APRIL — WINE MARINATED BEEF RAGOUT

2 pounds stewing beef
 3/4 cup dry red wine
 1 clove garlic, crushed
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 1/2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
 1/2 teaspoon pickling spice
 2 tablespoons flour
 4 slices side bacon, diced
 1 can consommé, diluted
 1/2 pound sliced mushrooms
 6 small peeled onions
 6 carrots, halved

Cut beef in 1 1/2-inch cubes. Add next seven ingredients and marinate overnight. Remove meat from marinade and dredge in flour. Fry bacon in a large skillet. Add meat and brown well. Stir in strained marinade and consommé. Cover and simmer until tender (about 1 1/2 hours). Add vegetables. Cover and simmer 30 minutes (small potatoes may be added). For speed — prepare in a pressure cooker. When marinade and consommé have been added cook under pressure 20 minutes. Add vegetables and cook 5 minutes longer. Season and thicken gravy. Makes six generous servings.

Meals of the Month

Minute tips for flavor and fun...

Toast halves of hot cross buns and spread with mixture of cinnamon honey butter and pecans. Broil until bubbly.

Mix 2 tablespoons sherry with a raw egg yolk, blend into a favorite à la king recipe.

Fold dices of lime, orange and raspberry jelly into Spanish cream and pour into graham cracker pie shell.

Top hot spicecake with cooked dried apricots, sweetened to taste and flavored with a drop or two of almond extract.

Just before serving garnish canned or frozen cream soup with cubes of avocado.

Save juice from canned fruit and combine with brown sugar for baked ham glaze or use as liquid for cooking applesauce and reduce sugar.

Dinners of the month...

					WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	1	2
3 Deep-fried Sole Tartare Sauce Rissotto Potatoes Green Beans Baked Lemon Pudding	4 Cube Steaks Baked Potatoes Harvard Beets Hot Applesauce Gingerbread	5 Roast Loin of Pork Potatoes Gravy Mixed Vegetables Hot Rolls Crème de Menthe Parfait	6 Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Parsley Potatoes Braised Celery Baked Apple	7 Corn Chowder Cold Roast Pork Delmonico Potatoes Spinach Boston Cream Pie	8 Braised Short Ribs Buttered Carrots Hash Brown Potatoes Fruit Cup Tea Coffee	9 Pot Roast Beef Whipped Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Preserved Peaches Spice Cookies
10 Liver and Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Lima Beans Crisp Carrot Sticks Maple Layer Cake	11 Fried Chicken Legs Barbecue Sauce Whipped Potatoes Peas and Carrots Apricot Chiffon Pie	12 Rolled Rib Roast Roast Potato Gravy Yorkshire Pudding Asparagus Tips Baked Apple Crisp	13 Baked Sausages Applesauce Beets Scalloped Potatoes Prune Whip Custard Sauce	14 Halibut Steak Lemon Butter French Fries Peas Tea Biscuits Cherry Tarts	15 Beef Biscuit Roll Spicy Tomato Sauce Glazed Parsnips Lettuce Wedge Chocolate Cake	16 Baked Veal Cutlet Savory Dressing Creamed Potatoes Kernel Corn Maple Syrup Sundae
17 Clam Chowder Macaroni à la King Bacon Salad Greens Chilled Fruit Cup Cinnamon Buns	18 Broiled Ham Steak Glazed Pineapple Duchess Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Peach Upside-down Cake	19 Raisin-stuffed Duck Orange Gravy Whipped Potatoes Hot Rolls Green Beans Strawberry Mousse	20 Steak 'n' Kidney Pie Home-fried Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Lime Jelly Spice Cupcakes	21 Savory Meat Loaf Chili Sauce Turnip Scalloped Potatoes Spanish Cream Cherry Sauce	22 Grilled Pork Chops Spiced Crab Apples Potatoes Cabbage Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce	23 Baked Rock Turbot Caper Sauce Parsley Potatoes Creole Corn Peach Crisp
24 Vegetable Soup Chili Con Carne Garlic French Bread Tossed Green Salad Lemon Meringue Pie	25 Grilled Club Steak Chef's Salad French Fried Potatoes Deep Apple Pie Whipped Cream	26 Baked Ham Mustard Sauce Lyonnaise Potatoes Glazed Carrots Marble Layer Cake	27 Broiled Beef Patty Mushroom Gravy Whipped Potatoes Succotash Chocolate Pudding	28 Chicken Noodle Soup Sliced Ham Hot Potato Salad Mixed Vegetables Butter Tarts	29 Sweet and Sour Spareribs Fluffy Rice Hot Corn Meal Muffins Sherbet Cookies	30 Beef Stew Caraway Dumplings Spinach Relishes Lime Chiffon Pie

Breakfasts and lunches for any day you need them...

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	Spiced Prunes Oat Meal Maple Syrup Toasted Fruit Bread Coffee Jelly Tea	Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Marmalade Coffee Hot chocolate	Orange Juice Hot Wheat Cereal Soft-boiled Egg Scones Honey Coffee Milk	Baked Apple Ready-to-eat Cereal Broiled Bacon Bran Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Shredded Wheat French Toast Coffee Hot Chocolate	Fruit Cup Cheese Omelet Hot Cross Buns Apple Jelly Coffee Milk	Broiled Grapefruit Apple Cinnamon Waffles Maple Syrup Sausages Coffee Hot Chocolate
Lunch	Tomato Soup Minced Ham Sandwich Tomato and Lettuce Butterscotch Pudding Milk	Consommé Baked Beans Grilled Wieners Tossed Green Salad Orange Custard	Celery Soup Tuna Salad Sandwich Tomato Aspic Coconut Cream Pudding Chocolate Milk Shake	Scotch Broth Egg Salad Plate Bread Sticks Sliced Banana Hot chocolate	Tomato Juice Hot Beef Sandwich Celery and Carrot Sticks Fresh Fruit	Green Pea Soup Cold Meat Salad Potato Salad Cucumbers Olives Toasted Danish Pastry	Vegetable Juice Welsh Rarebit on Toast Celery Cabbage Salad Fruit Cup Cookies

Recipes and snacks for the creative cook...

For teatime sandwiches, with a gourmet twist, combine 1 can red salmon, drained and flaked, with 1 diced orange, 3/4 cup chopped celery and 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans. Moisten with mayonnaise, season to taste. Spread between buttered slices of thin bread.

Curried pineapple rings make an unusual garnish for duck or chicken. Blend 1 cup dry white wine and 2 tablespoons pineapple juice with 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon curry powder and 1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch and pour over pineapple rings. Bake for 15 minutes.

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which come to my kitchen
with all their full, deep-rich
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Chatelaine — April 1959

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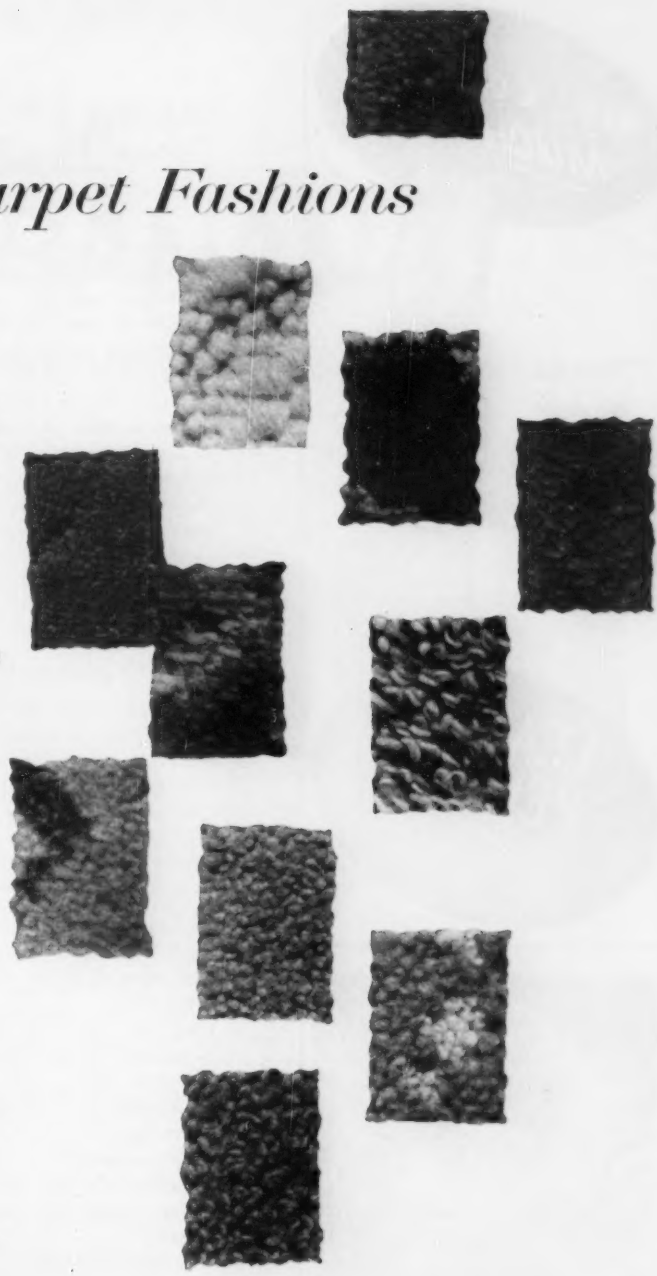
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Choose the perfect Harding carpet for *your* home... during the grand 1959 Harding Festival of Carpet Fashions now on view in carpet and home furnishing departments everywhere. You'll be surprised at the values... and you may use a convenient budget plan to own a Harding carpet right away. For new homes, enquire about financing under N.H.A.

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The Beautiful Empire Chintz. A traditional floral design with a modern sculptured effect. A gay conversation piece for bedrooms, living rooms and hallways. Presented in a choice of distinctive Grey or Mushroom Beige background.



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No water is needed with pleasant-tasting Tums... just chew one or two tablets. Get relief fast!



FOR THE TUMMY

Roll of 12 tablets still only 10¢. 3-roll pack 29¢

OLD-TIME FAVORITES

Continued from page 41

and dredge in flour (save marinade). Melt 2 tbs bacon dripping in a pressure cooker. Add meat and brown well on all sides. Strain half the marinade over the roast and pressure-cook for about 1 hour or until tender. Place meat on a hot platter and keep warm. Skim fat from pan drippings (a plastic baster is handy for this). Stir in a smooth flour-water mixture (3 tbs flour to ½ cup water). Add ½ cup hot water, remaining marinade and 1 diced apple. Simmer for 5 minutes and serve over roast. Makes 8 servings.

CHICKEN-AND-HAM PIE

To prepare cooked ham, cooks were advised: "Select a five-year-old ham weighing twelve to eighteen pounds. Wipe and put in the sun. At night put it into water and soak until next morning. Then lay it with the skin down in a boiler of cold water and boil slowly for six hours, until end bone is loose."

OUR METHOD:

- 3 to 4 lb frying chicken, cut up
 - 6 tbs butter
 - 3 cups water
 - 1 bay leaf
 - ¾ tsp salt
 - Few celery leaves
 - 1 slice onion
 - ½ cup flour
 - 8 slices cooked ham
 - 2 cups moist poultry stuffing
 - ½ cup cooked okra or peas and carrots
 - 2 tbs chopped parsley
- Butter Crust**

Brown chicken pieces lightly in 3 tbs butter. Add the next five ingredients. Cover and simmer until tender (about 40 minutes) or pressure-cook 15 minutes. Drain chicken and save liquid. Discard skin and large bones. Spoon ¼ cup poultry stuffing on each ham slice and roll up tightly.

Melt remaining butter and stir in the flour. Add the chicken broth slowly. Cook until thickened. Stand ham rolls around the outside of a 2-quart, deep casserole or pie dish. Set gravy funnel in centre. (Ours was a blackbird funnel.) Fit chicken pieces, okra and parsley around the funnel. Pour in sauce. Dampen edge of dish. Roll out Butter Crust and cut a hole in the centre. Fit hole over

the top of funnel. Press pastry against edge of dish. Trim and bake at 375 degrees F. for 45 minutes. Serve 8.

BUTTER CRUST

Measure 2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour and ½ tsp salt in a bowl. Cut in ½ cup beef drippings or chicken fat until very fine, then cut in 1/3 cup butter coarsely. Add enough chilled milk or water for a stiff dough. Roll dough for chicken pies twice as thick as for fruit pies.

STUFFED CABBAGE

"Cut out the heart of a large cabbage. Fill the vacancy with veal chopped finely, highly seasoned and bound together with eggs. Boil in a cloth for two hours."

OUR METHOD:

- 1 small firm green cabbage
- ½ lb sausage meat
- ½ lb minced beef
- ½ tsp salt
- ½ tsp thyme
- ¼ tsp marjoram
- ¼ tsp savory
- 1 tbs chopped onion
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 egg

Wash cabbage and remove damaged leaves. Cut out the core and with a strong spoon, scoop out the centre leaving a shell ½ inch thick. Mix the remaining ingredients together and stuff the cabbage firmly. Fill the core end with a few pieces of remaining cabbage. Tie in cheesecloth and place in boiling, salted water to almost cover. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Drain and remove the cheesecloth. Roll cabbage in melted butter and cut in wedges.

BARBECUED LITTLE BIRDS

In earlier days pigeons, grouse or partridge were roasted on a spit over an open fire, stuffed with chopped suet and herbs, and basted with butter.

OUR METHOD:

- 4 small Cornish Rock Hens OR
- 2 small broilers
- 2 tbs lime juice
- 2 tbs melted butter
- ½ tsp dry mustard
- ½ tsp Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ tsp salt

Rinse hens or broilers and dry inside and out with absorbent paper. Skewer or tie wings and legs close to the carcass. Place on spit with neck ends together and prongs hold-

ing the leg sections. Start rotisserie. Combine remaining ingredients and brush birds with this every 10 minutes until crispy brown. Allow about 35 to 40 minutes. Or roast at 375 deg. F. about 1 hour, basting occasionally. Serve with Mushroom Sauce and wedges of Stuffed Cabbage. Serves 4.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

Stir-fry ½ lb sliced fresh mushrooms (or 1 can drained sliced mushrooms) in 3 tbs butter. Add 3 tbs flour to the pan drippings from barbecued birds. Stir in 1½ cups chicken broth or 2 chicken bouillon cubes, dissolved in 1½ cups boiling water. Add the mushrooms, freshly ground black pepper and ¼ cup dry sherry.

MAPLE BUTTER PIE

Often known as Backwoods Pie, this sweet dessert, which is still popular in Quebec, was made with maple syrup, the harvest of the sugar bush.

OUR METHOD:

- ¾ cup maple butter
- ¼ cup melted butter
- 3 well-beaten eggs
- ¼ tsp salt
- 1 tbs vinegar
- ½ cup corn syrup
- ½ tsp vanilla
- ½ cup water
- ¾ cup washed seeded raisins
- ½ cup whole shelled pecans
- 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

Mix all ingredients together in the order given and pour into the pastry shell. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 15 minutes, lower heat to 350 degrees F. and bake 20 minutes longer. Cool before cutting. Serves 8.

PLUM DUFF

The sailors' favorite dessert. Usually made heavy and rich with suet and dried fruits, then boiled in a cloth for four to five hours.

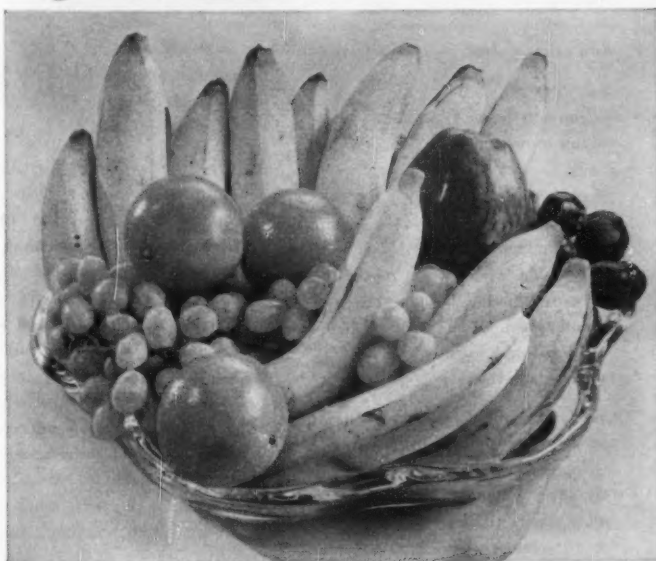
OUR METHOD:

- ¼ cup shortening
 - ½ cup sugar
 - 1 egg
 - 1 tsp grated orange rind
 - 1 cup sifted pastry flour
 - ¼ tsp salt
 - ½ tsp baking soda
 - ¼ tsp mace
 - ¼ cup milk
 - 1½ cups cooked, drained, pitted prunes
 - ½ cup warm apricot jam
- Cream shortening, sugar, egg and orange rind together. Add sifted dry



Help yourself— **HAVABANANA!**

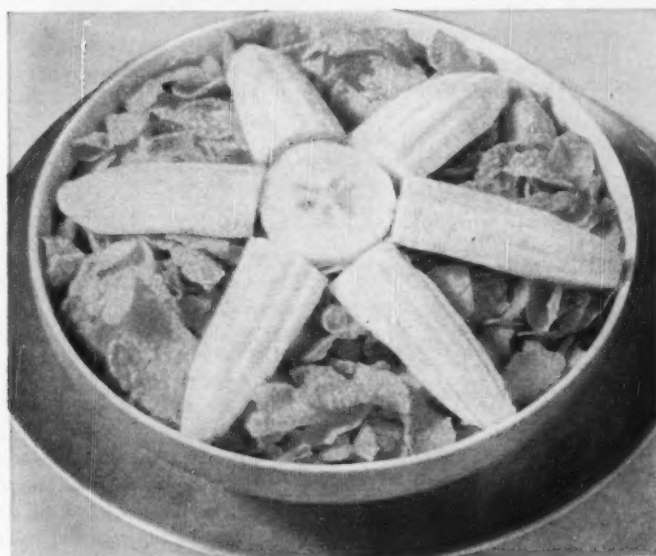
—enjoy these 4 happy breakfast ideas!



BRUNCH BOWL: Here's a happy idea for a serve-yourself brunch—a centrepiece you can eat! Just fill your prettiest bowl with lots of smooth, mellow, golden bananas—and add other fruits in season.



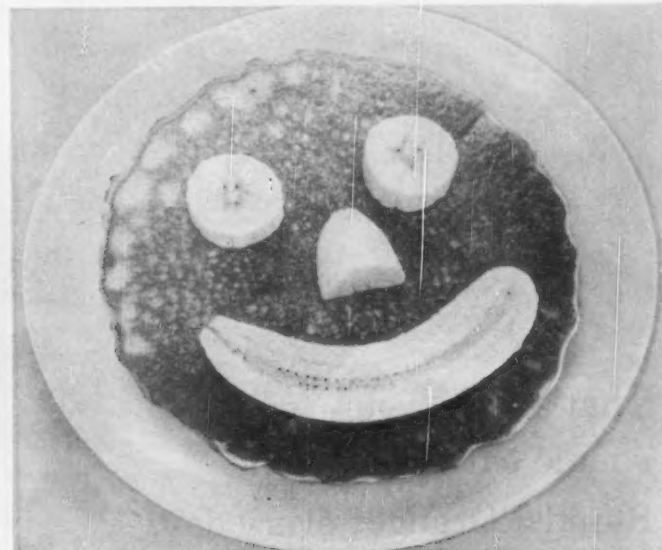
BREAKFAST IN A GLASS: Mashabanana with a fork. Shake with milk, flavouring and one whole egg and you've a wholesome, well-balanced breakfast. Bananas are a good dietary source of Vitamin C.



CEREAL DAISY: Easy way to pretty up your family's cereal! Cut a slice from the middle of a banana to use for a centre. Cut the two ends in quarters lengthwise to use for petals. Fun—and so nourishing!

HELP YOURSELF—addabanana: A medium banana has only 88 calories and so much satisfaction! Bananas are such a wonderful-tasting way to get nutrition essentials you need for health—HAVABANANA!

Bananas belong in your daily diet!

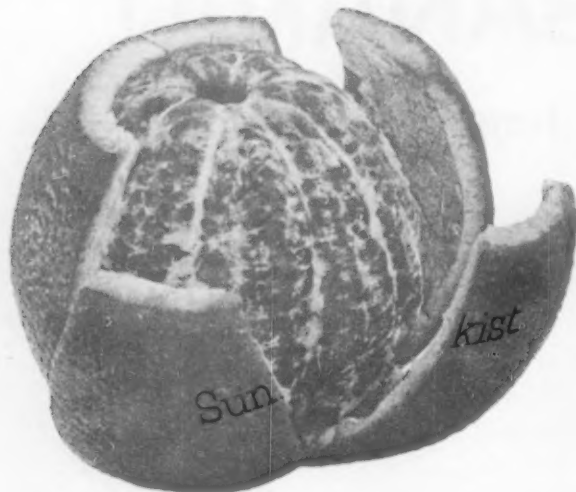


SMILING PANCAKE: Let bananas add flavour and fun to your pancakes. Diceabanana into the batter—and make 'em plate-size big. Use banana slices for eyes and nose, a long slice for the grin.

CANADIAN BANANA COMPANY LTD.

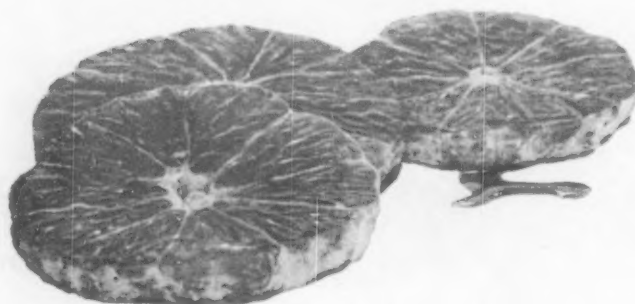


The "meat" of a fresh orange is the main source of many of its nutrition values.



For example, it is in the "meat" of the fresh orange that you find the valuable Bio-flavonoids* and the Protopectins.

**The Bio-flavonoids team with Vitamin C to strengthen your body's 60,000 miles of Capillaries (tiny blood vessels) and the Protopectins help you obtain more nourishment from other foods you eat.*



That's why your family should eat whole fresh Sunkist Oranges every day.

Caution: When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't (except for baby) strain out the delicious solids that contain the valuable Bio-flavonoids.

Sunkist FRESH ORANGES & LEMONS
Trade Mark Registered

The Sunkist Trade Mark stamped on the skin of the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona. Accept nothing less.

ingredients and milk. Fold in 1 cup prunes. Grease a 4-cup mold and evenly space remaining prunes in the bottom. Add the batter and cover mold with foil. Steam 1 hour or bake for 45 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees F. Unmold and brush with warm apricot jam. Serve with a favorite hot sweet sauce. Serves 6.

FROSTED ROCKS

Sometimes made with lard or bacon dripping and sweetened with black strap molasses, these were inexpensive hard spicy cookies for a large family.

OUR METHOD:

- 1/2 cup soft butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 2 tsp pumpkin pie spice
- 1/2 tsp soda
- 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup glacé cherries

Cream the butter, sugar, molasses and egg together. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Drop by small spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet two inches apart. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Cool and ice with Coconut Frosting. Makes 2 dozen.

COCONUT FROSTING:

Cream 2 tbs margarine with 1/2 tsp coconut flavoring. Add 1 cup sifted icing sugar and 5 tsp hot milk. Garnish with lots of candied peel.

BROWN BREAD

"Put bread in well-buttered pan and let rise near a warm fire, then steam for four hours. Take out and set in a moderate oven, fifteen minutes."

OUR METHOD:

- 3/4 cup corn meal
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 cups buckwheat pancake mix
- 1 tsp soda
- 1/2 tsp salt
- 2 tbs brown sugar
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/4 cup melted shortening
- 1 cup milk

Stir corn meal into the boiling water and set aside. Mix the next five ingredients together in a bowl. Stir remaining ingredients into the corn

meal. Combine both mixtures. Pour into a greased 9 1/2 x 5 x 2 1/2-inch loaf pan, and bake at 350 degrees F. for 1 hour. Serve warm with butter.

BLACKBERRY ROLY-POLY

This hearty treat was made with home-made blackberry preserves and suet dough, which the cook had to "roll in a cloth and steam three hours."

OUR METHOD:

- 1 tbs sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 3 tbs melted shortening
- 1/2 tsp grated orange rind
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 1/2 cup blackberry jam

Combine the first four ingredients and stir in the biscuit mix. Turn out on floured wax paper. Knead slightly. Pat or roll out 1/4 inch thick to form a rectangle 7 x 8 inches. Brush edges with milk. Spread centre with blackberry jam, leaving a 1-inch border. Lift the wax paper edge close to you, letting Roly-Poly roll up loosely by itself. Pinch edges together. Place on greased foil in shallow bake pan. Brush with milk and gash the top in several places. Bake at 375 degrees F. for about 35 minutes. Slice and serve warm with Eggnog Sauce. Serves 6.

EGGNOG SAUCE

Beat 1 egg until very thick. Beat in 3 tbs very fine granulated or fruit sugar, 1/8 tsp salt, 1/2 tsp vanilla, 1/4 tsp nutmeg and, if you wish, 2 tbs brandy. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream.

BEEF AND BEAN SOUP

"Soak beans overnight and remove skins. Place in soup pan with some good shin beef, leeks, salt and peppercorns. Pour in some water and boil on the fire for three or four hours."

OUR METHOD:

Cut 1 pound lean stewing beef in 1-inch cubes, and dredge with a mixture of 1 tsp salt, 2 tsp dry mustard and 1 tbs flour. Melt 2 tbs dripping in a pressure cooker. Add the meat and brown on all sides. Add 2 sliced onions, 1 diced carrot, 4 cups water, a bit of bay leaf and a pinch of cayenne. Cover and pressure-cook 15 minutes. Add 2 cans undiluted bean soup. Reheat thoroughly. Serve with warm Brown Bread and butter. Makes 6 generous servings.

END ♦

Something for the girls:
party-pretty parfaits!



For a new "slant" on parfaits, let set with glass at an angle, and alternate two or more flavors in layers.

And the beauty is, they're made with Royal Instant Pudding. So all you have to do is add gay garnishes and festive touches. Try arranging one flavor on top of another, perhaps adding a dash of food coloring or a bright layer of fruit. Or do whatever inspiration tells you to. It's fun prettying up parfaits made with Royal Instant Pudding. And so good — just the right note to end a luncheon. Try it! P.S. to calorie-watchers. Royal Instant Pudding is good with skim milk, too — directions are on the package.

The Happiest Meals Have A Royal Ending

ROYAL INSTANT PUDDINGS

Chatelaine — April 1959



Main Course Masterpiece at Supper Dish Cost

Chatelaine — April 1959



Cheese and Crabmeat Fondue

Yield: 4 or 5 servings.

- 1 can (approx. 7 ounces crabmeat)
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- Mayonnaise or other thick dressing
- 6 slices white bread
- Soft butter or margarine
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 3/4 cup Ingersoll Cheese Spread
- 3 eggs
- Few grains cayenne

Grease a 6-cup casserole. Preheat oven to 350°F. Drain and flake crabmeat, add pepper, onion, and mayonnaise. Remove crusts from bread, spread with butter, make into sandwiches using crabmeat mixtures as filling, and cut to fit casserole.

Scald milk; blend in Ingersoll Cheese Spread. Beat eggs slightly; gradually stir in hot cheese mixture and cayenne. Pour over sandwiches, put casserole in shallow pan of hot water and cook about 1 hour.

The real cheese taste of Ingersoll gives this economical but nourishing new fondue its excitingly different flavor. For Ingersoll is the wonderful spread with a flavor that's real cheese, all cheese and nothing but cheese. Always keep a jar or two of Ingersoll Cheese Spread on hand. So good — for so many occasions.

THE SPREAD WITH THE
REAL CHEESE TASTE



Shopping with Chatelaine

CHECKED AND APPROVED: WELL-BUILT ZIPPERS

THAT WORK SMOOTHLY AND EFFICIENTLY

"Button, button, who's got the button?" is almost a forgotten game these days when slide fasteners or zippers are found in every garment. Recently a manufacturer of this boon to modern society applied for our Seal of Approval—and we found that what results in a simple closing, starts with very complicated manufacture.

Our plant tour took us from the very first step of zipper making to the packaged product. We saw the tapes coming from huge rolls; the tiny teeth being applied at an incredible speed; the two halves joined together, with the slider and the top and bottom stops being added; enameling in a special



oven to produce a hard-wearing color coat on some, while others, depending on their end use, were left a natural brass or nickel finish. Even the lock sliders themselves, used on all consumer quality goods, have several intricate pieces to make sure you don't come unzipped when you don't wish to! Instructions on the new revised packages are easy to read and simple to follow.

Quality control within the plant is carefully checked throughout each day to make sure uniform good quality is maintained. Our laboratory experts did strength tests on the tapes, as well as wash and light-fastness tests on the colors. While the strength tests were excellent, we felt the colors could be improved and at our suggestion, the company is doing just this.

With such excellent co-operation and a fine basic product, we had no hesitation in granting the Chatelaine Seal of Approval to Canadian Spool Cotton Company on its FLASH ZIPPERS.

HOLDERS OF CHATELAINE INSTITUTE SEAL OF APPROVAL APRIL 1959

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Arborite #6 and #10 | Kirsch of Canada, | Samsonite Luggage — |
| Arborite Twin-Trim | Drapery Hardware, | Streamlite, Silhouette |
| Beacon Polythene | Venetian and Vertical | and Ultralite |
| Housewares | Blinds | Sanitize! Process |
| B. F. Goodrich Spongex | Kool-Aid | Silkknit Lingerie—nylon, |
| Carpet Cushion | KnitKing Home Knitting | Terylene and Blendene |
| Blue Ribbon Spices, | Machine | Simoniz Paste, Non-Scuff |
| Extracts and Baking | Lloyd Baby Carriages | and Vinyl Waxes |
| Powder | and Strollers | Softie Diaper Rinse |
| Bonus Ravioli Dinner | London Lassie Shirts | Spam |
| Calgon | Melmac Trademark | Success Heavy Duty |
| Chan Sponge Mop #10 | Modernfold Doors— | Paste Wax |
| Culligan Automatic | Spacemaster and | Success Paste Floor Wax |
| Water Softener | Custom-Line | Success Self-Polishing |
| Dahlberg, Miracle-Ear, | Nobility Plate | Liquid Floor Wax |
| Optic-Ear and | Nu-Milk Instant Skim | Success Trio Wax |
| Magic-Ear II | Milk Powder | Success Trio Wax |
| Dominion Domolite | O'Cedar Instant Cream | Sunworthy Pre-Pasted |
| Dominion Inlaid | Furniture Polish | Wallpaper |
| Linoleums | O'Cedar Mops — | Tex-made Combed |
| Dominion Marbleum | Nylon 4-way | Percal, Colonial and |
| Dominion Vinyl Tile | #7 Nylon Mop | Homestead Sheets and |
| Duralay—Rug Underlay | #73 Buff Mop | Pillow Slips |
| Elna Supermatic Sewing | Peerless Rugs—Peercrest, | Toastmaster IB14 Auto- |
| Machine | Peertweeds and | matic 2-slice Toaster |
| Flash Zippers | Peertwit | Toastmaster IB16 Power- |
| Formfit Foundation | Pioneer Household and | matic 2-slice Toaster |
| Garments | Beauty Gloves | Toronto Carpets |
| Gerber Baby Foods | Prestige Furniture Wax | Viceroy Household Gloves |
| Glenfoam Sweater | Princess China | Viceroy Housewares |
| Shampoo | Pure Barbados Fancy | Viceroy Rubber Fruit- |
| Gold, Red & Pink Seal | Bulk Molasses | Jar Rings |
| Fancy Quality Salmon | Puritan Brand Beef | Vilas Branded Furniture |
| Harding Carpets | Stew | with Vila-Seal Finish |
| Hi-Flo Chocolate Syrup | Red Rose Teas, Coffees, | Vi-Tone Hasty Fudge |
| Instant Chocolate Mil-ko | and Instant Coffee | and Icing Mix |
| Instant Mil-ko | Revere Ware | Wabasso Hostess Percal, |
| Instant Vi-Tone | Royal Doulton Bone | Anniversary, Family |
| | China and Earthenware | and Muslim Sheets and |
| | | Pillow Slips |
| | | Zero Cold Water Soap |

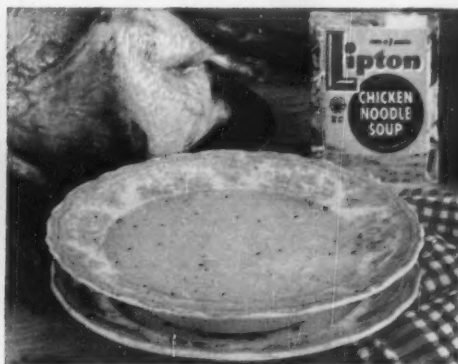


Why Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup tastes so good

*We all love nourishing Lipton Soup
with the wonderful home-cooked flavour.*



Look at all the good nourishing things that go to make Lipton Chicken Noodle Soup. Plump chickens . . . real egg noodles . . . sweet-smelling garden herbs. All ready to burst into fresh glorious flavour . . . almost instantly!

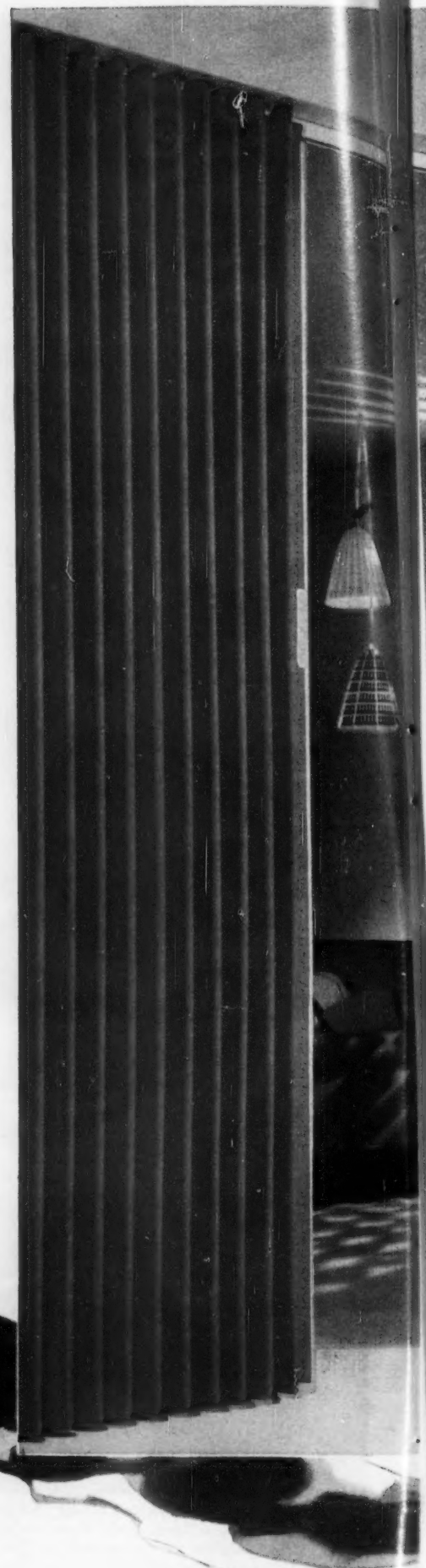


The heavenly fragrance says Lipton is fresh home-cooked . . . not just warmed up, like most soups you buy. So it's so much nicer. And see that beautiful broth? Clear and golden, the way *good* chicken broth should look!



Twice as much! Lipton Chicken Noodle gives you twice as much soup—twice as much deliciousness, too—for your money. And there are 6 good-tasting Lipton Soups. All have the old-fashioned flavour only home-cooked soup can have. *So try 'em, soon!*

New fashion excitement
in the home with
**Modernfold
Doors!**





Modernfold fabric-covered doors: at left in Vivid Red; above, the popular Spacemaster, available in neutral tints. All have all-steel frames with balanced action for long life and smoothest operation.



The handsome "Woodmaster" in a walnut. Other surfaces: mahogany, oak, birch and cherry—all factory finished to preserve their natural beauty. Sturdily built with a solid core, "Woodmaster" slides easily on nylon trolleys in an overhead track.



Add a touch of luxury to your bathroom with a smart Showerdoor by Modernfold—for draft-free showering and splash-free floors. Many models to choose from—both folding and with sliding panels—made of safe, unbreakable polystyrene that will not chip, peel or fade. Variety of lovely pastel colours, some of which are shown above. Prices from \$49.95. Ask your Modernfold dealer.



Add new colours, new convenience, new style to your living

You see them in the smartest homes—fashion-setting Modernfold Doors and Walls that bring new spaciousness to modern living. And this year, new colours, weaves and patterns in Modernfold fabrics (all washable) make them more glamorous than ever! New "slimmer look"! All are designed in the graceful new "Residential" style, to fold away more neatly and compactly against the door jamb. With them is an entirely new and exciting folding door—the handsome "Woodmaster" in selected wood veneer finishes.

Never before have you had such a fascinating variety of folding door styles and colours to choose from—for the new home you plan, or to bring the old one up-to-date with modern smartness and convenience.

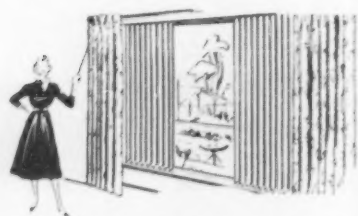
Fabric-covered or wood, Modernfold Doors save you all the space that swinging doors waste. As dividing walls, they give you double-room spaciousness or single-room privacy at a touch. And no other folding doors can compare with Modernfold for the sturdiness and durability that assure lifetime service. So insist on Modernfold. Look for the name on the handle. Prices from \$24.95. (Slightly higher in Western Canada.)

See them at your favourite department store or building supply dealer. You'll find him listed in the "Yellow Pages" under "Doors, Folding".

NEW CASTLE PRODUCTS
(CANADA) LIMITED
199 Upper Edison Road,
Montreal 23
Manufacturers of quality door
products for your home

modernfold
DOORS

EASY TO LIVE WITH...



EASY TO LIKE...

Kirsch VERTICAL TRAVERSE BLINDS

Having trouble with old-style venetian blinds that snag and stick? Then it's replacement time — and nothing is more practical than Kirsch Vertical Traverse Blinds. Not only do Kirsch "Verticals" draw open and closed, like fine draperies... the slats rotate, for extra control of view and ventilation.

And Kirsch "Verticals" are made for modern living — no cleaning problem — no tape replacement. Dust and dirt just won't collect on their smooth, up-and-down metal surfaces — and they have no tapes that could wear out.

Without floor or window sill channels needed, Kirsch "Verticals" are adaptable for any room in your home — give you luxury living at low cost. See them in their array of decorator colours at your Kirsch dealers.



Slides are of long-wearing, smooth-gliding nylon. Slats are easily removed.

Made by the Makers of
World Famous Kirsch Drapery
Hardware...

The Only Complete Line on the Market

Adjustable Traverse Rods; Cut-to-measure rod and track for all windows including swinging doors; Gold Seal adjustable rods; a complete line of accessories including Easypleat tape and hooks, drapery and traverse hooks, café and shower curtain rings, installation aids; decorative drapery hardware. Plus many more quality products to help you in your drapery problems.

LOOK AT KIRSCH — FIRST!



AGGIE WAS A TERROR

Continued from page 27

Agnes Macphail was 18 when she entered Normal School at Stratford, Ont. First teaching job paid \$500 a year.



had scores of deadly enemies and thousands of enthusiastic admirers. She was impatient and persistent, sincere and devastatingly forthright, impulsive in some fields and painstaking in others. She was so sensitive that she suffered from every slight, so courageous that she could not be halted by the most vicious attack. She was a great admirer of thrift and an extravagant spender.

When Agnes Macphail was twelve her father bought another farm near Ceylon, Ont., not far away, and the family moved there. The Macphail farmhouse was a social centre, with plenty of company, and the conversation ranged far and wide, so that Agnes grew up in the atmosphere of discussion groups. It was the custom for the men to gather in one room, to talk farm and politics and affairs in general; the women in another to discuss personalities and household and church matters; and the young people in a third, to play games. Agnes invariably drifted into the room in which the men gathered, where she listened absorbed.

Marriage implied submission

When Agnes was fourteen, she passed her high-school entrance examination. She was beside herself with joy; she went home and retired to the cellar where she gloated over her success and made great plans for her future education. She was going to be a teacher.

She was utterly heartbroken when she was informed that her school career was now over. She was needed at home. For a stormy temperament and ambitious nature like hers, it was a crushing blow. The future stretched out before her without hope. She could see the whole picture—several years of helping with housework and cooking at home, and then marriage to some young farmer and a lifetime of housework and cooking and raising children. It had no appeal. To her, then and forever after, marriage implied submission, constant catering to the whims of a man, and days too full of distasteful tasks to leave time for outside interests.

Later, in trying to analyze her attitude, Agnes wrote: "In my very early teens I did a lot of thinking on the subject... I saw that men did a job in the world outside their home and women did not... At this time I read and re-read Lives of Famous

Men and Women, by Sarah K. Bolton. As I read I thought I could learn to do many of the things that these famous men did; but the women who were philanthropists, musicians and artists, were, I knew, what I could never be. This reading strengthened me in the resolve which I always seem to have had of doing some work as a person.

"I love children and I have always had dear men friends; it was a deep sorrow to me that I couldn't do all that I expect women to do; to be a wife and mother, but also an untrammelled active person, finding outlet for her ability in the fields of learning, agriculture, industry, business, the arts or government. I was poor, and had I married, the man would not have been rich or even comfortable in a financial sense. In addition, I have never enjoyed housework. I can do it if I must, but it gives me no sense of fulfillment. This I regret, but so it is..."

"There are some women who want only a husband, children and home. For them there is no problem. Keeping the home is enough. But for others it is not."

Her attitude never changed. At sixty she felt just as she had at fourteen. To her, love was an experience like plunging briefly into a swift current that might sweep her into danger; she never let herself get so far from shore that she couldn't get out at will. Many people loved her, and she responded just so long as no demands were made on her which she might interpret as involving her "submission." That is why most of her friendships were undying, but her love affairs were transitory.

At fourteen, resignation is extremely difficult even in small things, and the end of Agnes' school career was a very big thing indeed. She did what she had to do, but she made it plain, persistently and continually, that this was not what she intended to keep on doing. Her parents stuck it out for two years. At sixteen, Agnes won her battle and went off to high school in Owen Sound, thirty miles away. It was the first time she was made to feel different from other people. She discovered that town girls dressed a little differently from farm girls, and were inclined to look down on them. Agnes was indignant. It infuriated her to be treated as odd, slightly inferior.

At that time, school activities were confined to classes and an annual

Promenade—a real promenade, where the boys and girls paraded around two by two and no dancing was allowed. There were no organized social activities outside of this. The only thing open to people like Agnes was the Literary Society. She promptly joined this, and became quite prominent, giving papers and leading discussions. She was a rather tall, slim girl at that time, with high coloring and bright eyes and, as always, very attractive to boys.

The principal, Mr. Murray, was an excellent teacher and a widely respected man. But he had a fault common to many teachers: he was inclined to bully his pupils. This was the sort of thing Agnes could not stand. She was not one of the victims—far from it. On one occasion as Mr. Murray passed down the aisle, he tripped over her foot. He stopped and looked at her. "Now, Miss Macphail," he said silkily, "I wonder why I should fall over your feet?"

"Probably because your own are so big," replied Agnes calmly, to the horrified delight of the class.

Mr. Murray apparently admired both Agnes' brains and her spirit. They got along very well, all through her school career.

Politics in a general store

Agnes sailed through high school in two years, getting her Junior Matriculation at eighteen. Normal School was the next step. Her first school was at Gowanlocks, four miles east of Port Elgin, Ont. She was a very happy young woman. She liked teaching, she had attained her primary ambition. The pay was five hundred dollars a year, paid in four installments. Back home in Ceylon she had two particularly devoted admirers, both medical students. It used to worry her father when they turned up the same evening. It didn't disturb Agnes one bit.

The next year Agnes accepted a school at Kinloss, midway between Walkerton and Kincardine, where she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Braden, the owners of the larger of the two shops in the village.

Sam Braden had a very strong influence on Agnes. He had a high opinion of her, and pulled her into discussions which took place almost nightly in his store. Farmers would stop in to do a little shopping, play a game of cards or crokinole, and talk. They loved to talk politics. Agnes would sit on the counter swinging her legs, which greatly disturbed Mrs. Braden.

At that time, there were two morning papers in Toronto, the Globe which was Liberal, and the Mail and Empire, which was Conservative. Sam Braden, a staunch Liberal, insisted that Agnes read both papers and then make up her own mind. It was Braden who first convinced Agnes that "big business" had undue influence on the public policy of Canada.

continued on page 82



enjoy *Libby's* the only tomato juice
with gentle·press flavour

so good we'll pay you double
your money back if you've
ever tasted any as delicious.
Start enjoying Libby's today!



Instead of nibbling... enjoy
LIBBYING... the nicest way
to watch your weight. Libby's
Tomato Juice contains only
four calories per ounce!

LOSE WEIGHT EASILY ... FEEL BETTER



THE KNOX GELATINE PROTEIN DRINK HELPS ANY SOUND REDUCING PLAN

Between or before meals drink one envelope of Knox Unflavored Gelatine (costs about 5¢) in fruit or vegetable juice, bouillon or water. This widely used protein "pick-up" helps you lose weight easily when dieting and, incidentally, feel better ... safely. Simple directions on each Knox envelope.



KNOX
UNFLAVORED GELATINE
a protein supplement

Continued from page 80

At Kinloss, for the first time, it occurred to Agnes that there might be more for her in life than country schoolteaching. The local minister asked her if there was a possibility of her going on to university. She had a fine mind, and it should be trained. The idea of further formal education did not seize her imagination, but the suggestion did make her realize that she had brains and ability beyond her present position.

It was at this time that the matter of women's votes first came to her attention. Rumors from England were discussed in the store—stories about the fight the Englishwomen were putting up to get the franchise. Someone asked Agnes how she felt about it. She would like to vote, she replied, but she didn't think the movement would get anywhere. She never took any part in the battle for votes for women, curiously enough. She was never a formal feminist, nor even an informal one in the conduct of her life. She blamed women as much as men for the inferior position of the female citizen.

All work and no play was no part of Agnes' program. She loved dancing, all her life. And there were dances many times a week. Sometimes Agnes went home just in time to change and breakfast and go to school. It was too strenuous, even for a girl of boundless energy. Agnes became constantly weary, and uncharacteristically prone to tears. Her physical condition became worse. She tried to rest, but could not recover. She decided that a change of air might improve her health. She went west, to an uncle and aunt in Oyen, Alberta, financing the trip by teaching in a summer school there for six months. Only a few miles away lived Bob Gardiner, whose life was to intertwine with hers far away in Ottawa, but at the time they had never heard of each other and did not meet.

She had no affection for the Alberta countryside; it did not compare with the Ontario hills she loved. She was strongly attracted by the western people, but finally, the rigorous winter weather defeated her. Later, she recalled, "The wind howled and shrieked and blew snow halfway across the main room of the house ... One of the family, a little peeved by my distaste, said, 'Do you never have storms in Ontario?' 'Oh yes,' I said, 'we have bad storms—but then, we have houses, too!' For which statement I ought to have been spanked!"

She resigned and left for home.

It was at Pegg's School near Sharon, Ont., that Agnes Macphail took the first tentative steps into public life, and here that she discovered her gift for speaking, her enormous appeal to audiences. She was known as "Mack" around Sharon, and Mack got invited everywhere. She became engrossed in farm organizations, particularly co-operatives, and in the farmers' move toward political ex-

pression. She studied everything she could find on both subjects.

In the Farmer's Sun, she read a letter from a country schoolteacher, complaining of the hardships of being boarded with farm families. This infuriated Agnes, who had been so happy under the same circumstances. She wrote a very hot and eloquent reply. Shortly afterward she received a letter from Mr. Ross, the editor, suggesting that if she happened to be in Toronto he would like to see her. The interview resulted in her joining the United Farmers of Ontario and undertaking to do all she could to help them.

Agnes was now enthusiastically committed to the United Farmers of Ontario. She spent many an evening late into the night talking about farm problems with neighbors and friends, but she had yet to speak from a public platform.

One evening, Agnes was invited to go to a political meeting. She went along quite happily, ignorant of the fact that she would be called on to speak. When this happened during the meeting, she was in a genuine panic. But as she said later, "Farmers in that day were too reluctant to get on their feet and talk in their own defense, and often I told them that they couldn't expect others to solve their problems."

So she gathered her courage and rose to her feet and spoke for ten minutes. When she finished, the audience cheered. "It must have been my nerve they approved!" she commented.

She ran standing still

The UFO had a real asset in Agnes as a speaker, and they knew it and used her as much as her work as a schoolteacher would allow. In her home county, the farmers were organizing rapidly. They were thinking about running a candidate for the federal House. The Durham Review suggested that Agnes Macphail would make an excellent candidate. This was the first serious suggestion that she might be in the running.

It made her shy about taking speaking engagements in her home county. She was determined that if they wanted her, they must come after her. She would not seek the nomination.

Though she was by now being considered seriously as a candidate, she refused to go into townships other than Proton to make speeches. We will never know whether this backward campaign was instinct, or inspired understanding of the mentality of her neighbors. It was somehow sinful for a person to really want public office. It was still less nice for a woman in a country which had never had a woman member of parliament, where the women's vote was a new thing. If she had shown how very much she wanted it, the farmers would have been shocked and repelled. Her behavior, however, fulfilled all the requirements of a female; she

was modest, retiring, capable and available.

The balloting for the nomination took most of the afternoon. Agnes kept out of the hall much of the time, going downtown with her sisters and their husbands for ice cream. When they returned, they found that Proton township was swinging the convention, and they were a solid Macphail block. It took until six o'clock, but they finally won.

When the sun came over the barns the next morning, the farmers looked at what they had done, and it seemed to many of them that they must have been hypnotized. The riding executive was besieged by protests. But Agnes had her foothold and she dug in her heels.

The election was called for December 6. Agnes started campaigning early in October. It was a home-grown campaign. The money and the talent came from the riding itself. The whole campaign cost less than six hundred dollars. Agnes would not accept more than a dollar from any donor. She found hospitality and goodwill in most places she visited. Writing about the physical aspects of the campaign, she said, "It was then that I took a fancy to small farm homes; the spare rooms in the big brick structures were ice houses, but in the little ones the guest bedroom would probably open off the kitchen and be heated by the kitchen stove."

Agnes made fifty-four major speeches during that campaign, and at the end she didn't care much who got elected as long as the campaign finished and she could get a rest from speaking. "I ached from the effort and strain. The last meeting was in Auton and in the midst of the speech I felt I could not finish, but knowing it was the very last I had a silent argument with myself to buck me up, and continued on to the end. I never again was so completely exhausted."

Election day was December 6, 1921. "In our farm home," Agnes later recalled, "all the neighbors gathered to await the returns by telephone—everyone excited ... When we had heard enough to know that the townships were giving us such great majorities that the towns couldn't overtake our lead, Donald Stewart, one of our good neighbors, said in a serious manner, 'Friends, we have made history in South East Grey; we have elected the first woman to the parliament of Canada.'"

A sense of history was close to Agnes, now thirty-one, as she moved in with other members of the new parliament in March 1922. She resolved to accept no special privilege because of sex; everything she did set a precedent, and all she wanted for future women members was equality. The government offered her an office suite, similar to those occupied by cabinet ministers. She refused, but was grateful to be assigned a single office, without the doubling up which is the general thing for private members. She was given the

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office on the sixth floor nearest the dining room, a pleasant, airy place which she immediately liked. To a legion of people, it was "Agnes' office" for the next eighteen years.

For many members of the House, Agnes' appearance on the scene was a shocking disturbance of the accepted order. Seated at a desk, in the front row of Progressives, among the lawmakers of Canada, was a woman in a dark-blue serge dress, prim and long-sleeved. She did not wear a hat; her brown hair was set in the corrugated waves of current style. Her face was ruddy, her eyes sharp behind steel-rimmed glasses.

What was this woman doing here, where men got down to business and fought their hard political wars and handled the complex affairs of state?

Newspaperwomen had been assigned to cover this strange "first." They reported that the dark serge dress had been worn over fifty times—in fact, on every public platform during her election campaign. They disclosed that advice had been delicately offered: "Our kind of lady would prefer to see you wear a hat." Miss Macphail had retorted that she "couldn't think as well with a hat on."

The attention paid her in the first few days, however, was overwhelming. There were red roses on her desk as she took her seat that first day. Most of Mackenzie King's cabinet crossed to her desk, one by one, to speak a personal word of welcome. Of course, Agnes was flattered and pleased, though she tried not to seem so.

Brickbats followed bouquets

In a way, this extravagant reception was what she expected. She was totally inexperienced, and she preened her feathers happily. Up to this time she had encountered no serious hostility in her world. But she had taken her seat only a few days before all this suddenly changed. In a series of successive shocks she discovered in many quarters a cold, implacable opposition to her presence in Ottawa. She was treated to outright derision. She was a freak. She had overstepped the bounds of proper female behavior. The parliament of 1922 was by no means unanimously ready to accept a woman member, no matter what was said for Hansard to record.

She was informed, for example, that the roses which she had received on the first day were a cheap prank. Someone was paying off an election bet. There were subtle indications everywhere that the men thought she should have stayed at home.

Her reaction was peculiarly her own. She felt the offense deeply, and she fought back. Her tongue took on an edge. She behaved with more asperity than grace. In those first weeks and months the many eyes watching her saw a cantankerous spinster—and to the end of her parliamentary career this reputation dogged her. A change came gradually.

Presently she discovered which men in the old parties could be counted as personal friends, despite political differences.

Agnes accepted wholeheartedly the principle of direct relationship between an elected member and the people who sent that member to parliament. She carried this conviction with her throughout her career, and it was her strongest political asset. The best interest of the people of South East Grey were her first concern, and she kept in constant touch with those people so that she always knew what their problems were.

All the new Progressive members found speaking in the Commons a formidable assignment, but within a month Agnes Macphail took the plunge and rose to her feet. She asked a modest question. Then, on March 29, she made her first speech. The House was debating a change in the Elections Act, which would permit foreign-born women married to Canadian men to vote, without having to make special application for the privilege. Agnes in effect spoke against this extension of woman franchise, for she took the position that women ought not to receive automatically the citizenship of their husbands.

"I think women just want to be individuals, no more and no less," she proclaimed.

Outside the House this first session was a terrifying experience. She was continually stared at by the curious: eating in the parliamentary restaurant was such an ordeal that she began to lose weight rapidly, and took to eating at a small café in downtown Ottawa. She took a room with an Ottawa housewife, Mrs. Quay, who did her best to help Agnes meet the demands of her new position.

There was her first Drawing Room at Rideau Hall, with Mrs. Quay and a woman neighbor summoned to help Agnes dress for the event, and Agnes angry and disturbed at the prospect of having to "bend the knee" to a representative of royalty. She reported later that she did make a curtsy to Lady Byng, but a most reluctant one.

She was impatient with the avid interest in clothes, when newspaperwomen interviewed her. The national interest in her blue serge dress was a humiliation. Agnes always maintained stoutly that it was a good dress; she had paid forty-five dollars for it, and she had chosen it because it seemed to her a suitable costume to wear in a man's world. Of course, she had worn it on public platforms throughout her election campaign—but it was still a good dress!

Her relations with the female section of the press could not have been worse. One reporter recalled a tea when Agnes was entertained by the members of the Women's Press Club: her manner was severe and stiff, almost hostile, and the hostesses all concluded that she still suffered from a sense of "country" inferiority.

She was far too sensitive about press stories. An early experience with two women reporters hurt her deeply. Agnes received them in friendly fashion, or so she believed, chatted with them freely—and was appalled at the garbled versions which appeared in print. Agnes was bewildered; she felt that she had been made to look ridiculous when she had acted in a kindly human fashion.

A similar incident happened when Lady Astor, the first woman member of the British House of Commons, visited Ottawa. A reception was held for her in the Speaker's chambers, and Agnes' fellow UFO members gave her a corsage of three roses to pin on her plain dark suit as they left the Commons to attend the function.

A rose for Lady Astor

When Agnes was in conversation with Lady Astor, she took one of her roses in a typically impulsive gesture and gave it to the guest. That night Lady Astor spoke to a large meeting in the old Russell theatre, and wore the little rose as her only ornament, to Agnes' delight.

But the Ottawa Journal's reporter gave the incident a malicious twist: "Agnes Macphail, who attended the reception for Lady Astor yesterday, was the proud possessor of a dozen American Beauty roses, and generously gave Lady Astor one."

Agnes told the story herself, at a later time, and she added, "It seemed strange to me then and it does still, that women who had a pen in their hands or who had the public ear in any way, used it in those early days to make my life more difficult. They didn't know me; it couldn't have been any personal dislike. What was it then? Even if I did things they were displeased with, I at least had opened a door which had always until then been closed to all women. Surely that fact alone should have arrested their criticism and called out their sympathy. In the women of the farms it did."

Male reporters were just as hostile. Charles Bishop, a leading journalist of the Ottawa Citizen, wrote with an almost discernible shudder his fear of "descending hordes" of female politicians. Wilfrid Eggleston has said that from the Press Gallery in those days she looked "bleak and severe, her features strong rather than attractive . . . not exactly lovable." But the liberties taken by some large dailies were inexcusable. A headline sneered: "Progressives Have no Love for Grits or Tories, Dramatically Declares Miss Agnes Macphail in Toronto. Does Agnes Know What Love Is?"

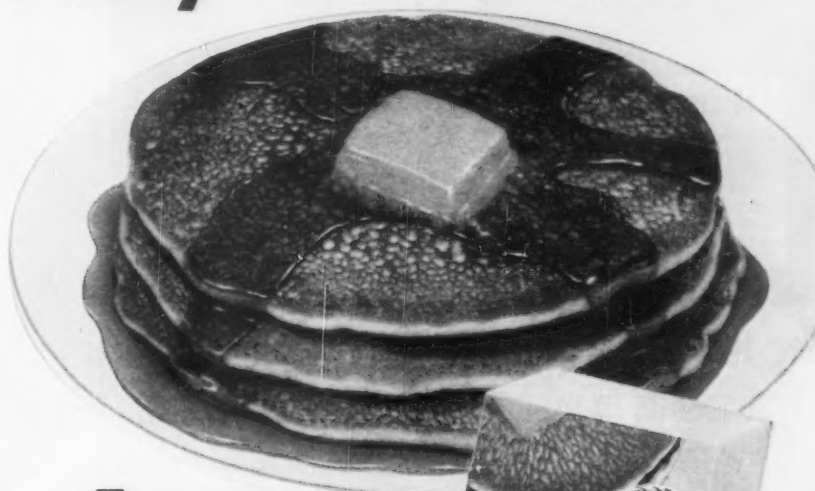
She began her work at Ottawa with a very stern view of members' duties, which had to be relaxed as time went on. She believed at first that members should sit in their places in the Chamber as long as the House is in session; very soon she exclaimed, "One would

continued on page 86



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It's great to sneak those extra minutes in bed on Sundays, but Henry is wide awake now. It's "Brunch" time and his turn to make the pancakes for the family . . . golden brown Aunt Jemima Pancakes, hot from the griddle and glistening with butter and syrup! *That's* worth getting up for!



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Continued from page 84



Agnes Macphail rode a horse to school while teaching at Oyen, Alta., in 1912. But she found western winters too bitter and beat a hasty retreat to warmer Ontario.

be a physical wreck within a few months!" She heaped scorn on the Senate: "I should certainly hate to see a good woman wasted there. It is a useless institution, and appointment to it would be like being placed on a shelf, prior to burial."

She worked very hard. Her mail was always heavy, and she tried to answer it all. She had hoped to find time to study French, but that proved out of the question.

Her recollections of her first session were that it was "a miserable time." In her own words: "I was intensely unhappy. Some members resented my intrusion, others jeered at me, while a very few were genuinely glad to see a woman in the House. Most of the members made me painfully conscious of my sex by standing up every time I entered the lobby, until I told them I would feel obliged to keep away, unless they treated me as one of themselves."

In committee meetings too she was embarrassed because members hastily discarded pipes, cigarettes and cigars as soon as she entered, and once again she threatened to boycott committee meetings, if her presence put such a restraint on her colleagues.

During her first session she lamented, "A spirit of awe and timidity hangs over the House. I have addressed thousands of people without increasing my heart action one beat; yet when I get up in the House to ask the minister of health one simple question, I am afraid my heart will go out of my mouth. If you are picking a candidate, pick a strong one, who is able to go up against that wall of steel."

In the midst of her very real distress at this time, one person stood out as a friend, and gave her invaluable comfort and encouragement. It was J. S. Woodsworth, the gentle, scholarly, dedicated "saint in politics." For Woodsworth she came to feel something akin to worship.

And so in the early summer of 1922 parliament adjourned.

Leaving Ottawa for the quiet of her Ceylon home, Agnes may well have wondered whether she really wanted to come back again in a few months' time. It seemed all she had at that moment was the inheritance from her Scottish mother: the will to hold on.

Taunts in Temptation

A country schoolteacher is not transformed overnight into a Commons member without a backward look. The problems of rural education were still important to Agnes Macphail, and in addition to her heavy parliamentary duties during her first term, she took on the task of doing all she could, single-handed, to help Ontario teachers demonstrate in their schools the lessons of democracy and government. She made up a booklet describing how ideas became laws, and distributed it widely in the schools. She arranged for photos of parliament and sent them out to teachers, largely at her own expense. She entertained, out of her own pocket, the entire enrollment of the Ottawa Normal School on several successive years.

Her voice was well-suited to Commons debate. Many a male voice was lost in the far corners of the Chamber, but hers was strong and deep-toned, and members listened. They did not always like what they heard, and as the caustic jibes flicked sensitive spots to right and left, there were some who began to strike back.

She coined names for the House of Commons and for the Senate: one was the House of Temptation; the other, the House of Refuge.

"Temptation?" cried a member in pretended bewilderment. "I have noticed no temptation here — unless it is the Member for South East Grey."

The hearty male laughter filled her with confusion. At home, with Mrs.



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TUNA-ONION BROWN-UP



"YEAST-RIZ" CRUST

Scald $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening, 6 tablespoons granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. Cool to lukewarm.

Meantime, measure into bowl $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lukewarm water. Stir in 1 teaspoon granulated sugar. Sprinkle with contents of 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, 1 well-beaten egg and $\frac{1}{2}$ cups once-sifted all-purpose flour; beat until smooth. Work in an additional $\frac{1}{4}$ cups (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour. Knead. Grease top. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Punch down; divide into 3 pieces. Roll each into 10-inch circle and press firmly into 9-inch pie pans. Crimp edges. Brush with 1 slightly beaten egg white. Let rise until doubled in bulk—about 20 minutes. Prick with fork. Bake in

moderate oven, 350°, 8 minutes. Do not brown. Fill and bake—or cool, stack and wrap partially-baked crusts in foil and refrigerate up to 10 days. Yield: 3 pie shells.

TUNA-ONION BROWN-UP

Melt 2 tablespoons margarine in a large frying pan. Add 2 cups thinly-sliced onion; cook until tender. Add 1 can (approx. 7 ounces) tuna fish (drained and flaked)—or use 1 cup diced cooked poultry, 4 sliced ripe olives (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper; heat well. Meantime, scald $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Stir hot milk into 2 beaten eggs; mix in 2 cups shredded Swiss or old cheddar cheese ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound). Turn hot tuna mixture into one "Yeast-Riz" Crust; pour hot cheese mixture over it. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot. Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

A week's work in a wink!

Make light, tender "Yeast-Riz" crusts on Tuesday . . . and store them in the refrigerator till needed. Fill one with tangy tuna filling on Wednesday . . . one with beef stew on Saturday . . . another with chicken a-la-king on Sunday. They brown in mere minutes . . . are always wonderful when you use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast! If you bake at home, keep several on hand for tempting main dishes . . . at a moment's notice!



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Quay to comfort her, she gave way to tears over the incident.

Late one evening Agnes moved an amendment to the Senate and House of Commons Act, on the subject of session allowances paid to members. She herself had been true to her pledge in the election campaign. She had not approved when in 1920 the salary of an MP was raised to four thousand dollars. She insisted that no one needed more than twenty-five hundred dollars to live on, and during each of the first two years in parliament she had gone to considerable trouble, since there was no precedent for such behavior, to turn back into the public treasury fifteen hundred dollars of her salary. Now she proposed that as a gesture of good faith, since the government was always advising the people to practise thrift and economy, the members reverse the 1920 decision and put the salary figure back five hundred dollars. (She now acknowledged that heads of families might need a little more than she did.) The question was emphatically voted down.

The Progressive Party crumbled and broke before the end of their first term in parliament. Many left the fold to join the Liberals. Agnes Macphail said, bitterly, "Mackenzie King just had to crook his little finger. . . ." And there is no doubt that King did personally, though most discreetly, invite the Progressives one by one to break ranks and join the Liberals.

Agnes herself received overtures, which she bluntly rejected. Between her election in 1921 and her eventual defeat in 1940, she was approached by Mackenzie King on two occasions, with the offer of a seat in his cabinet if she would resign in her constituency and run as a Liberal. She showed not a moment's hesitation in turning down this bargain. While the wily Liberal leader was not one to be caught making such offers openly, it was known to several leading Liberals of the time.

In 1924 the split came in Ottawa. J. S. Woodsworth moved an amendment to the Budget: fourteen Progressives supported him and the rest did not. Six Progressives — Agnes Macphail among them — who could not tolerate the defection of this group to the Liberals, formally parted company with the rest. Somebody called them the "Ginger Group," and the name stuck. Very soon four others joined, among them Preston Elliott, an Ontario MP.

There was a comradeship in the Ginger Group which lightened the heavy parliamentary load. Outside Commons they drew together for companionship. Friendship among them was warm and deep.

In this group, inevitably, the young Agnes Macphail found not only friends but suitors. It was assumed for a time that she and Preston Elliott were engaged to be married, and Elliott certainly had this event in mind. But Agnes drew back from marriage. Was marriage possible,

even marriage to a fellow member of parliament, so long as she herself remained a member? Where would they live, in his riding or hers? She belonged in South East Grey, she would have to give it up if she moved elsewhere. And marriage, even to a fine person who shared her major interest in life, was no substitute for her own political career. No substitute at all.

A more serious choice had to be made when Robert Gardiner, another of the Ginger Group, fell in love with her. Gardiner was a silent-mannered man, of the highest integrity, anything but a ladies' man. Agnes was probably the only woman he ever loved. For a time they were together constantly. But the basic choice was the same: *her life, her work—or the wifely role as helpmate to a man?* Agnes had to give the same answer.

Agnes had in her first years in parliament created such a reputation as a grim and militant spinster that many could scarcely credit that men would pursue her ardently and, when rejected, go wifeless all their days. Or the different reaction of one man who finally broke with her violently when he could not persuade her to marry him, saying, "When I do marry, don't phone and don't wire; I want to forget I ever knew you!"

The contrast between the sharp-tongued female whom Wilfrid Eggleston saw from the Press Gallery as "not exactly lovable," and the young woman who glowed and laughed and danced with her friends in private, is astonishing.

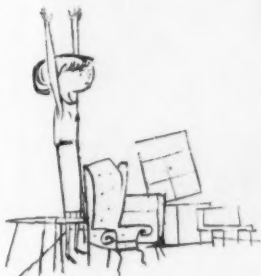
Easy talk and gay parties

The Agnes Macphail whom the country was beginning to know was a woman warrior in a manmade world, and either admirable or ludicrous according to one's opinion on the role of women. The Agnes Macphail her friends describe, with a warmth and loyalty that years have not lessened, was a woman who loved easy talk and a small gay party—a woman not always happy, certainly, but capable of immense enjoyment and high spirits. It was she who brought the room alive when she walked in; she who suggested the Chinese supper, the place to go and dance.

One of her dearest friends in Ottawa was a schoolteacher, Muriel Kerr, whom she met soon after she arrived in the capital. A quick impatient Agnes, "who would stand and ring a doorbell four times while a sensible person would ring once and wait," an Agnes who liked wearing capes, "because they swing when you walk," an impulsive generous Agnes, who "bought lovely special gifts, out of season, but seldom bothered with Christmas or birthdays"—this was the friend seen through Miss Kerr's eyes.

It is surprising, too, that her intimate friends are unanimous in insisting that Agnes Macphail was a fine-looking young woman, with an excel-

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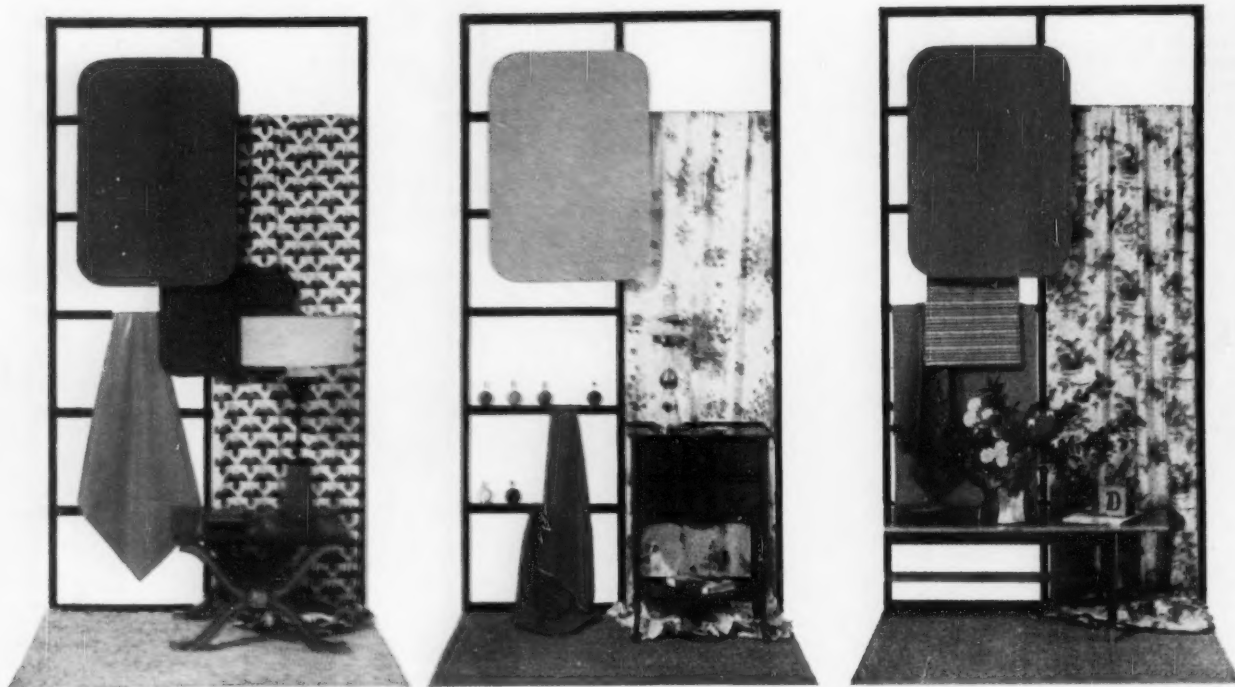


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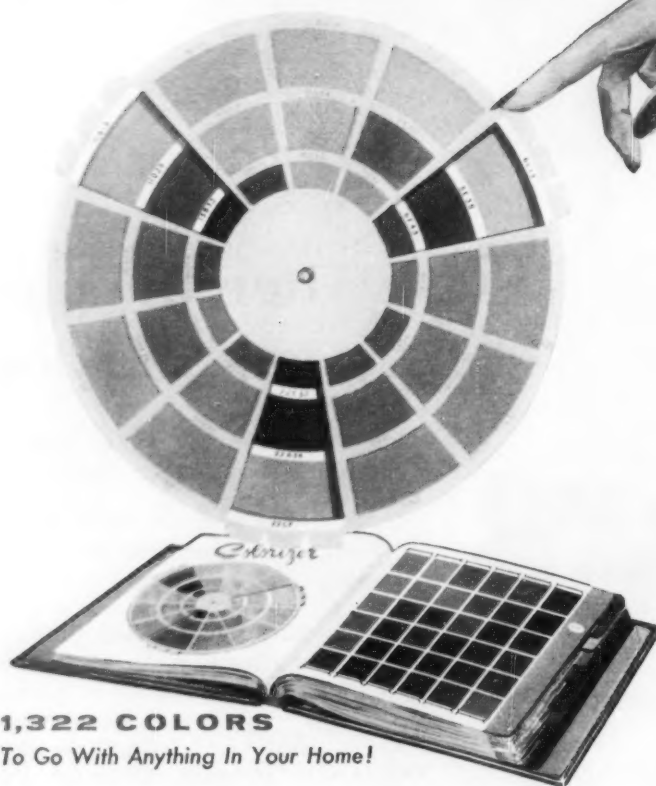


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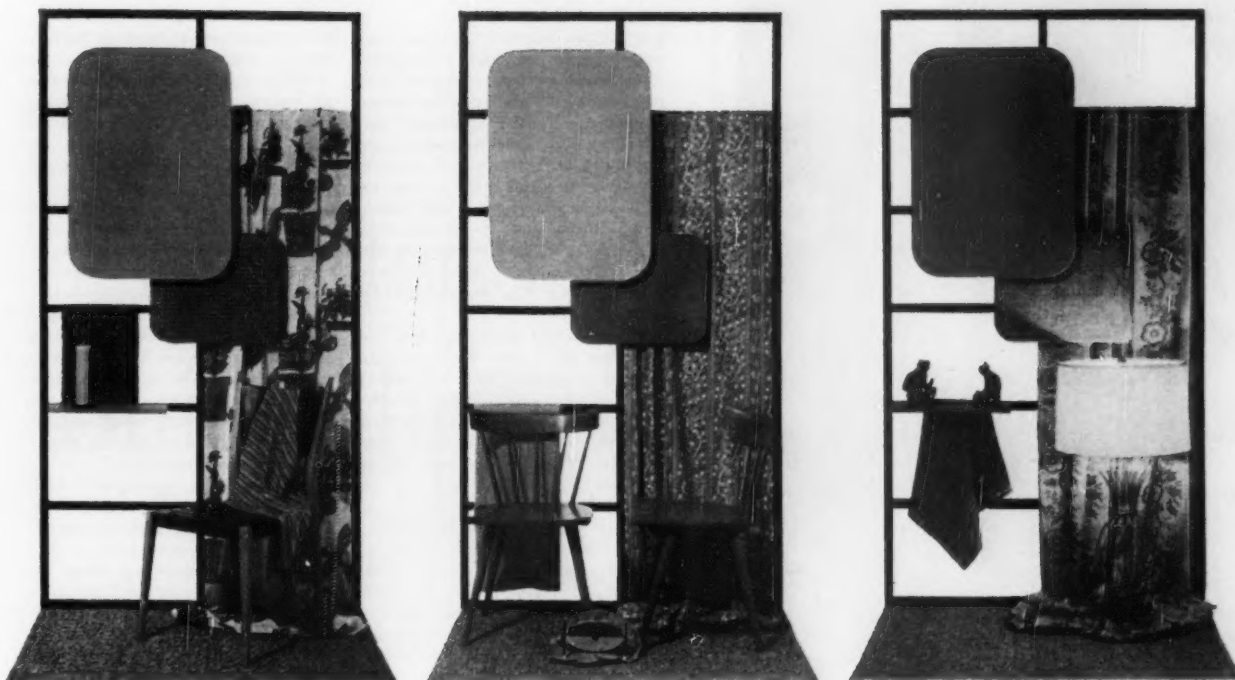
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lent figure, beautiful coloring and shapely expressive hands. She seemed transformed in their company, and only much later did poise and better grooming carry this impression into the public eye. Muriel Kerr and others mention a certain taste for elegance, for tea in fine china, for a touch of glittering beadwork on a dark dress. It took a few years in the capital to form her tastes, but the handsomely turned-out woman of later years was at least hinted at to those who knew her best.

She never did enter fully into the social life of Ottawa. She was never at pains to cultivate those who would have assisted her socially. On the contrary, she constantly offended ladies by ignoring or rebuffing their overtures. Perhaps she was still at heart the young country girl at Owen Sound Collegiate, squaring off at authority, and she determined to "show" the city girls who had bathtubs but not too many brains. And, as seems to always be the case with those who behave this way, she was not free from a streak of snobbishness, which cropped up on occasion as she rubbed her shoulders with the great.

From her first term Agnes held a unique position not only as the first woman but as an Independent member of the Commons. Her associates drifted into politically congenial groups, or became the nuclei for groups which were built around them. She found herself unable to do either. She was elected by the UFO only to find, before another election, that the UFO's political venture had fallen to pieces, leaving her stranded on the rock of South East Grey. Except for a short period when the CCF was formed she was a member of no party during her years in Ottawa.

Her place in Canada's history depends on her measure of personal greatness. No one was there to cushion the shocks for her, or hold a ladder to her pedestal. She spoke philosophically to the graduates of Ottawa Ladies' College at a dinner in 1924. She laid down rules for a good life, and ended, "Do not rely completely on any other human being, however dear. We meet all life's greatest tests alone."

Her first measure of fame came from an appreciation of her quick tongue, her ability to lash out vigorously in the House of Commons and give pause to any man who dared assume that a woman would back down before him.

When the Commons was considering a change in the Divorce Bill, always a hotly contentious subject, Agnes supported the move to make grounds for divorce equal between men and women. She added:

"When I hear men talk about women being the angel of the home I always, mentally at least, shrug my shoulders in doubt. I do not want to be the angel of any home; I want for myself what I want for other women—absolute equality. After that is

secured then men and women can take turns at being angels."

But to her reputation for this kind of speech there soon was added a respect for Agnes Macphail as a tenacious fighter, in dead earnest, for causes which aroused her interest and concern.

Her choice of issues was first of all by a deep and passionate pity, a pity which moved her over and over again to weep, as her parliamentary secretaries affirm, having seen her many times in the privacy of her office give way to tears because of the suffering and indignities borne by those who sought her aid. And she was prompted, secondly, to fight wherever she was annoyed by high-handed authority, with a stubborn Scottish dislike for ceremonious humbug.

One issue in particular which roused Agnes, as a former school-teacher, was militarism in the schools.

Education was, of course, a provincial matter, but Agnes seized on the system of cadet training as a fair target, since the federal government provided an annual grant for this purpose. She got in a bitter little speech: "Why should we take young boys, dress them in uniforms and teach them to strut along to martial strains with their foolish little guns and swords at their sides? ... We teach these poor boys to get ready to defend us at some future time. It is a cowardly thing; it is not a brave thing at all ..."

"A class of snobs"

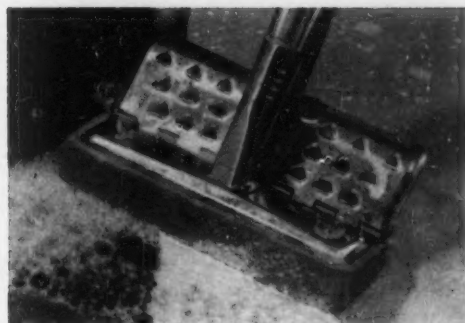
Unfortunately for Agnes, she could not restrain her passionate dislike of militarism, and into her speech she also threw in some uncomplimentary words about Empire Day and war memorials. Not surprisingly, press reports branded her as a rabid anti-militarist. She thought the press unfair.

She thought she had good grounds also for seeking to reduce the government appropriation for the Royal Military College, arguing that sons usually of well-to-do families were being educated at public expense, and that Canada could do without the luxury of a privileged military group such as the RMC graduates. She did not hesitate to hurl a phrase like "a class of snobs" at the RMC. Yet she insisted that the press interpretation of her attack was unfair. Hadn't she said, "With some exceptions"?

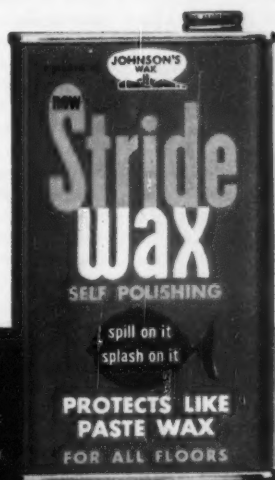
On March 18, 1925, Agnes Macphail introduced a resolution proposing that "it is desirable in the administration of the penitentiaries to provide: 1. Sufficient productive work to keep the inmates employed; 2. That a share of the proceeds go to provide for dependents and in case of no dependents such share should be held in trust until release."

The resolution was "talked out" in a few desultory speeches; it did not come to a vote. But in this resolution Agnes had got her teeth into something which was to claim a major part


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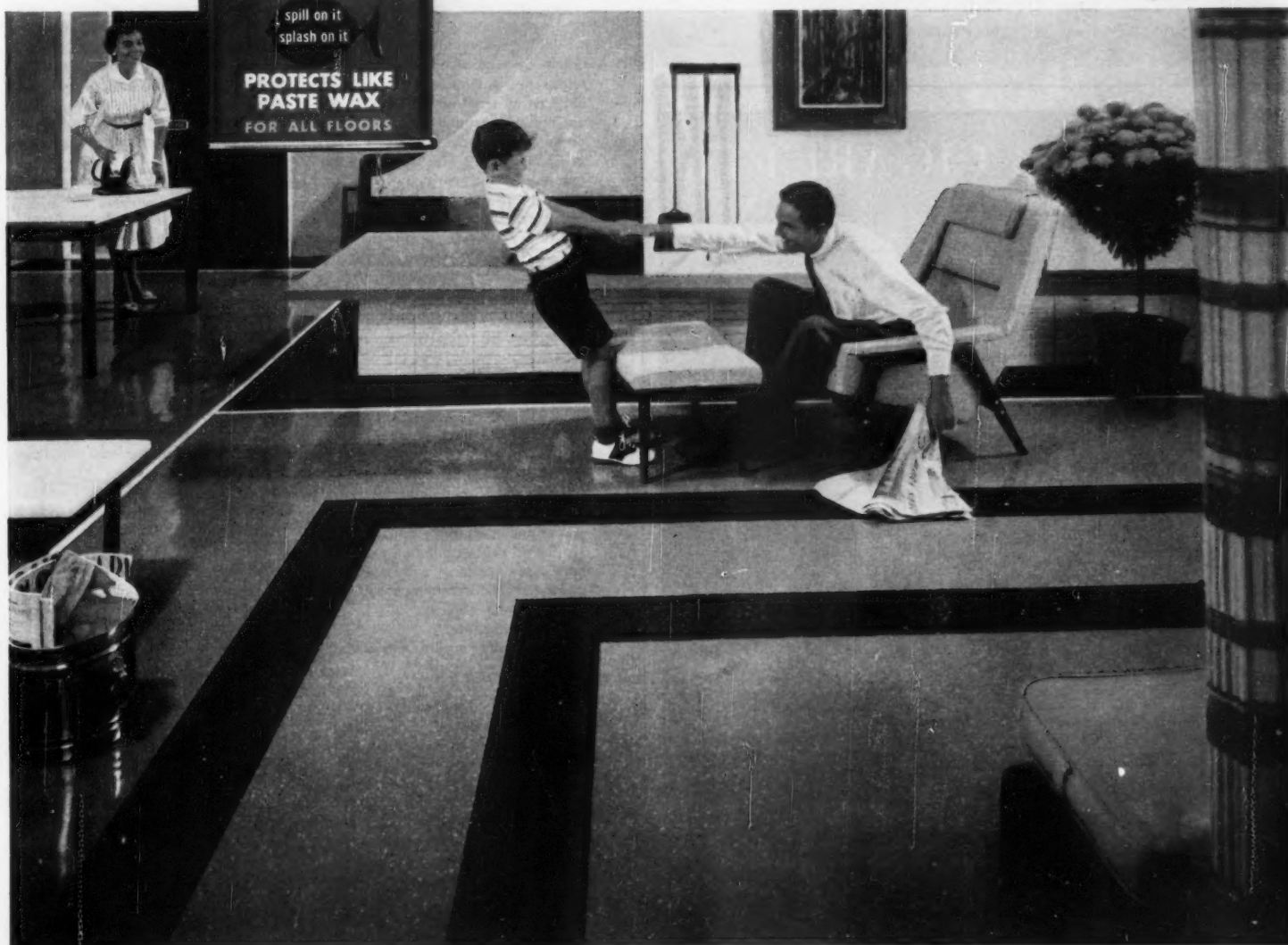


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of her energy and effort during the next dozen years—penal reform.

Agnes Macphail always said she was no politician. She based this remarkable statement on two things. First, she did not have enough political sense to spend a little money to get a good photograph taken early in her career. She was a difficult subject photographically, and certainly the pictures of her that appeared in the press were the limit in unattractiveness until late in her life when first-class photographers showed the public what she really looked like.

Her second conviction was that she had no election organization. She could not be bothered with details, she said. One can only conclude that she never took a look at other riding organizations.

Each year the South Grey UFO put on a big picnic, the favorite form of recreation for the farmers. Agnes arranged this personally, hiring the performers, planning the program, and so on. In addition, Agnes sponsored dances and smaller picnics for the young people. She was convinced that children and young people were the most important members of the community—the citizens of the future—and they must be made aware of how the country was governed, and how it should be governed.

She wrote chatty letters to the school children in the riding, letters which were distributed to the teachers to be read aloud in class. These letters were intended to teach the children in detail how, as Agnes said, an idea in the mind of a member of parliament eventually became a law in Canada. They also dealt with current events. She provided every school with a picture of the parliament buildings. She sponsored public-speaking and essay contests, with the main prize a trip to Ottawa at her expense, complete with a conducted tour of the parliament buildings and introductions to prominent politicians of all parties.

She wrote a weekly report to the riding, which was published eventually in twenty papers. These reports were very popular, and made less industrious MPs quite unhappy. They made her secretaries quite unhappy, too, because they meant many hours of extra work for them. It was necessary for her secretary to clip newspaper items, to mark daily copies of Hansard for her use, and to work all Saturday afternoon, helping to compile and typing the weekly report.

She organized the "Holdfast" clubs —UFO women's organizations much like the Women's Institutes. The members met in each other's homes and had speakers and discussion on current affairs, followed by really stupendous "teas." These clubs kept Agnes in continual contact with the farm women in her riding and gave them a feeling of participation in public affairs through her. She did not think of them as a political manoeuvre. She was genuinely concerned that women, particularly country women, should be interested in the outside world.

She organized a club for young farm people as well — the United Farmers Young People's Organization. The members were articulate—Agnes saw to that. An important part of their activity was public speaking in the form of debates, addresses, and forum discussions. It was in this group that Agnes looked for young people of promise to go on with political and co-operative work. She was inclined to view with alarm when they got married, fearing that their interest would turn to private rather than public affairs.

Her generosity was welcome in her riding. She donated prizes for small events. When she found herself with two engagements for the same time, she went to one meeting and consoled the other by hiring a band to give a concert. Individuals wrote to her for help and received it. People borrowed money from her. When-

KITCHEN MEMO BOARD

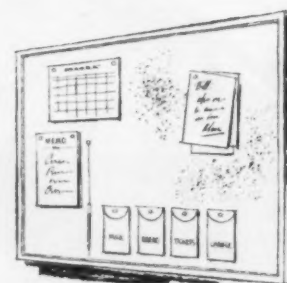
Why not make a handy wall file to organize the kitchen clutter of grocery lists, milk tickets, family chores and messages? You'll need a piece of wallboard, about two by three feet, painted and perhaps framed with narrow molding, to attach to the kitchen wall.

To this thumbtack: Memo pad and pencil to keep track of groceries you need.

Calendar.
Three small envelopes for milk, bread, bus tickets.

Envelopes of small change for the paper boy, and emergencies.

You might tack up on the board a note for the family, if you have to go out on an unexpected errand. The board can also be used to hold notes about odd jobs to be done by various members of the family, phone messages—and perhaps a thank you now and then for a job well done.—DOROTHY MCKEE.



ever anyone visited Ottawa she took him to luncheon or dinner in the parliamentary dining room.

By 1924 she had realized that she had made a serious mistake in turning back fifteen hundred dollars from her salary as an MP. It would have been easy enough to say nothing, and then, when she was re-elected, simply to accept the whole sum. Instead Agnes announced her decision at a nomination meeting. No other name was brought forward in nomination.

Most people called her Miss Macphail. This was not because she was a particularly formal person, but simply in keeping with local custom. In many rural districts it is still the custom to address a woman as Miss or Mrs. when at the same time the men are called by their first names. People certainly called her "Aggie" behind her back. She disliked the name but tolerated it from her family and intimate friends.

Agnes saved the PM

A member of the House of Commons who survived the chaotic session of 1926 — while two governments, one after the other, fought to survive—must feel entitled to a special badge of merit. For those not aligned with either government party it was a time of extreme mental strain, as charges and challenges, ugly rumor and wide-open scandal, were hurled about the chamber and the heavy decision of maintaining Canada's constitutional freedoms fell on the House at last like a final blow.

She trusted Mackenzie King's attitude in foreign affairs, his efforts to gain for Canada independent status within the Commonwealth, and she shuddered at Tory leader Arthur Meighen's "Ready, aye, ready!" approach to the British connection.

On the other hand she felt obliged to make very plain her independence of the Liberals. She put her position plainly to the House: "... I want to say quite plainly that I have absolutely no confidence in the King government. I could not possibly give blanket support to either party ... but, shall deal with each piece of legislation on its merits."

In 1926 every private member's vote was worth a fortune — either King's fortune or Meighen's. One night came a vote that might mean the defeat of the Liberal administration. At this moment in history Agnes Macphail was given the dubious distinction of deciding the fate of King.

The vote gave the Liberals a majority of one. If Agnes had been persuaded, as her five colleagues were, to vote with the Opposition, the King government would have gone down to defeat. But she rose in her place to support the Liberals, giving them 119 votes to 118 for the Conservatives.





As far away as Cleveland a banner headline in the News proclaimed: "Woman Again Saves Premier."

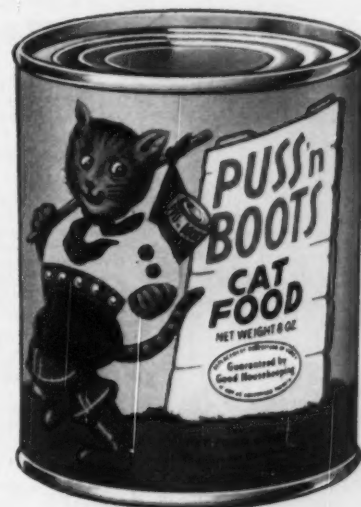
In March, Agnes' resolution, brought forward the previous year,



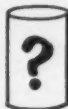
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Hamburger has a high amount of body-building protein and blood-enriching iron.	Beef Kidney has a good supply of growth-giving protein, fat for energy, niacin for healthy skin.	Salmon (canned) has body-building protein, bone-building calcium and vitamin D.	Milk has growth-giving protein, calcium for strong bones and teeth, riboflavin and thiamin.
But HAMBURGER lacks energy-giving carbohydrates, is deficient in vitamins A and D.	But BEEF KIDNEY lacks manganese, one of the nutritive factors responsible for normal reproduction and healthy kittens.	But SALMON (canned) lacks vitamin A, so necessary for good eyesight, and salmon contains very little carbohydrates.	But MILK lacks iron, the mineral that's so important for good rich red blood.
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Here are the rules:

1. Each entry must be enclosed in a separate envelope.
2. Entries must be postmarked not later than June 15, 1959.
3. Entries will be judged on neatness, originality and sincerity; the decision of the judges will be final.
4. All entries become the property of KNECHTEL FURNITURE LIMITED.
5. Contestants eligible for the "June Bride" bonus must note this fact on their entry. Eligibility must be verified before prizes are awarded.
6. Prize winners will be notified on or before August 15, 1959.
7. If a prize winner has already purchased an "ANNIVERSARY" bedroom suite, other Knechtel furniture of equal value may be substituted.
8. This contest is open to all residents of Canada except employees of Knechtel Furniture Limited, their dealers, and their Advertising Agency and their immediate families.
9. Knechtel Furniture Limited will not enter into any correspondence concerning this contest.
10. Entry in this contest signifies agreement with these rules.

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(Complete this sentence in 25 words or less)

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Gertha's forthcoming marriage was about to split up family group when photo of the Macphails was taken in 1919. Standing: Gertha (left), Agnes and Lilly. Seated: Etta and Dougal. Agnes was 29. Two years later she was an MP.

calling on the government to set up a full program of gainful employment in the penitentiaries, came up again, received the stamp of approval from Justice Minister Ernest Lapointe, and was passed by the House. She felt at last the glow of a positive accomplishment.

Outspoken in the cause of peace, Agnes found herself in difficulties several times during these years when her patriotism was called in question.

A great stir was created in April 1927, over a letter which Agnes had sent to public schools in her riding. It was one of a series of delightful, chatty letters in which she told the children about tea parties in Ottawa, plants blooming in her office window, and the state of affairs in the world. On March 28 she had written:

"Dear Teacher and Pupils: Today we will talk about the Chinese War... She sketched in bald fashion the trouble behind the Boxer rebellion, the Opium Wars. She did not spare the British imperialists, nor the exploitation of Chinese laborers by British factory owners. "We must remember," she added, "that it is only a few very rich people in England who want to do these dreadful things in China... Yesterday was my birthday..."

The Toronto Globe got a copy of the letter, and printed it.

Tommy Church, a Toronto Conservative and a bitter opponent of Agnes' anti-cadet campaign, rose in the Commons to protest the letter in unqualified language. Two other Conservatives leaped into the fray. One declared the letter was full of "poisonous untruths or misstatements of facts as to British history and the part Britain has played in international affairs."

She was even accused of dark treachery: "Insidious secret work is being done... including the circularization of this letter."

Newspapers seized on the story, especially when G. Howard Ferguson, Conservative premier of Ontario, ex-

pressed his indignation at this assault on the minds of the young.

Two enterprising reporters went out from Toronto to a rural school in South East Grey, to get fresh material. What did the young schoolteacher think of the controversial letter? The teacher was both innocent and frank. She liked getting Miss Macphail's letters. The children always enjoyed them. No, she hadn't noticed anything out of the way about the letter on China. As a matter of fact it followed precisely what she had been teaching about the Boxer Rebellion from the text. She showed the reporters the place in the book.

The reporters went back to Toronto. It was too good a joke to keep. They took the schoolteacher's comments back to the Ontario premier.

"Possibly it is time some of the textbooks were revised," Ferguson growled.

The newspapers and the Conservative MPs decided not to press their charges of "insidious secret work."

Agnes was to have the last word. She addressed the Commons with her most queenly air. "May I pause," her deep voice boomed, "to thank from the bottom of my heart the prime minister, for appointing the Honorable Howard Ferguson as minister plenipotentiary to London. It is rather hard on the Court of St. James, but it is a great relief to the Province of Ontario."

Agnes Macphail had become the target for hundreds of unhappy people who hoped for sympathetic help from a woman MP. They always found it. Agnes was endlessly busy assisting people with their pensions, their taxes, their farm mortgages.

A trickle of ex-convicts visiting her office became a continual stream, as it became known that she had taken an interest in penitentiary reform. They told her dreadful tales of severe discipline, dirt and disease, brutal and ignorant guards, demoralizing idleness and social ostracism on release.

Agnes hesitated a long time. She did not act impulsively to take up the cause of the ex-convicts from

Canada's federal prisons. She tried, in fact, to put this burden from her.

Agnes Macphail was not a "sob sister," not a typical "do-gooder" who finds a certain relish in saving the fallen. It is indeed significant that her first act on behalf of penitentiary inmates, the resolution which was passed by the House in 1926, was to provide work for them to do, with a modest financial reward—the obvious middle-class approach to anybody's problem.

She did not want to fight the convicts' battle. It is to her everlasting credit that she did so, that she could not in good conscience turn away when she was finally convinced of the sorry state of things in our federal penitentiaries. She found herself impressed, believing in spite of all caution, when these men kept coming from many different places across the country with similar stories to tell. She began to ask questions in the Commons.

Agnes was having rather less to say these days about "social butterflies" and "rich idle women who spend their time at bridge parties." She was no longer wearing navy serge. She was seen at the vice-regal ball during the 1928 season, modishly gowned, dancing every number. She was the dinner guest of Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon.

But there were still female social strongholds where she was not accepted. The Women's Canadian Club arranged a top-drawer luncheon to honor the Duchess of Atholl, a vivid personality who had resigned from a British Conservative cabinet because she disagreed on foreign policy. The Duchess looked about at her Canadian hostesses and said, "Now which one is Agnes Macphail?" The silence was thick, for Agnes had not been invited.

Sharp words for women

Agnes Macphail was a great public speaker by instinct, personality and practice. Early in 1922 she had conscientiously enrolled in an extension course in public speaking at the University of Toronto, but it is extremely doubtful that it had any effect on her. Her rather jerky manner of delivery was her own; her asides were apt to be lengthy and sometimes quite irrelevant; she interjected personal feelings and experiences into technical passages. But her audiences loved her just the way she was.

In the twenties and early thirties, there were large, genuinely interested audiences. Lectures were popular and Agnes was one of the most popular lecturers in this country and, as time passed, in the United States as well.

Naturally she was invited to speak about women to women's groups. She sympathized to some extent with their inferior position—to the extent that she was willing to say cutting and witty things against men. But she was extremely critical of women's inertia and timidity and unwillingness to go



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out after the things they thought they should have; executive positions in business, high rank in the professions, and seats in legislatures and parliament.

She was in demand as a speaker on behalf of the "temperance" movement. Later in life she cooled off on

the subject to such an extent that she took an occasional drink at parties, and certainly had no objection to other people drinking.

She spoke fluently and expertly on farms and farmers and farmers' wives. She had theories about tariffs. She made innumerable speeches about

co-operatives, which were a major interest in her life. She spoke on the evils of the current parliamentary system, with its suppression of the ordinary MPs and its insistence on party discipline. And she spoke about international affairs, peace and disarmament. This was a ruling passion

through most of her career. The League of Nations was, to her, the symbol of the will to peace, and the means by which international co-operation could be achieved.

This platform activity kept Agnes very busy, but she added to it by tours with Chautauqua, for years a vital part of life in small communities every summer.

The Chautauqua tours, while commercial, had an aura of uplift, well-salted with genteel entertainment. They were tent shows, serving towns and villages, and actively supported by the local churches and schools and service clubs. In 1928 Agnes made a ten-week tour of western Canada with Chautauqua. One of the Toronto papers, reporting that Miss Macphail was going to tour the west, published a facetious warning to the western people to behave themselves. It gave an example of the perils of heckling Agnes.

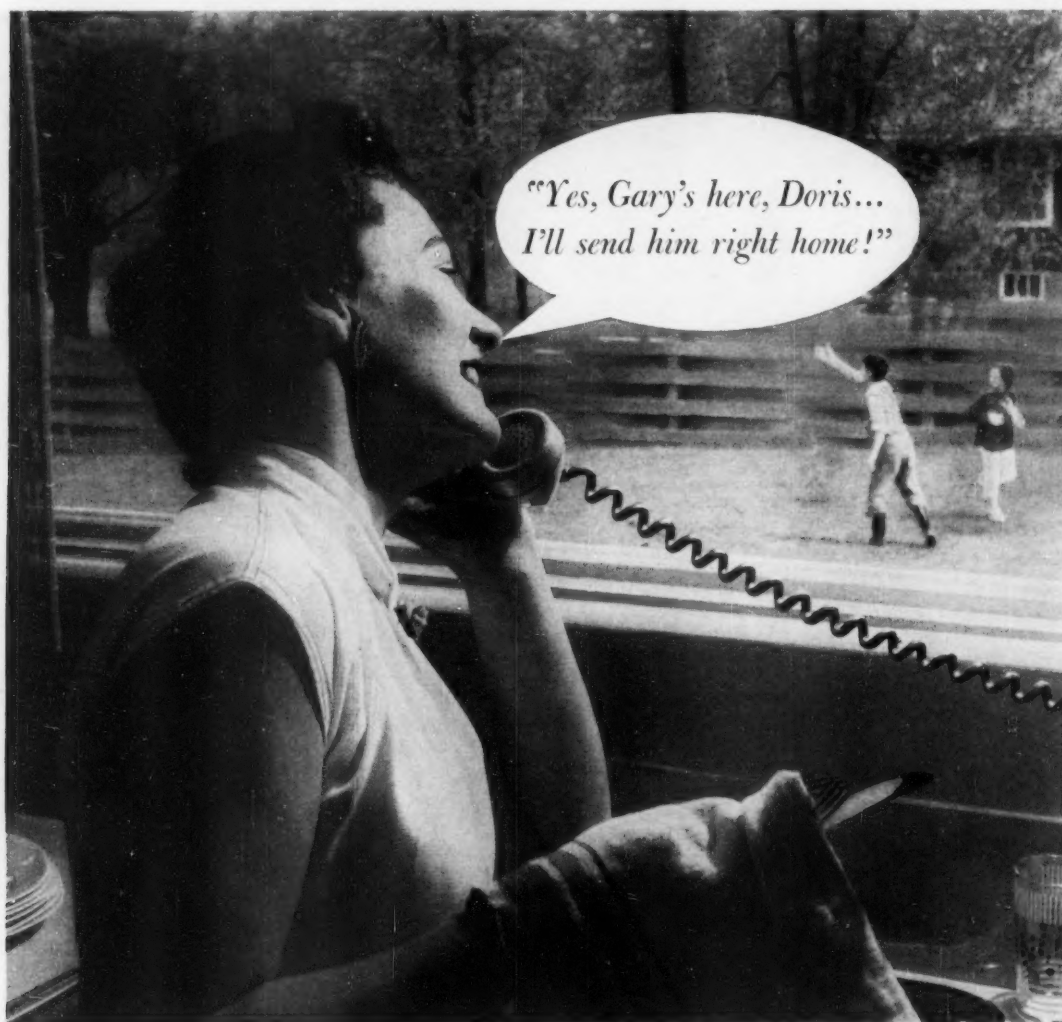
Disarmament for her

At one meeting, the writer said, a man sat in the front row and heckled. He kept saying, "Aw, why don't you get a husband?" Agnes endured it for a while, and then she walked to the edge of the platform and pointed at him. "Get up!" she commanded. The man just sat. "Get up!" she repeated, and the audience echoed her. The man got uncomfortably to his feet and stood there. "I suppose you're married," said Agnes. He muttered agreement. She turned to the audience. "Now, I'd bet he wasn't like this when his wife married him ten years ago." Fixing the man with her finger again, she said, "What guarantee have I that anybody I married now wouldn't turn out like you in ten years?"

Agnes was paid one hundred dollars a week, which was good money, and she enjoyed the work. She made some Chautauqua tours in eastern Canada, too. One young woman, traveling through the counties of eastern Ontario on other business many years later, claimed that every other elderly man she met told her that he had proposed to Agnes Macphail when she was touring with Chautauqua.

She was on tour in the southern United States when she received a telegram inviting her to attend the League of Nations as a Canadian delegate. The Canadian delegation was a large one, and it was felt that Canada should be represented on as many committees as possible. An attempt to put Agnes on the Third Committee annoyed her. This committee dealt with welfare, women and children. "Harmless things!" she snorted. "That's the committee where they stow women away." Disarmament was her subject, and disarmament was the committee she intended to serve on. There had never been a woman on that committee. "Then we may as well make a start," Agnes stated—and got her way.

She spent the government's money



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THE BELL TELEPHONE
COMPANY OF CANADA



more cautiously than if it had come out of her own purse. She submitted an expense account of twelve hundred dollars. This was embarrassingly low for the other delegates. She was politely requested to submit another account, not too high, just tactfully hoisted. A few years before she would have made an issue of it. By now she had learned to give way in small matters, and she complied to oblige her fellow delegates.

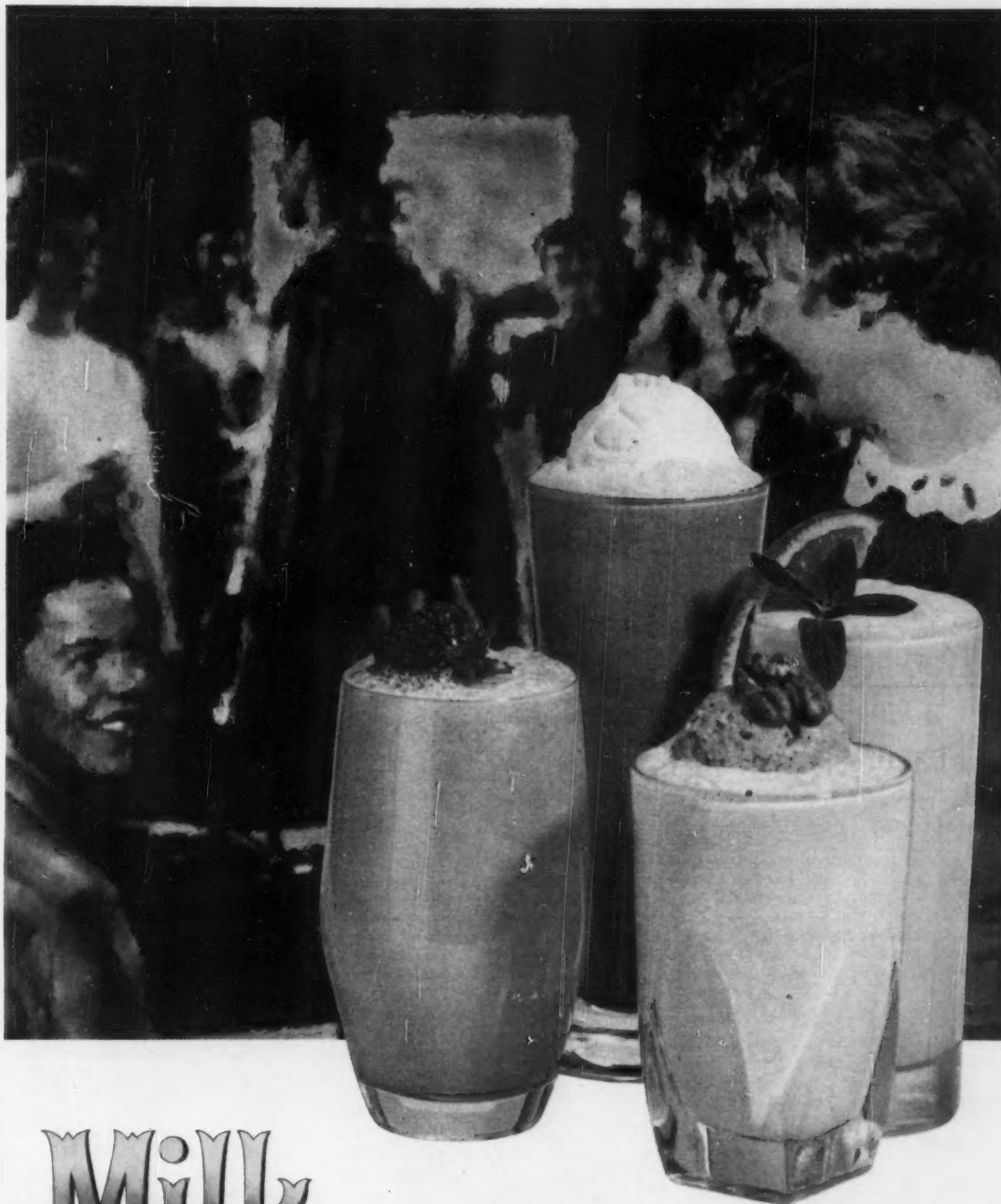
Following the Wall Street crash, business took on an abrupt slump everywhere and men were out of work in thousands. Mackenzie King did not recognize the extent of the damage. He faced the electorate in 1930 with bland confidence. But the Conservatives had chosen a new leader, R. B. Bennett, a talkative, arrogant, nattily dressed Calgary lawyer. He boasted that he would lead Canada back to prosperity by "blasting our way into the markets of the world." Any brave voice was listened to by the voters that year. The Conservatives went in, to inherit the sorry task of government in a time of economic crisis which extended across the entire Western world.

But in South East Grey no Conservative was able to unseat Agnes Macphail, though Bennett himself had come into her riding to speak in support of the Tory candidate.

Agnes liked R.B.B. She loathed his political principles, and she got on very well with him. She could encompass this kind of paradox with the greatest ease. She was attracted by his impulsive generosity in private life, his urbane gallantry. And at the same time no one damned the prime minister and all his works so forthrightly as Agnes.

Outside the House her arch-enemy was very charming to her, and she responded to his friendliness. Bennett liked to sit beside her and hold her hand at social events, to the dismay of some of his supporters. At one of his parties Agnes remarked to him that it seemed odd that he served liquor lavishly but did not drink—nor smoke—what...? "Ah!" he replied, "I love the ladies!" His followers worried considerably about the possibility of a scandal involving the prime minister and the sharp-tongued lady MP. The situation amused Agnes very much, and she certainly played up to it. She genuinely liked Bennett the man, and she genuinely loathed Bennett the prime minister. It was a nice change of pace from Mackenzie King and the possibility of a merely political seduction. It was a change, too, from her relationship in later years with George Drew, then Conservative premier of Ontario, for whom—in politics and out—she had strong dislike; and he, in turn, had no affection for Agnes.

That summer in Saskatchewan a joint meeting of delegates from the United Farmers of Canada and the Independent Labor Party was held in Saskatoon under the leadership of



Milk... star of your 'Platter Party'



Graham-Choco Shake

Roll 8 graham crackers into fine crumbs. Combine with 4 scoops of vanilla ice cream and 4 cups of cold chocolate milk. Shake or beat until well blended. Serve immediately. For added richness and flavor, top with more ice cream. This recipe serves four people.



Strawberry Milk Flip

Crush well 1 quart washed and hulled strawberries. Combine with 4 cups cold milk, 1 package (1½ oz.) strawberry flavored rennet custard mix, 4 scoops vanilla ice cream, and 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Beat well and serve immediately. Garnish with a strawberry. Serves 8.



Tangerine Milk Julep

Mix together one 6 oz. can frozen tangerine juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup of sugar, dash of salt. Chill. For each serving shake together 2 tablespoons tangerine mixture, a cup of milk and a scoop of ice cream. Decorate with orange wedges and mint sprigs.



Maple Walnut Float

Combine 4 generous scoops of maple walnut ice cream, ½ cup maple syrup and 4 cups of milk, ¼ teaspoon maple flavoring if desired. Beat on high speed blender until foamy. Serve immediately. Delightful topped with more ice cream and walnut halves. If using hand beater use vanilla ice cream. Serves 4.

Cool records, cool fun, with this collection of frosty milk masterpieces. Whether you are mother or daughter planning the 'platter party', you'll find these easy-to-make gala beverages so refreshing... so sparkling in flavor, so brimming with the hearty goodness of milk, the star of any teenage evening. For other party suggestions, write now for Marie Fraser's new free milk drink booklet "It's a Date with Milk and Cookies".

Dairy Foods  Service Bureau

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HALLWAY... BATHROOM

Don't just hope that your seams are straight... check every detail of your grooming in a Peacock full-length Plate Glass Mirror.

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NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____



M. J. Coldwell, and the Saskatchewan Farmer-Labor Party came into being. Delegates were appointed to go to a political convention immediately following the United Farmers' convention in Calgary at the end of July.

Bob Gardiner had become president of the UFA. This meant a change in direction—Gardiner did not believe in the narrow base of "interest groups." At the end of the conference Gardiner said, "This is a task that we as farmers' group cannot accomplish alone... We must be prepared to co-operate with other social units who suffer today as a result of the breakdown of the economic system... In order that the whole people of the Dominion may be able to identify the various groups as parts of a great national movement, it is desirable that the nation-wide movement should be known under a single national name."

She joined the CCF

The political conference which followed this convention was attended by representatives of the United Farmers of Alberta, the United Farmers of Canada (Saskatchewan Section), the Independent Labor Party of Manitoba, the Canadian Labor Party and the Dominion Labor Party of Alberta, the Socialist Party of Canada from British Columbia, the Independent and Co-operative Labor Parties of Saskatchewan, and the Brotherhood of Railway Employees.

They had assembled to form a new federal political organization, and there was no necessity for prolonged debate. They got on with the job of forming their federation. Woodsworth was made president.

Since the United Farmers of Ontario had not yet been caught up into the new movement, Agnes Macphail did not attend the Calgary meeting. But she busied herself at once promoting the new federation. Her anger and despair at economic conditions, her respect for the opinions of such men as J. S. Woodsworth and his associates in the House, had convinced her that real reform was impossible without a new medium of reform, and that new medium should be the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. She spoke on the subject at every opportunity.

The Ontario farmers were not too happy about climbing on a wagon that came from the west. Agnes said if they objected to ideas from the west, "where are your own ideas?" She added, "... the purpose of the CCF is clearly to change the social order, and that is where my heart is."

When parliament was again in session in February 1933, Agnes declared herself a member of the CCF. In July the first formal CCF convention was held in Regina, and the delegates of the affiliated groups were confronted by each other and by the Regina Manifesto, the program of the new federation.

Two things disconcerted Agnes in Regina. One was the presence of the

socialists from British Columbia—"a wild-eyed bunch," she called them, "that were going to reform the world overnight." The other was the manifesto itself. The word "socialist" seemed to her to be a dangerous one to ask Ontario farmers to accept as a label.

Agnes made her opinion of feminism unmistakably clear at this convention. One of the women delegates persistently arose and demanded that "a woman" be on each committee being formed—not any specific person, just "a woman." Agnes was invited to speak at a women's luncheon. She arrived wearing a cape, a current fashion which suited both her bearing and her sense of the dramatic. She was introduced to the guests. She arose and addressed her rapt audience: "All I have to say is this. I'm sick and tired of all this 'woman' business. In all the time I've been in the House of Commons I've never asked for anything on the ground that I was a woman. If I didn't deserve it on my own merit I didn't want it! That's all I have to say."

She threw her cloak about her and stalked from the room.

When the CCF's Ontario Provincial Council was set up, the president was Agnes Macphail. It seemed a natural move, and she had no presentiment of the unhappy experience ahead of her. But she was completely out of her element, and she did not enjoy any part of it. Meetings bored her, particularly meetings which she had to conduct and was not the main speaker. She admired brains but not "intellectuals" (an intellectual was a brainy person she did not like very much) and she was uneasy in the presence of too many college professors.

Elmore Philpott was her confidant and friend in this situation. After meetings they walked away together, happily ripping all the other members to bits.

Agnes received a letter from the party's national executive, protesting the co-operation of some CCFers with pro-Communists, and urging action to expel these members. The UFO was skeptical of the council's ability to clean house. Agnes did her best to soothe them, assuring them that pro-Communists would be expelled.

Agnes wrote Philpott, suggesting a council meeting "to read out the organizations that will not conform to the constitution drawn up at Regina. There is no use fooling about the thing any longer."

They had fooled about the thing too long already. A letter arrived, announcing the withdrawal of the UFO from the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation. Agnes wired, begging the UFO to hold off. She was doing her best to hold the organization together, but she simply could not do it. In March J. S. Woodsworth announced the dissolution of the provincial council and said the national council would take steps to reorganize the province. This was done.

But Agnes was automatically withdrawn when her organization, the UFO, left. She lost her place on the national council as well, as Philpott did when he resigned. They rejoiced together like children relieved of a distasteful task.

The situation left Agnes as she was happiest, as an independent farm member of parliament. She had not changed her mind in any respect about the rightness and desirability of the CCF, but she was free to vote with the CCF caucus in the House or not, as she chose.

Her riding executive left Agnes free to involve herself in anything she pleased, so long as she continued to be a sincere and independent spokesman for the farmers and for her constituency. This freedom carried its penalties, penalties whose severity became apparent only when it was too late. She was never able to change the basic thinking in her riding, she failed to involve her followers in her outside interests. Her main support rested primarily in the hands of farmers whose attention remained focused on farm problems. As she became more and more interested in national and international matters, as she became convinced that democratic socialism as practised in the Scandinavian countries was the answer, as she became more sympathetic toward organized labor, the gap between her and her riding widened.

Attack on her reputation

And as her health failed, her patience failed with it. She had always been devastatingly outspoken, but as she spent more and more time away from home her criticism fell on native ears less like the warm familiar scoldings of a member of the family and more like the carping of a visiting celebrity.

On the whole local papers were reasonably kind to her and often viewed her with great pride. But Agnes' hostility toward city papers and her distrust of their reporters was very deep. In the early thirties a pair of young men turned up in the riding representing themselves as reporters and busily spreading stories to the effect that Agnes was being indiscreet, to put it mildly, with a number of MPs from French Canada.

This struck the Grey farmers as so far-fetched that it was hardly funny. They would not have begrudged her a romance with someone plausible, like a farmer MP, even if he were from the west, but to suggest that their Aggie would get tangled up with virtual foreigners was ridiculous. Agnes always maintained that the Conservatives sent the men in to destroy her reputation. Her close supporters blamed the story on an MP from a neighboring riding, and promptly countered with some hair-raising rumors about his own behavior.

The fact was that Agnes was deep-

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ON THE STAND OR IN YOUR HAND, what a pleasure to cook with *this* powerful beauty! As a stand mixer, you can trust it to work alone—the new General Electric Mixer maintains correct mixing speed *automatically* as the mixture thickens. Yet it's portable, too: lightweight and easy to whisk from counter to range. Gives you 12 kitchen-tested cooking speeds for perfect results. It's a stand mixer with portable convenience—yet it is only two-thirds the price and half the weight of conventional stand models. In canary yellow, turquoise or white.



LOW-PRICED PORTABLE MIXER Hangs on the wall, or stores flat in drawer; gives you portable power for *all* your mixing jobs. Complete with exclusive whipping disc.



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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Sheer Comfort...

to highlight

new

Spring
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Gracia

Cool style with more comfort than you have ever known... black mesh; available

AAA to E, sizes 4 to 10

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TARANTELLAS

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Dutchies

Travel in comfort and style with luxurious gum tread soles. Brown... in all popular sizes

from 10.95



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The W.E. Woelfle Shoe Co.

LIMITED

KITCHENER, ONTARIO

ly in love with a member from the Province of Quebec at that time. But she discovered that he thought that a woman in love would just naturally enjoy darning his socks and performing other little domestic tasks. Agnes was so affronted that the romance died.

Among the many plain-bound volumes of reports and Commission findings, in the Parliamentary Library where Agnes Macphail was once a familiar figure, there is one which she was largely responsible for placing there.

To turn its pages today is to be revolted and disturbed at every passage, for it is the official description of Canada's penitentiaries as they were in the 1930s. It is the Archambault Report (1938), containing the report and recommendations of the Archambault Royal Commission. It is a grey and sordid story.

Following publication of the Report, the head of the Penitentiaries Branch was immediately dismissed, and a list of the most glaring abuses quickly removed. The Report became a bible for those who had long sought to introduce modern methods of penology to Canada, and things were never quite so bad again behind penitentiary walls.

Canada owes this report to Agnes Macphail.

Deluged with sob stories

There had been a series of riots and disturbances in the seven federal penitentiaries, during the early 1930s. Officers and prisoners were injured, considerable property was destroyed, fires were started, wholesale floggings were administered, some cases were referred to the criminal courts and sensational evidence disclosed.

Evidence was given, eye-witness accounts were reported; and counter-evidence from official sources contradicted both. What could be said with truth? How bad were the penitentiaries?

Agnes Macphail in her speeches in the House and in her press interviews on the subject showed remarkable restraint. She knew how vulnerable she was, as a woman in public life, to charges of weak "sentimentalism." She tried to move cautiously, marshalling authoritative briefs, and pounding home the need for an objective enquiry on the highest level, to get at the truth and recommend reform.

Of course, she was deluged with stories of desperate and outrageous acts. But she avoided using the most sensational reports; she did not want to run the risk of having her statements proved false in detail, to prejudice the main cause.

She was caught only once, at the outset of her campaign. The story of this deliberate attempt to trick her, to subject her to ridicule and shame, is one of the least creditable episodes of recent parliamentary history.

Among the many ex-convicts who asked to see Agnes Macphail and

were admitted to her office was a fair-complexioned man of apparent good breeding, whose name was Charles Baynes. He first came to Agnes early in 1929. He told her he had just finished serving a five-year term in Kingston penitentiary. She didn't ask him what his crime had been. It was her policy not to ask this question, having learned that she seldom got a straight answer.

But Baynes had resolved to mend his ways, and to make up for whatever he had done by helping veteran pensioners, since he was one himself. He proceeded to work on case after case, assisting veterans who were not getting the full pension they were entitled to. He was astute, his efforts were often successful, and Agnes heard from him at intervals during the next four years.

Charles Baynes is now dead. He is remembered as a plausible person, an excellent bridge player. His manners were exemplary. It did not surprise Agnes to learn that he was the black sheep of a respectable English family, and that his older brother was a highly placed member of the British foreign service, stationed in the British West Indies.

In the late spring of 1933 Baynes came to Agnes to tell her that a "conspiracy" was afoot against him and his arrest was probably imminent. He had been too zealous, he said, and the Pensions Branch was after him.

However that may be, he was, as he predicted, presently under arrest. Agnes received word from him at Carleton jail in Ottawa, telling her he was to be sent back to Kingston penitentiary for another five years, and he feared for his life. He was receiving a hundred-percent disability pension as a tubercular; he knew there were no proper facilities for the treatment of tubercular patients at Kingston; he begged her to intervene and have him sent to a jail farm where he might have sunshine and fresh air.

A letter came also from the brother in the West Indies, requesting that she do what she could for Charles.

It was late in October 1933. Agnes sent a telegram privately to Hugh Guthrie, with whom she had crossed swords so often, now minister of justice in the Bennett government: "... I am interested that he be sent to Burwash, Guelph or Mimico. I have known this man favorably for four years. He is an ex-service man with a good record. Tuberculosis due to army."

Her telegram was received and duly noted by the minister.

Agnes visited Kingston penitentiary, the first woman ever to insist on inspecting the whole institution (standing on her right as a member of parliament). She observed for herself such things as an insane prisoner making hideous with noise the hospital ward where a man lay after a serious operation; a bathtub which

was used for baths and dishes.

No member of parliament had tried consistently to force the government's hand. Agnes resolved to do so. As the 1934 session opened a resolution appeared under her name on the order paper. She urged: "That a special committee be set up to investigate the causes of crime and to determine whether the penitentiaries of Canada are doing all that could be done toward protecting society by the reforming of the criminal."

Humiliation for Agnes

The penitentiary system was due for an airing on the floor of the Commons. Agnes prepared her material.

She instructed her secretary, Miss Malvina Bolus, to obtain the file on Charles Baynes from the Department of Justice. Miss Bolus phoned several times, unsuccessfully. She was informed each time that the file wasn't immediately available, it would be delayed, and so on. Despite repeated attempts she was unable to procure it.

M. F. Gallagher, Chief Remissions Officer, later became Agnes Macphail's good friend. And it was then, several years too late, that she learned the file was deliberately kept from her, on the order of the minister of justice.

On February 12, 1934, Agnes' resolution was called. But Agnes had just undergone an operation; she was in no condition to present her major speech. And to her grateful surprise, Mr. Guthrie had made a special concession: he had crossed the floor a day or so before to enquire about her health, and to assure her that if she couldn't manage to present her resolution on the 12th he would arrange to have it delayed. Two days later Agnes felt well enough to go on.

Harry Anderson, the big thick-set Toronto Globe editor who was waging the penal-reform battle tooth and nail, was in Ottawa for the occasion. Through him it is learned that on the eve of this debate a circular passed among the Parliamentary Press Gallery, tipping them off to expect something good: Guthrie was going to give Agnes Macphail "a merry ride."

Agnes moved her resolution. She reviewed the many reasons why a full investigation was needed. Midway through her remarks she played straight into Guthrie's hand. She said:

"It is true also that tubercular patients are allowed to mingle with their fellow convicts. I am expecting this statement to be denied, but may I say that it need not be, because I happen to know very well a man who is sentenced to a five-year term in Kingston penitentiary, a man who is a one-hundred-percent pensioner, very ill from tuberculosis, had hemorrhages as long as three or four years ago and for several months after that time was in a military hospital. He is a man with a fine social out-

Continued on page 106



A
ACRILAN

WARDROBE WONDERS

SKYLINE PULLOVER and SWEATER MATE SKIRT in luxuriously soft **Acrlan** and Botany blend, match perfectly for the flattering one-piece effect, yet team successfully with other sweaters, blouses, skirts or slacks in your wardrobe. SKYLINE, a Jantzen original, has **fashion** convertible collar with inside edge trim ribbed vee-neck border, and $\frac{3}{4}$ push-up sleeves on narrow ribbed cuffs to match snug waistband. Sizes 34-40, \$11.95. SWEATER MATE SKIRT features "picked stitch" seams, elasticized waistband, front and back darts, matching self belt. Coordinates with many Jantzen pullovers and cardigans. Sizes 10-18, \$12.95. Both garments in Cherry Red, Opal Fire, Aqua Bud, Lapis Blue, Bold Peacock. (White trim on sweater.) Skirt also comes in Bark Brown and Oxford Heather.

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fun to wear
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Sportswear casuals you can count on to take you anywhere, everywhere . . . and fashion-right for as active or as leisure a life as you wish to lead. That's the promise of the famous Jantzen label. Jantzen's choice of the finest blends in the world today makes these separates either completely washable or requiring but minimum care as indicated on the hang tags. Colors are exciting . . . their very names prove it. This spring . . . **now** . . . the new Jantzen look is for you! At better stores throughout Canada.



HAREM blends wool and Nylon curl yarn with cotton for the newest kind of textured knit you expect from Jantzen. Distinguished by matching ribbing at waistband and turned-back turtle neck, this loose-fitting pullover with $\frac{3}{4}$ -length hemmed sleeves is ideal with slacks or the sport skirts. The season's "high" colors . . . try them all on: Pink Froth, Opal Fire, Aqua Bud, Bold Peacock. Sizes S-M-L, \$9.95.



'VIYELLA' FAN FARE takes a bow to trim an easy walking side fan pleat. One of Jantzen's finest tailored skirts, this will be a favorite of yours by virtue of styling and fabric. Wonderful 'Viyella' flannel of 55% lambs-wool and 45% long staple cotton in four authentic tartans. Silk-lined back, pella-lined waistband with button and tab. INVISIBLE ZIPPER side closing (see small photo). Black Watch, Ancient Hunting Fraser, Margaret Rose, Dress Hunting Mac-Kinnon. Sizes 10-18, \$15.95.



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A feature in all Jantzen skirts. Revolutionary! Magic! Fabulous easy action slide fastener banishes hipline bulkiness once and for all. As inconspicuous as the side seam itself, Dainty ornamental zipper pull.

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After discussing the combination of cream and copper tiles, we chose cream to make bathroom appear larger. Installation time—two evenings.

Here's what we learned about remodeling . . . our basic

plan and financing came first . . . we discovered where we needed

expert help . . . and what we could do ourselves

See what we did to an old bathroom

By BARBARA REYNOLDS
Home Planning Editor

THE FIRST STEP in a remodeling job is planning. Make a list of things that annoy you about your present bathroom, clip color schemes and ideas from magazines, list the items you want in your new bathroom. Then work out the final plan, color scheme and built-ins.

GETTING THE ESTIMATES is the next step. You will need estimates from your plumber, carpenter, plasterer, plastic-laminate or ceramic-tile man, and if you do not do the painting and flooring yourself, additional estimates for these. It is a good idea to obtain two different esti-

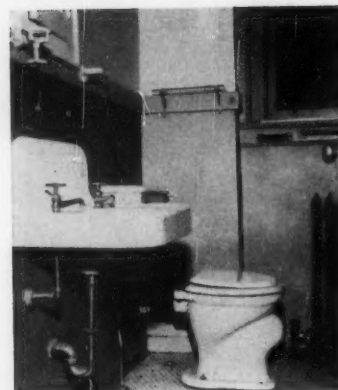
mates from each trade for your guidance.

HOW TO FINANCE THE JOB. Present estimates to your local bank manager for the Home Improvement Loan application. This loan is guaranteed by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and allows you to borrow up to \$4,000 repayable in monthly installments at 6 percent interest. (Our new bathroom cost about \$1,006). The loan covers cost of labor, materials and equipment on permanent installations.

SCHEDULE FOR TRADESMEN. Your plumber is the first man on the job, and his work includes removing old fixtures, radiator, and fittings; checking on condition

of pipes; and installing the new equipment. Allow two to three days for this. (The fixtures can be replaced the same day to avoid any inconvenience.) Next, the carpenter makes the counter-top shape and storage cupboard, and prepares any broken walls to receive the plaster, plastic laminate or ceramic tile. (Allow two days.) The counter top and the walls around the tub are then covered (two days). The plasterer finishes the wall areas (two days) and you are ready for the painting. The painting, floor tiling and curtain making we did ourselves.

For a complete costing and a list of materials used, please turn to page 106.



BEFORE ▲

AFTER: The bathroom is completely transformed. Sleek easy-to-clean plastic-laminate counter surface in pale grey-beige marble design; well-designed fixtures in a pleasing beige shade. New baseboard radiator gives same amount of heat, but what a difference in appearance! White Venetian blinds with beige sheer curtains and dramatic deep orange swag provide window interest plus privacy. Cream-colored linoleum; deep orange, sand, white towels complete room.

RAY WEBBER



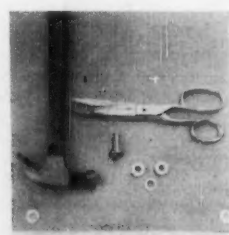
Medicine cabinet features light fixture, sliding doors, brush rack, glass shelves.



Matched trimming for plastic-laminate tub enclosure makes neat waterproof edge.



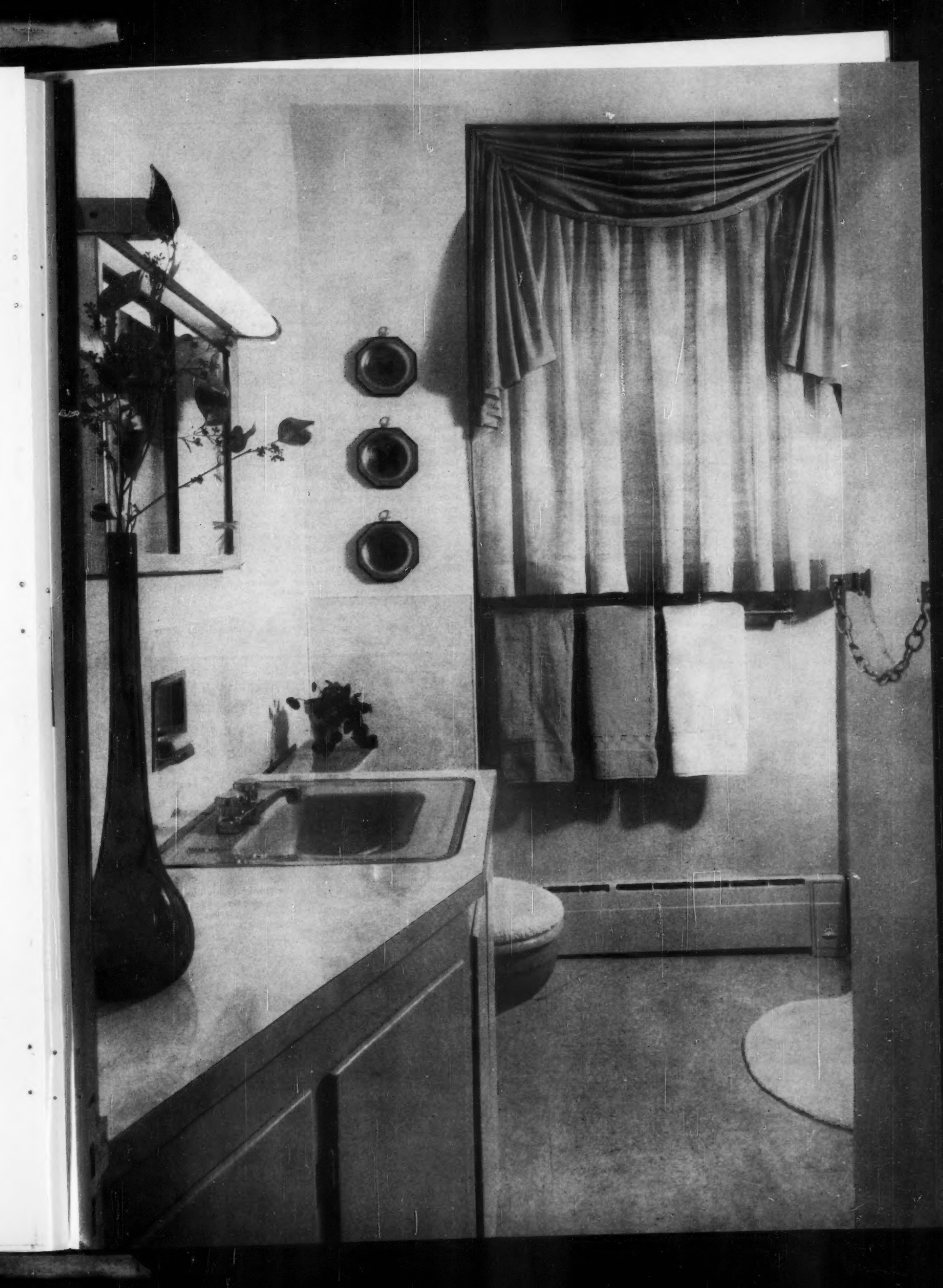
Swag was made in two hours with aid of valance kit. Material needed: four yards.



Eyelets allowed us to make custom shower curtain (used over plastic) to match swag.



Fabric tie-back gives decorator touch. Hardware is screw-eye attached to key ring.





Leave the most unpleasant job to

VANISH



VANISH—with stain-removing bubbling action—is made especially for toilet bowls, to clean and disinfect quickly. And **VANISH** fills the room with delightful freshness.



NEW Twinkle PASTE COPPER CLEANER
Shines copper like new in seconds.
Available at your grocer's.

Continued from page 102

look and very much better than a great many people I know who are not in the penitentiary. I know him well."

When she concluded, another member took the floor, and next the minister of justice.

After preliminary comments (he was trying to urge on the House the theory that prison disturbances were Communist-inspired), Hugh Guthrie lifted from his desk the private telegram which Agnes had sent him three months before. He read it to the House. He stressed that Agnes had "spoken well" of this man. Then he took up the file containing Charles Baynes' record, and read it clearly, deliberately and at length.

"His first conviction was for indecent assault at Winnipeg. His second was for a bestial crime which I will not mention in this Chamber, for which he was sentenced to five years in the British Columbia penitentiary. He was released on ticket of leave to enlist in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, in which he served, but before he went he was again convicted of indecent assault and sentenced to twelve months. In 1919, after the war, he was convicted in Toronto of forgery. In 1920, again in Toronto, he was again convicted of indecent assault and sentenced to twelve months. On December 22, 1920, at Toronto, he was convicted of theft and sentenced to nine months.

On June 17, 1922, at Toronto, he was convicted of theft and sentenced to six months. In August 1925, at Ottawa, he was convicted on a charge of gross indecency and in March 1926 he was transferred to the Manitoba penitentiary. On October 13, 1933, at Ottawa, he was again sentenced to five years in the penitentiary for indecent assault. That is the case."

To understand precisely what this meant to the only woman member of the House of Commons, it is important to recall the social climate of twenty-five years ago. It was impolite to mention sex at all, let alone its perverted forms. A normal woman of decent circumstances was required to be ignorant; she was not even to suspect that such aberrations exist. This was a dark, immoral abyss into which no one enquired.

Agnes, in her own words, "suffered anguish." Her old friend, Mrs. Quay, remembers her misery. Her mother, with unusual sympathy, tried to comfort her on a weekend visit.

The effectiveness of Guthrie's cruelty can be judged by the many people who recall the incident, and in whose hazy recollection Agnes was, at best, very gullible and very rash. "To defend that kind of person!" Few ever heard that she was prevented from finding out what kind of person he was.

Agnes learned that her Conservative opponents in South East Grey planned to distribute a smear leaflet

SEE WHAT WE DID TO AN OLD BATHROOM

Here's what it cost, and the materials used Continued from page 105

These prices are approximate and may vary slightly from coast to coast. (White fixtures are about \$40.00 less for the three pieces.) The labor costs, of course would vary with the amount of work to be done in your own bathroom—our prices are just a guide.

What our loan paid for

bathtub, closet, hand basin ..	203.00
fittings, drains, etc.	78.00
closet seat	14.00
baseboard radiator	21.00
plumbing installation	250.00
carpenter (including lumber) ..	50.00
plasterer	35.00
plastic laminate (for tub enclosure and built-in vanity) including trim, adhesive ...	119.42
laminate installation	70.00
medicine cabinet (installation ourselves)	52.50
hardware, soap dishes, towel bars	36.00
paint and undercoating, sandpaper etc.	12.00
floor tiles, adhesive	8.50

Total\$949.42

What we financed ourselves

venetian blinds	10.80
-----------------------	-------

sheer curtaining six yards at \$1.95	11.70
valance and shower curtain fabric, eight yards at \$3.55	28.40
valance pleater kit	1.79
plastic shower curtain	3.50
eyelets39

Total 56.58

\$1,006.00

List of products used in our remodeling job. 'Chateau' bathroom ensemble in Persian Brown, and Radiantrim heating; AMERICAN STANDARD. Closet seat in Persian Brown; OLSONITE. White Milano 1003 plastic laminate with matching Twintrim; ARBORITE. Marbleum floor tiles M-27; DOMINION LINOLEUM. Semi-gloss paint No. 9C12; IMPERIAL FLO-GLAZE. Fitted medicine cabinet with mirror; CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES. White venetian blinds; FLEXALUM. Beige Terylene boucle sheers; CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED. Coral-orange Fortisan fabric No. 77385 for valance and shower curtain; SANDERSON. Valance pleater kit; KIRSCH.

The battle of the sexes in

Hollywood's war against fat

by Jane L. Wright



A handsome couple—Mr. and Mrs. Alan Ladd. Sue Ladd says, "I know how important it is for stars to keep figure perfect."

LUNCHING recently at the Paramount Commissary, the wife of Hollywood's romantic swashbuckler, Alan Ladd, watched curiously as her companion devoured a rich dessert of strawberry shortcake with whipped cream.

"Hungry for some?" she was asked.

"Not at all," replied Sue Ladd. "I curb my appetite, keep my weight down a perfectly safe, natural way. I eat what I want, only I want less, because I take these." And she reached into her purse and held up a caramel candy. That's right, a piece of candy.

The battle of Hollywood stars against overweight has been a much-hushed subject for years. Film studios, afraid of de-glamorizing their high-priced properties, would rather not admit that actors and actresses have to fight fat like the rest of us.



Hollywood stars—Rory Calhoun and his lovely wife, Lita Baron—have discovered the secret of staying slim.

Fact is, there's probably no place in the world as weight conscious as the cinema city, or where the sexes have struggled to reduce so many different ways. The reason is, the camera has an unflattering way of adding pounds to the picture.

Swedish massages, sweat boxes, jiggle tables, Epsom salts, mechanical couches, amphetamine pills, starvation diets—these are but a few of the methods actors and actresses have used to lose weight.

And so, publicity stories to the contrary, movie stars—men or women—are not all naturally thin. Just like you and I, Hollywood celebrities need help to keep slim, trim and attractive.

Well, how do they safely fight fat in Hollywood today? Like this: they eat candy. Not ordinary candy, but a special low-calorie, vitamin and mineral candy, called Ayds.

As Debra Paget says, "Working before a movie camera is like standing in front of a magnifying glass.

It makes you look bigger than you are. But losing weight is no hardship for me. I always carry a few Ayds with me wherever I go to control my appetite."

Many will remember Mrs. Alan Ladd when she was a star in her own right. For ten years, pert and pretty Sue Carol was featured in a series of movies. Then she decided to switch careers. Sue gave up film work to devote her time to being an actor's agent. Then came marriage to Alan and a family of four children.

In this new role, Sue began to put on weight, until one day she realized something had to be done about it. "Many of my friends had had such wonderful results with Ayds candy plan for reducing that I decided to take them, too," she said. "I have actually lost 12 pounds."

The secret of this reducing-plan candy is that it works on an entirely different principle from old-fashioned methods. It's what doctors call an "appetite depressant." Taken before meals as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You automatically eat less and lose weight naturally.

What started the trend in Hollywood was a clinical investigation by six doctors at a medical center in Boston, Massachusetts. Reported in one of the leading medical journals, it was a comprehensive study to determine the value of appetite depressants in achieving weight loss. The leading weight-reducing products were tested. And the physicians discovered that Ayds Candy gave by far the best overall results. Other doctors recommended it to their patients. Naturally enough, the word soon spread throughout Hollywood.

But if you think this war against fat in Hollywood is strictly a woman's battle, you're wrong. When George Brent was rehearsing for a TV series, his director warned him that he'd have to lose weight before the final shooting. The camera angles were bad! Luckily his wife, Janet, has heard about Ayds. What's more, she decided to join him in trimming down.

"We reduced together with the Ayds plan and found it so much easier than reducing alone," said Janet. "I took the chewy vanilla caramel Ayds and George the new chocolate fudge-type."

"What I like about this low-calorie candy," commented George, "is that you don't have to starve yourself to lose weight. Why, you never even feel hungry on the Ayds Plan."

Another case in point is Rory Calhoun and his lovely wife, Lita Baron. Rory recently finished that hard-hitting Western drama, "Hemp Brown." It was to be a few months before the filming of his new television series. So,

Rory decided that he'd trim down a bit, by following his wife's example. Lita had started on the Ayds Plan just a short while before.

"Staying down to your ideal weight is sometimes hard—until you discover Ayds," said Rory in an interview. "But I'm convinced two can reduce, lose excess pounds easier than one."

"Absolutely," agreed Lita. "You can make it a kind of game, by competing with one another. Even when one of us needs to lose more pounds than the other, Ayds helps each of us lose just the right amount."

What seems to appeal to these people who can afford the costliest salon treatments is the safety and simplicity of taking Ayds. They know from experience that exercise alone isn't enough. Like Rory Calhoun, who gets plenty of exercise on his ranch, dancer Ann Miller also relies on this candy. "The real secret of losing weight," says Ann, "is simple appetite control. But that's not easy if you're depending on will power alone. That's why I've switched to Ayds. I've tried all kinds of diets, but nothing works as well."

As Alexis Smith, beautiful wife of Craig Stevens (star of TV's "Peter Gunn"), remarked: "Taking Ayds is such a natural, easy way to stay slim. Every couple should keep a box handy."

So, who is winning the battle of the sexes in Hollywood's war against fat? The answer is . . . both sexes, as evidenced by the number of husbands and wives who are "teaming up" to lose weight. What's more, they're not the only ones doing this. Drug and department stores everywhere are reporting more and more large-size boxes of Ayds are being sold. A sure sign that families all across the country are reducing together. Mother *must* have been right when she warned you as a child not to eat candy before dinner, because it would "spoil" your appetite.



The George Brents get plenty of exercise on their ranch, but they know this alone is not the answer to controlling their weight.

based on the incident. Whether or not this was done, it is certain that the story was used in word-of-mouth campaigning. Agnes, in great distress, dictated a long letter to the newspaper editors in her home riding. She was not yet fully aware of the justice minister's deceit, and took some blame upon herself for not persisting in obtaining Baynes' record before she publicly defended him. She said, with rare humility:

"If one is to keep warmhearted and helpful as life goes on, one is bound to make mistakes. I think it is inevitable, and so, when such a time as this comes, one must be willing to pay the price in suffering."

There is no doubt that this humiliation hurt Agnes deeply, and yet the following months are not marked by the silence of a subdued lady member. On the contrary, it was during the next months that she pressed hardest, in parliament and on public platforms, for a clean-up of Canada's disgraceful prison system. A sneak attack had the unexpected result of rousing her to real effort.

A fall election in 1933 removed Bennett from the prime minister's office and Hugh Guthrie from the job of minister of justice. Ernest Lapointe, once again justice minister, in February 1936 announced the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the penal system of Canada.

Privately, and in the parliament of Canada as long as she remained a member, Agnes continued to strive for better treatment of prisoners. Her work extended into her later years, to her terms in the Ontario Legislature and almost to the time of her death.

Agnes Macphail's best all-round work in the House of Commons was undoubtedly done during her fifth term, from 1936 to 1940.

She had hit her stride. Her skill in debate, her clear and provocative presentation, now commanded respect on every side. When her tall straight figure rose in the Chamber and her deep voice called, "Mr. Speaker . . ." members stayed in their seats to listen, and not from chivalry.

"I'm glad to be Canadian"

These were her last four years in parliament.

Her voice was heard on every occasion, arguing social reform. She urged health insurance, subsidized low-rental housing, scholarships, improved old-age pensions, and pensions for the blind. The tragedy of wasted youth during this period became of special concern. She argued for a program of rural community recreation. Agnes defended youth's bitter protests. Of course they wanted jobs, and fun and fellowship as well. For farm youth she made a repeated plea

to the government to provide loans at low interest rates, repayable over a long term, to enable true farmers to remain on the land.

It was during this term, following the 1935 election, that Agnes lost all confidence in Mackenzie King. "Canada now has two Conservative parties," she announced.

In the summer of 1936 she joined a party of seven Canadians on a tour of the Scandinavian countries and Russia. She told a Canadian Women's Club on her return: "The middle course taken by the socialist governments of Sweden and Denmark in their effort to evade communism is unbelievably sensible—so sensible that we will never get it here."

The trip to the Scandinavian countries had a profound influence on Agnes' thinking. There she saw democratic socialism at work, and successfully at work. She was enormously impressed. The stay in Russia, however, was the highlight of the tour. Here again Agnes toured relentlessly, exhausting the other members of the party. "The Russian cities are beautiful: the Russian people dull and dreary. You don't hear any whistling or singing. I'm one hundred and fifty percent glad to be a Canadian."

The taste of Europe, the introduction to older cultures and a more cosmopolitan way of life, had two diverse effects. Agnes' insatiable love

of life responded promptly to these wider influences. But this broadened outlook, which made her undoubtedly a more effective public figure, began inevitably to drive a wedge between her and the people of her riding. The difference began to show in testiness, in irritation and quarreling with many of her political workers back home. The end was in sight.

In September 1939 parliament assembled briefly for the one purpose of declaring war on Nazi Germany. Agnes spoke but once during that session. In that black week when she, like so many others, felt all her warm faith in humanity betrayed, she made a single speech. Faced with the unknown pressures of a new social upheaval, she spoke on behalf of the farm people who had sent her five times to the House of Commons:

"Agriculture in this country must not be sacrificed on the altar of mistakes in foreign policy.

"The farmers have been paying for the last war ever since it ended . . . We cannot allow our government or any other to fix for agricultural products prices which would mean a continuation of the semi-starvation which the farmers of this Dominion have endured.

"I entreat the government to listen to me on this occasion."

They were her last words, her final speech in parliament.

To be concluded in the next issue.

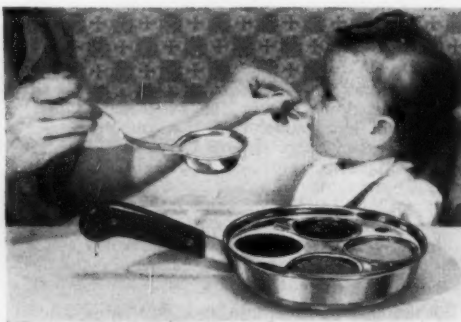
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THE OUTSIDER

Continued from page 28

had begun to loom so large in the past few years since Alan had married Betsey Joy and converted Helen into a mother-in-law. Karen Joy was a mother-in-law, too, but she was the wife's mother, not the husband's. There seemed to be a difference.

Was it in the very nature of things that a daughter-in-law should draw an ineluctable line across which her husband's mother was powerless to pass? Or was the impotency in herself? Was the magic password still waiting to be discovered?

And now she had missed a few words of Karen's so tiresome, yet vital monologue.

"... they were looking at the problem backward, Alan told them. As soon as they saw what he was driving at, nothing was too good for him. That's a smart boy. Haven't lost a daughter, I've gained a son. Oh, is it my bid? Sorry."

Helen should be grateful that Karen Joy was proud of Alan. The proprietary air, the calm assumption that Alan had sprung full blown into being on the walk down the church aisle with Betsey, surely needn't be so maddening if Helen didn't let it.

But was it wrong to be thinking how delighted Al Senior would have been if Alan had called him at the moment of triumph and said, "Hey, Dad, that idea you and I thrashed out—it worked!" Surely Alan would, eventually, but Betsey had jumped the gun.

"Bid and made, partner . . ." "Score cards, everyone . . ." Helen passed hers over.

"I just happen to have some snapshots," Karen was saying. "There's Alan and Betsey, and there's little Stevie, taken last Sunday."

Helen had hoped they would name him Alan Bentley Heath III, but she had been careful not to mention it. She had looked up other family names and bided her time until Betsey should consult her. She never had.

"... calls me Ganna," Karen's positive voice went on and on. "Mummy, Daddy and Ganna, were the first words he learned."

"Oh Lawdy . . ." Louise murmured across the table. "How long, how long."

Helen smirked at her in sympathy. But she felt as if she were being bounced in a blanket. None of the



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bounces were very high, but just as she came to rest a moment, there was another bounce, and then another bounce. Stevie had no name for Helen. Not "Ganna." Not anything. They'd had so few chances to get really acquainted.

It was at Karen's that Stevie went visiting, all-engulfing Karen who did the baby sitting. "It's easier on both Betsey and me to roll with the punch," Alan had said to Helen, his amused eyes sharing understanding with her. "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em."

"Just keep remembering, I'd love to have a visit from Stevie," Helen said.

"Maybe Karen will break a leg, and then you can come to the rescue," Alan grinned. "But Betsey would lean over backward rather than impose on you." So far from imposing on her, thought Helen, Betsey had antiseptically isolated her.

She tuned in on Karen's voice again. "... and there's Stevie with the panda we gave him for Christmas last year. Why, would you believe it, he won't eat unless the panda is sitting in the high chair with him, and when he goes to bed..." Louise yawned daintily and winked at Helen.

STEVIE HAD spent his first Christmas in hospital and his second at the Joys'.

"Of course, I understand," Helen had told Alan warmly, when he explained. "And next year you can come to us."

And as preparations for this Christmas grew apace, whenever she considered where to put the tree and what to hang on it, she visualized Alan, Betsey and Stevie there. Al had burrowed in the cellar and brought up the old crib they'd saved for this very moment in history. He'd even dusted off Bill's old electric train. Dear Bill. Yes, she still had one son left... but for how long?

Just the other day, growing worried, wondering if she had assumed too much, Helen had gone to the telephone.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," Betsey had said in her light clear voice. "But I don't see any way out of going to Mother's for Christmas. You know how she is. She'd be so hurt. She might even cry or sulk and make us all feel perfectly miserable. Why if Dad ever forgets a birthday or anniversary, gloom reigns for days. It's so nice to feel that you can take holidays and stuff in your stride. Honestly, it's a blessed relief."

What could Helen do but hope the compliment was honest? But clever or sincere the net result was the same. Helen had been put in a position where she had to live up to it. The round, solemn faces of Karen and Clifford Joy had been conspicuously absent from the Christmas scene she had envisaged before. But that was the only way open she saw now.

"We'd love to have your mother and father, too, Betsey."

There was a significant little pause at the other end. "I'm afraid it just wouldn't work. I can't see Mother not being the big wheel... sitting around while another woman ran things... Can you?"

Betsey was right. Helen couldn't advance a single argument. Trying not to sound too insistent she made one last try. "Well, at least you can drop by and have your presents with us, can't you?"

"You're going to think I'm perfectly impossible," said Betsey ruefully. "But first Stevie will have his stocking, and then we're going to have our own little tree, here. I'm afraid if he had another tree at your house and then the show Mother puts on, Stevie would be simply unmanageable. And if his birthday was any indication, I'd be a screaming maniac."

Each night when Al came home with some new section of track for the train village and headed straight for the burgeoning housing development that threatened to take over their living room, Helen tried to tell him. She hadn't been able to yet.

HELEN CAME back to the bridge table with a thud, to find the second prize in her hands—a gay Christmas lapel pin. She put it on, then shifted her chair to see Karen Joy still passing photographs to her captive audience.

"Here's Stevie again. If he isn't the living image of Father Joy..."

He's the living image of Alan, Helen cried silently. "Oh, Karen," she said lightly. "Mind if I have a peek at them when you're through?"

The subject of Stevie wrung dry at last, Karen leaned ponderously forward to pass Helen the snapshots, and went on to her next favorite category—horror. This was a tale about the Saunders child. "Leukemia... They're not actually saying so but that's what it is, all right. Leukemia."

The voice of doom faded out as Helen's eyes devoured the photographs. Oh that wonderful lopsided grin; so like Alan. And the infectious

giggle that Alan had had so long ago was back again with Stevie. And the mischievous eyes.

Louise Woodford looked over Helen's shoulder. "Why, Helen, he looks just like Alan, doesn't he?"

"Oh darling," Helen said tremulously, "do you really mean it?"

Getting up to leave, Helen caught Betsey's name again. "... the poor girl, always been Betsey's best friend. Got married about the same time, the little boy just Stevie's age. What some people have to go through. She stays at the hospital day and night. Betsey's over at her house right now, trying to straighten things up a little, cook some food ahead for them. Everybody's pitching in."

It was strange what unworthy thoughts could erupt in the best-behaved minds. Helen felt deeply sorry for the Saunderses and their sick child. But it was the same way she felt sorry for soldiers that were killed, and the people in newspaper headlines who died in automobile accidents. They were people she didn't know.

And so, alongside her sympathy and concern, trotted a maverick thought. Betsey wasn't at home. There might, there just might be a chance of seeing Stevie, without the feeling of intruding.

Louise had brought her coat. She smiled quizzically. "Bridge! How many years of it do you think there's been, Helen?"

"Bridge?" said Helen absently. She moved a step to keep Karen Joy in her line of vision.

"Remember when we first came to town, you and I? And we seemed to be the only ones who wanted to talk about something else besides babies and white sales and recipes and babies? You were steamed up over learning to paint, and I wanted my MA. And then we got as bad as the rest, on through children, teen-agers, college. And now it's grandchildren coming up. I think I've had it."

Helen was listening with only half an ear. "What do you mean?"

Louise's intelligent eyes regarded her searchingly. "A job? I don't know yet just what. Maybe that MA after all."

Helen's attention sharpened for a moment. "But Louise... when you reach forty you're supposed to be dead and buried. I've seen some of the ads—Mature women wanted to address envelopes!"

Louise grinned. "It does give you

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an inferiority complex. But my cure is to visualize all those movie stars still playing glamorous roles and remind myself they're older than I am."

"Good luck," said Helen, hurriedly. "Let me know what happens." Karen Joy was leaving.

Helen caught up with her on the front steps and dallied, waiting for a clue to her intentions. Even in her twenties, old-style middle age had seemed tailored to fit Karen Joy. It was in the heavy tread and thick upper arms, the firm set of the mouth, and the air of complete certainty.

Beside her Helen had the feeling that it was somewhat unseemly that her own light, close-cut hair failed to show much grey and that her figure stubbornly insisted on remaining a slim size twelve; that it was frivolous to run up and down stairs, to dance with one's sons, to throw spring house cleaning overboard for a spell of basking in spring sunlight.

NOBLE LADY by Jane Merchant

*I know her completely
Yet still she can stun me,
Forgiving me, sweetly,
For wrongs she has done me.*

"I guess Stevie is all right," Karen said, squinting against the low-hanging sun. "I did want to get to Marshall's today. They're running a special on jungle gyms."

"Stevie will love that," Helen murmured. Might she have liked Karen better if the Joys hadn't had the means to shower Stevie with presents far beyond anything the Heaths could do to compete?

"I've an idea that Betsey took Stevie with her to the Saunderses," Karen decided. "Well, Helen, wish you could come and see me sometime. I don't believe you've set foot in our house since I changed from Provincial to Modern."

Helen assured her that her desire to see the redecorating had reached a fever pitch. She did not add that a definite invitation would bring her, if Karen really wanted her. At last, she sank into her old car with relief.

DRIVING TOWARD Betsey's and Alan's house, she thought that if Betsey had been more like her mother, Helen would never have been attracted to her. But from Helen's first real

contact with Betsey, when they both had parts in a production of the local Players, Helen had been amused and delighted to discover that Betsey was a spirit apart.

She had more than a pretty face and an incandescent smile. She had humor and discrimination. Her name was really Joyce Joy, she had confided dryly to Helen, and her mother simply couldn't understand why she had made everyone call her Betsey.

They had gravitated toward each other at rehearsals—there were no age distinctions in the Players. They smiled together over the prima donna who upstaged others, the smug actor who walked through his part saving his energy for the performance, and the inevitable miscast who had done fairly well in the tryouts but who couldn't learn anything new.

Helen would have had to be more suspicious or more cynical to attribute Betsey's comradeship merely to the fact that she had an eligible son. But how else could you explain it now? Or had the shift from role of friend to that of mother-in-law made her an untouchable?

Not knowing that her status had subtly changed, Helen had made her first mistake soon after the honeymoon by dropping in to see Betsey uninvited.

The instant she stepped inside the door she knew she shouldn't have come. The dirty dishes on mantel and end tables, the overflowing ashtrays and crushed peanuts on the floor, didn't bother her at all. But the fact that she had obviously got Betsey out of bed, and Betsey's defensive attitude, did.

It puzzled her that Betsey was defensive. Betsey had laughed at Helen's story of finding a bag of Halloween chicken corn and peanuts under a sofa cushion when she was cleaning up the Christmas things. And didn't she remember the time when Helen, caught short by unexpected visitors, spread a camouflage of stepladder, newspapers and paint cans over her less than immaculate bathroom?

All Helen could do was improvise. "I haven't got a minute," she said rapidly. "I just wondered if I could do any errands for you downtown."

"At least you can take time for a cup of coffee," said Betsey with cool politeness. "It won't take a minute to wash out the percolator." She waved her hand. "Party here last night."

It seemed to call for some kind of

comment. "Anything I can do?"

"No thank you. I won't be a minute. Perhaps you'd better sit in the living room. The dining room is worse and the kitchen's a nightmare."

Back with the coffee in hastily rinsed cups Betsey found a space for them on the coffee table and then ostentatiously moved some record albums from the sofa so they could sit down. Her chin an inch or so higher than necessary, she flung out, "Alan had to eat downtown this morning."

"And why not?" said Helen. "I think you're very sensible not to spoil a party by staying up all night cleaning up after it. When you knock yourself out you think a long time before having one again."

Betsey's smile was disbelieving, and Helen hastened to add, "I never do the dishes right after a party."

Betsey's thin dark eyebrows went up in amused skepticism. "That's not the way Alan tells it."

"Why the brat!" Helen could have wrung his neck. Bad enough to throw his mother in his bride's teeth over something that was true, but worse to cut a characterization for her out of whole cloth.

Or had it happened that, edgy from lack of sleep, Alan hadn't held his face just right, provoking Betsey, tired too, to say, "I suppose your mother wouldn't have let you go out for breakfast," and not to be outdone, Alan had snapped, "Since you asked for it, no, she wouldn't." Alan was an angel every hour of the twenty-four except the one just before breakfast.

The front door flew open and, relieved, Helen put down her cup and got to her feet. But she realized that a painless withdrawal wasn't going to be so easy when she saw Karen Joy.

"Oh my," cried Karen in mock horror. "What have we here?" The look that flashed between mother and daughter, of conspiratorial support on the one hand and wry amusement on the other, plainly linked the two against the outsider. "Why, Betsey, what can Helen be thinking! She'll think we live like pigs, that I didn't bring you up right."

"Oh no," said Betsey smiling. "She won't blame you, darling. She'll just think I'm reacting in the opposite direction."

"I was just telling Betsey," Helen said, firmly, "that leaving dishes is my favorite occupation."

Karen shook her head in wonderment. "Aren't you quaint! I don't be-

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Melt ¾ c. sugar over low heat, stirring until golden brown; remove from heat and gradually stir in boiling water. Simmer until sugar dissolves. Cool. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and 1½ c. sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in flour mixture; add oil, egg yolks, ½ c. of the cold caramel syrup, ¼ c. water and vanilla; mix liquids a little with mixing spoon; combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Sprinkle cream of tartar over egg whites; beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for meringue). Fold batter into egg whites, about ¼ at a time. Turn into ungreased deep square or round tube pan (9 or 10", top inside measure). Bake in slow oven, 325°, about 1¼ hrs. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan; let cake hang until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Frost cold cake with Caramel Icing; decorate with toasted blanched almonds.

Caramel Icing—Cream ½ c. butter or margarine; blend in 2 egg yolks and ½ tsp. vanilla. Blend in 4 c. sifted icing sugar alternately with ¼ c. caramel syrup and sufficient milk, about 2 tbs., to make icing of spreading consistency.

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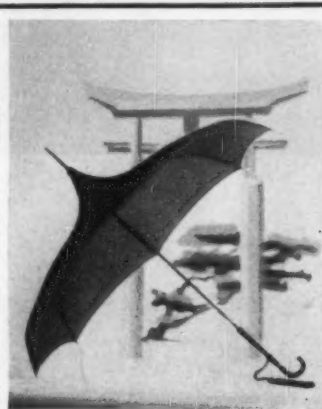
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lieve a word of it. And I hope you'll forgive my little girl here for being so naughty. Now let's get right to work, Betsey-doll."

"Let me help," Helen said.

"I should say *not*," Karen seized some empty glasses and bore them briskly toward the kitchen.

Betsey rose with languid grace. "Thank you just the same."

All of them, Helen realized then, including her own benighted son, were conspiring to force her into a cage labeled, "Mother-in-law. Do not touch."

AND NOW, driving away from the bridge party, Helen was feeling like a thief in the night because she had the wild, the daring idea of taking advantage of Betsey's absence to sneak in a little visit with her grandson, if he was home.

She was ashamed of herself for being so craven, but just the same she parked the car two houses away before walking toward their driveway. The sky was darkening and it was getting colder. Perhaps they had taken Stevie in.

Betsey's car was not in the garage, she saw, and growing bolder she circled the house to the back yard where Stevie usually had his airing. She had half expected it but a pang of disappointment struck her when she saw that the gate of the play yard was swinging, with no little tow head inside. So much for the noble experiment.

Clutching her coat collar tighter against the wind, Helen completed the circle of the house and came back to the sidewalk, feeling queerly rootless. Lingered a moment, she glanced up and down the street. Already some of the new little houses were dressed up for Christmas. Sprays and wreaths, Santas and candy canes, decorated the front doors. It was time to pull out the nails in the mantelpiece at home where Alan and Bill had hung their stockings. They had been there long enough.

Suddenly, half a block away, she saw a little figure in a red snowsuit trotting briskly down the middle of the street. At the same instant she heard the screech of car brakes and her heart stopped cold. Then it began pounding as if it were about to break out of her body, and she found herself flying down the street. It seemed a century before she got there to sweep Stevie into her arms, unhurt and unabashed.

The white-faced driver yelled as

he drove off, "Better watch that kid, lady, if you want him around awhile."

What was one more little injustice? Stevie was safe, that was all that mattered. He gave her a beaming smile. "Tor now," he announced.

Gloves damp, and knees shaking, Helen set him on the sidewalk. "You were going to the store, Stevie?"

"Tor now," he said happily.

Does he really know me, Helen asked herself, or would he accept the attentions of a kidnapper as readily? "We have to go back to the house first. Then we'll go to the store."

Stevie's blue eyes narrowed and he braced his short legs with decision. "Tor now!"

"Did you ever hear about Baa Baa Black Sheep?" Helen said quickly. "Baa Baa Black Sheep, have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full." Stevie eyed her suspiciously.

"I'll be the black sheep, see?" Helen cavorted on the sidewalk. "And you'll be the bag of wool. So grab hold, up on my back. That's it." Before Stevie could protest she swung him onto her back and singing Baa Baa, Black Sheep lustily, made for the house.

A fifteen-year-old girl was sitting glassy-eyed in front of the television set. She started when she saw Helen with Stevie and faint uneasiness crossed her face.

Helen recognized her. "I think you had better run along, Sally," she said as calmly as she could, "and look at TV at home. Stevie got out of his play yard and I found him in the middle of the street almost a block away. He was nearly hit by a car."

"But . . . how could he get out?"

"I don't know how, but he did. I'll take care of him until his mother gets back."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Mrs. Heath. I didn't think he could get out. Gosh . . . Are you going to say anything? I mean . . . Well, I'm sorry."

Helen clicked off the television and in the momentary silence of Sally's departure a young voice came clear and penetrating. "Where's der tor now?"

"All right, chum." She would scribble a note, Helen decided, and leave it where Betsey left all her notes, on the kitchen table. How she would explain about the missing baby sitter without seeming to cast reflection on Betsey's judgment, she had no idea, and she wasn't going to spoil her little outing with Stevie to worry about it now.

They set off briskly, Stevie tugging

continued on page 116

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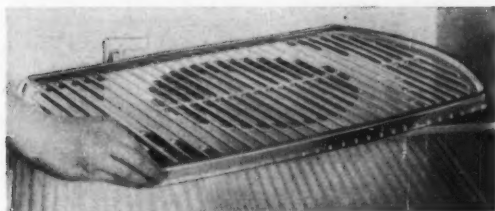
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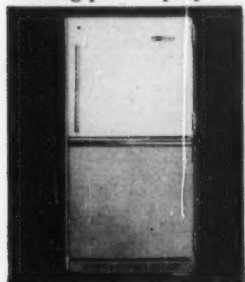
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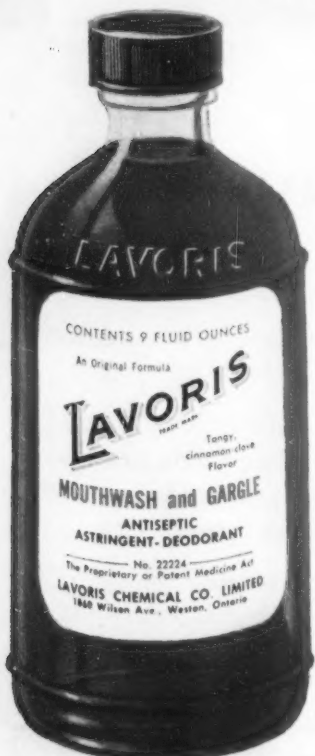
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Children are never too young to resent "unwelcome" attentions

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**TASTES GOOD
—DOES GOOD**

2C-69

continued from page 114
her in the direction he wished to go. Even in the quickly lowering twilight he seemed in no doubt about his goal. They reached a small shopping centre, and with no more than a passing glance at a supermarket, a shoe shop, and a bakery, he stopped short in front of a toy store. Pointing a chubby finger at the lighted window, he announced with triumph, "Der dut!"

Why the little devil, thought Helen admiringly! Such long-range planning and effective execution should certainly be rewarded even if it cleaned her pocketbook of its last tired penny. Happily they went in to buy the toy truck. Stevie was so enthralled that he was nearly home before he gathered his forces for the next attack. Then, "Baa Baa, Basee, now," he commanded royally.

Stevie piggyback, his truck knocking her hat askew, both chanting Baa Baa, Black Sheep between giggles, Helen careened into the house. Then in the small circle of light cast by the lamp on the telephone table she saw Betsey rising, a dangerous glitter in her dark eyes. Helen's heart sank in nameless foreboding. She set Stevie down and he ran joyously toward his mother holding out his truck.

Betsey dropped to her knees and pulled Stevie to her in a fierce embrace. Over her head her stony face met Helen's. "How could you . . . How could you! I've been frantic. I've been beside myself."

"Oh my dear," said Helen, stricken. "I'm sorry. I thought we would be back before you, but I left a note for you on the kitchen table."

Betsey swayed to her feet, her fingers digging into Stevie's shoulders. "Why should I think to look for a note? I told Sally expressly not to take Stevie anywhere. I called her house and no one was home. I've called all over the neighborhood. I've called Alan. I was just going to call the police. What did you hope to gain by interfering with my arrangements?"

Helplessly, Helen realized this was a Betsey she had never seen, a girl almost lost to reason. And now that she needed her own reason all the more, she felt it scurrying frantically here and there like some small fear-crazed animal pursued by a bird of prey. "Somehow Stevie got out of his play yard and I just happened to come along . . ."

"How could Stevie get out of his yard? The hook is on the outside. And how did you just happen to come

along? Were you hoping to find out something you didn't know?"

Stevie let out a little whimper and Helen longed to pull him into her arms, but she braced herself against the hall table. "Please, Betsey . . . you're overwrought. Please stop before one of us says something the other will never forget. I'd better go."

"Were you hoping to find something more to criticize? Oh, I know how you pump Alan. I've seen how you look at me."

Helen heard her own voice come from such a distance it seemed as if another person were speaking. "If I seemed to pump Alan it was only out of love and interest, not criticism or prying. Maybe if news came our way more often I wouldn't have to."

"Can't we have any privacy? Do we have to sell box seats to everything we do?"

Against her better judgment, the rebellion Helen had kept controlled so long would not be stemmed. "Yes, you can have privacy. I hope that when Stevie gets married you won't have too much privacy. The kindest wish I could make is that you won't lose Stevie as I've lost Alan."

The front door banged open and the cold breath of outdoors touched Helen's flaming cheeks. Alan's face lighted when he saw her. "Why hello, Mother. How grand of you to come!" Then his smile faded.

The mist dropped from Helen's eyes and she saw the scene with shocking clarity. Alan, standing bewildered in the doorway, herself, with trembling chin and hat askew, confronting a thin and shivering girl who had lost any knowledge of what she was doing or saying. Bursting into tears, Betsey threw herself into Alan's arms.

Sobs tore at her frail body. "She took Stevie. She had him all the time. Because she says I took you away from her."

Alan held Betsey close. "It's all right, honey. Everything's all right." He turned to Helen, his eyes sick with disappointment. "Gosh . . . you're the last person on earth I ever thought would act like a mother-in-law."

"She needs a doctor, Alan," Helen managed. "Get her to bed." No other words could pass through her knotted throat. Blindly she reached for her bag and fled. Blindly she walked to the car and got in. Then the shaking began.

There it went—all her efforts at tact, at diplomacy, at non-involvement. Gone, like a puff of smoke.

SHE DIDN'T REMEMBER driving home. For all she knew, she could have been driving around for hours. In a trance, she walked into the house and started for the stairs. She would have fallen over the baggage in the hall if a husky arm hadn't gone around her and grasped her in a bear hug.

"Greet me, Mrs. Lady. Your younger son, the staff of your old age, is home from the ivied halls of learning. What's your excuse for not being here to receive him?"

"Oh, Bill . . ." Helen's hands rumpled his hair, his pug nose and generous grin. "I didn't know your vacation began today. You didn't tell me."

"Wanted it to be a big surprise." "Oh I'm so glad . . ." Helen said brokenly. "So glad to see you . . ." She brushed her eyes and said brightly. "But why didn't you let me come to the station? How did you get here with all those bags?"

"Carol brought me," Bill said gruffly. He cleared his throat. "Mother, the most wonderful thing—the most glorious thing . . . We were going to wait until Christmas to tell it but I just can't keep it back. Mother—Carol and I are engaged!"

Helen's arms dropped nervelessly. She grasped the newel post and clung to it. Her tongue was frozen.

"Mother . . . What's the matter? I thought you liked Carol. Mother, don't look like that, please."

She had liked Betsey, too. She had liked Betsey, too. Wordlessly, deaf to Bill's anxious voice behind her, she stumbled up the stairs.

She mustn't think for awhile, she told herself. Just try not to think at all. She mustn't flail herself for her sorry reception of sweet Bill's exciting news. She mustn't reproach herself for anything she had done. She mustn't wallow in remorse yet. The thing she must do is to pull herself together again before she could even begin to pick up the pieces of anything else.

She bathed her face with cold

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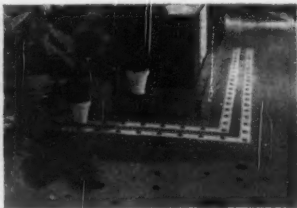
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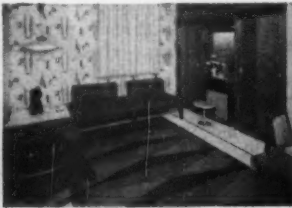
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Chatelaine — April 1959

water and lay in the darkness until she heard the bang of the front door and the rumble of Al's voice below. It was time to go down.

Al, an older, more finished Bill, was stirring a welcome-home Martini, and Bill was standing with his back to the fireplace. Their worried, enquiring eyes turned to her.

Swiftly she went up to Bill, pulled his shaggy head down and kissed him. "I'm so sorry, pumpkin," she said. "I had an awful hen-party lunch." Her sound track was a little weak but she was glad there was no static. "I had a horrible cramp, but it's all gone now. I feel fine. And I'm so happy about you and Carol."

Bill's unquestioning acceptance was touching. "Really, Mother? Gosh, you had me scared. You *do* like Carol, don't you? She's crazy about you."

"I'm crazy about her, too." She turned to Al and kissed him on the cheek. "Isn't it wonderful?"

His eyes were steady as he handed her a Martini. "Wonderful. And Alan phoned to say he's coming over. We'll have a real celebration."

Helen sat down abruptly, the Martini jumping in the glass.

Bill downed his in a gulp. "I know this is my first night home but I promised Carol . . . I mean, I knew you weren't expecting me for dinner so I told her I'd go over

there. If you don't mind." He shifted from one foot to the other.

"Run along," said Helen. "Of course we don't mind."

"Have a good time," said Al. "And our love to Carol."

In the sudden silence Helen turned questioning to Al. His eyes were sympathetic. "Alan called me at the office because there was no answer here," he said. "He and Betsey are sorry about what happened, Helen."

"Is Betsey . . . herself again?"

"Almost, but Alan wanted you to know she'd had quite an emotional shock. You see, the Saunders baby died this afternoon. Betsey had never been close to death. She was heart-sick for her friend—and at the same time, in a sudden panic over Stevie. As soon as she could she rushed home to make sure he was safe, only to find him gone."

"Oh, Al . . ." breathed Helen. "What have I done? I should never have gone there."

"Oh yes, you should," Al said stoutly. "Alan told me Stevie gave a little demonstration of how he climbed up and unhooked the gate, and the baby sitter's mother called to apologize."

And Betsey's sudden panic was justified, thought Helen wonderingly.

"Then Betsey got on the phone and said she realized there was more than one way of losing a son. And



HOW YOUR CLUB CAN WIN \$100

IN RECOGNITION of the outstanding contribution made by women's groups in Canada, Chatelaine announces its second annual Club Award. The award will be made in September to the women's volunteer group which has made the best contribution to its community in 1958-59. Last year's winner of the award plaque and one hundred dollars was The Ladies' Aid to the United Church, Thorhild, Alta.

We are interested in contribution per member (in either time or money) so that a small group has just as big a chance as a large one. If your group took part in an outstanding project between September 1, 1958 and May 1, 1959, write in and tell us about it. Describe what it was, what the club did, how many members, woman-hours and how much money was involved.

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Entries must be in by May 15, 1959.



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they're coming for Christmas. That's what I don't understand." Al shook his head. "I always thought they were coming."

The telephone rang and Helen moved to answer it. It was Alan. "Mother? Betsey is at the Saunderses', and waiting for me. And of course, Karen thinks she's indispensable there, too. So we were wondering . . . would it be too much trouble for you to take Stevie tonight?"

Helen swallowed hard. "I'd be glad to, Alan. The crib is all ready. And give Betsey my love."

"Well," Al said, as she hung up. "Are you back where you were?"

"Not quite, darling." Helen went over to the sofa and sat beside him, taking his hand in both of hers. He was so sweet, so dear. How long since she had actually seen her husband as himself? "Maybe I have been mother-in-lawish without wanting to and without knowing it. Did I really let Alan go? Or did I really just go through the motions without accepting it in my heart? I thought I had given up Alan and was ready to give up Bill, but I guess I was just following the old pattern because I had nothing new to take its place."

All the plans they had made for many years had been for Alan and Bill. Not for her—nor for Al and her together. "Oh, Al," she said suddenly. "Remember, we had so many plans, just you and I?" Raising Siamese cats had been just one of them. A farm in the country. Trips to everywhere. How long since she had thought of all this?

"Just give me a little more time to fill up the sock." Al smiled. "I've only been biding my time until I got rid of the last of my expensive so-called income-tax deductions."

And in the meantime? Her thoughts flew back over the day and swooped on the memory of Louise—Louise, who was getting out of her rut. Were Helen's paint tubes still in the attic? All at once there was so much to think about. "The world is full of a number of things," she murmured. "I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings' . . ."

"Oh, I almost forgot," said Al. "Alan said to tell you Stevie has a name for you."

"A name for me?" asked Helen.

The front door opened and Alan and Stevie blew in on a gust of wind. Alan removed his hat and bowed solemnly. "Is this the residence," he enquired, "of a certain Mrs. Black Sheep?"

END ♦

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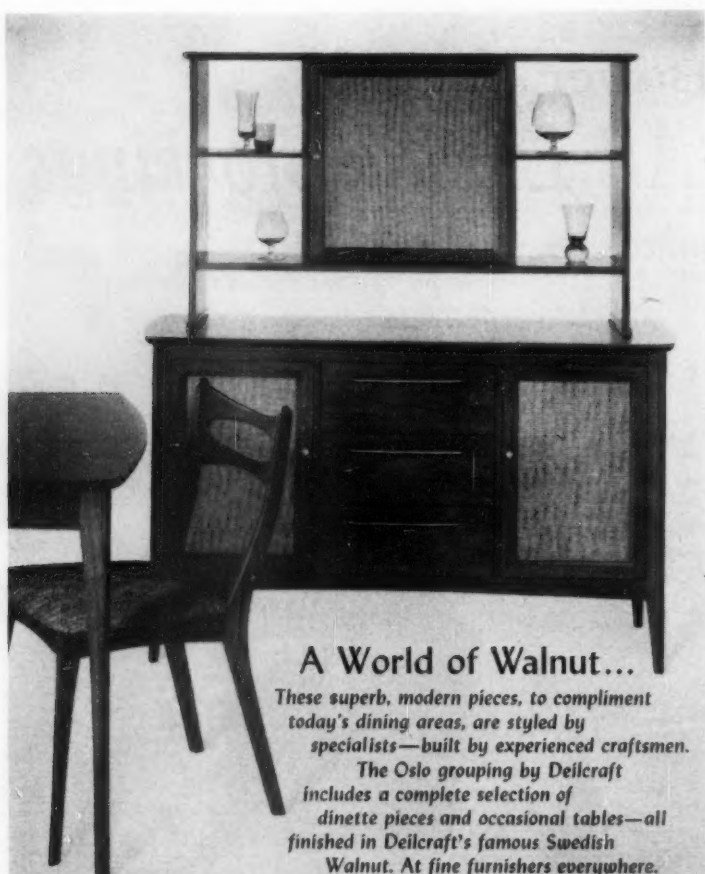
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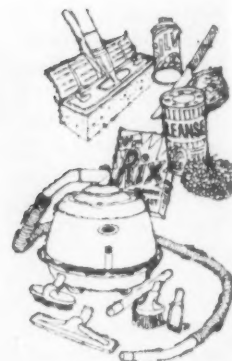


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Homemaker's Diary



Care of a chopping block

Before using a new unseasoned chopping block, brush with salad oil and rub in well. Repeat until no more oil is absorbed. Oil block about once a month to protect from food stains and moisture.

For regular cleaning, scrub with sudsy water and household cleanser after every use. Rinse with clear water and dry.

Food odors may be removed with baking soda and water.

Remove stubborn fruit and garlic stains with 1 teaspoon household bleach dissolved in 1 quart hot water. Be sure to rinse thoroughly and dry. Sanding may be necessary to remove deep stains, and the block should be seasoned again with salad oil after sanding.

Timesaving closets

Well-organized closets are easier to keep clean and result in tidier rooms. If each item has a place in the closet it is more likely to be put there than thrown on a chair. Low hooks will help teach children to hang up their own outdoor garments.

Arrange everyday garments in the most accessible area. Include a hook inside the door for dressing gown and night attire. Dress-up and Sunday clothes should be stored in the next easy-to-reach area. If clothes are stored in the plastic bags in which they are returned from the cleaners, closet rub and wear will be prevented. Leave out-of-the-way corners for little-used items such as evening wear.

Use a purse preserver

Prevent moisture stains and scuff marks on your new spring leather handbag by applying a thin coat of colorless paste wax or leather conditioner.

Kitchen soap dispenser

To eliminate untidy soap dishes, fill a plastic squeeze bottle with liquid hand soap.

Home workshop

To settle the dust and simplify sweeping, wet some of the sawdust from the workbench and sprinkle over the cement floor.

Wash paint brushes

Rinse excess paint off brushes with turpentine then wash in a strong solution of detergent. Rinse thoroughly in hot water and let dry.

No-smudge molding

Apply a coat of colorless nail polish to monel metal molding on counter edges to prevent black smudges when you lean against it.

Children's place mats

Easy to wash and absorbent, terry-cloth hand towels make ideal place mats for youngsters learning to eat at the table.

No more loose pins

Cut a wide band of elastic to fit your wrist comfortably and attach a small pincushion. Fasten with hook and eye. Wear it on your wrist while you pin and sew, and attach it to the arm of the sewing machine to collect pins as they are removed during stitching.

Rust-free garbage cans

Prevent rust from forming on your new garbage can by pouring melted paraffin in the bottom. Rotate the can until the bottom and about six inches up the sides are coated. END ♦



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GLASS TREASURES

Continued from page 36

Milk and cranberry are types that are now reduced in value because of the flood of mass-produced copies currently on the market. But only their commercial value is affected. They're still favorites with amateur collectors.

Besides the usual rules of supply and demand, there are a couple of firm facts that govern the value of old glass. According to Gerald Stevens, "the more rough, bubbly and primitive it is, the more valuable it is likely to be, that is, if it is not chipped or cracked. Glass in particular among the collectable antiques must, to have great value, be in proof condition."

The telltale scar

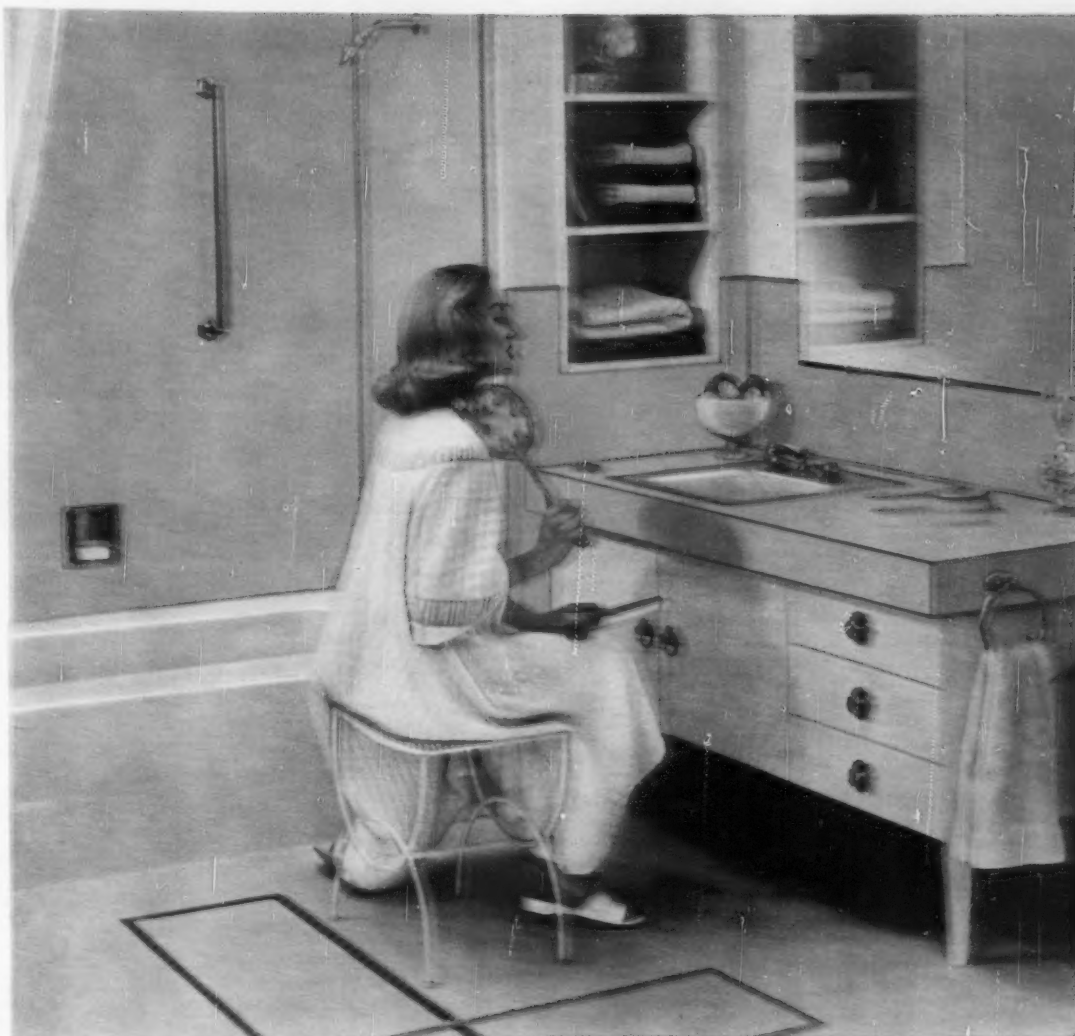
Canadian glass collectors measure the importance of their pieces according to the three methods of glass-making. The most important is the free-blown variety because, in Stevens' words, it carries "the personal expression of the craftsman blowing it." It was (and still is in such centres as the Venetian island of Murano) ornamented by the application of separate pieces of glass or enamel, gilt or paint, etched or cut. A distinguishing feature of free-blown glass is a circular scar (one half to one inch or more in diameter) on the bottom of the piece — or a depression left from grinding off the scar.

Blown-molded glass is next in importance in the collector's eyes. This technique is distinguished by the marks left by the molds on the outside of the glass.

Pressed glass comes last and is the product of the mechanical method still in use today. An American invention in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, it was exported a little later to England. Old pieces of pressed glass are distinguishable from the new by ridges or lines known as fins on the inside of the glass. The fins were made by the joining of the several molds.

In Stevens' wide experience, a Canadian attic could contain examples of glass made in Europe as well as in North America. Venetian glass of the fifteenth century, German of the early seventeenth and the noted flint glass made in England during the lat-

Continued on page 124



Vanity top and walls are Arborite Blossom Pink.

Lifetime glamour for your bathroom

WITH WONDERFUL, one-and-only Arborite

There's a glamour corner for just you in today's bathroom. The vanity top of Genuine Arborite laughs at cosmetic spills... can be kept gleaming clean with an occasional swish of a damp cloth.

The walls, too, are life-lasting Arborite. And with matching Twin-Trim metal mouldings you have an unbroken expanse of colour and pattern never before possible.

Whether you're building or modernizing, don't settle for an imitation. Insist on the real thing—Genuine Arborite. Available in a variety of decorator tones and pastel shades at your Arborite dealer's.



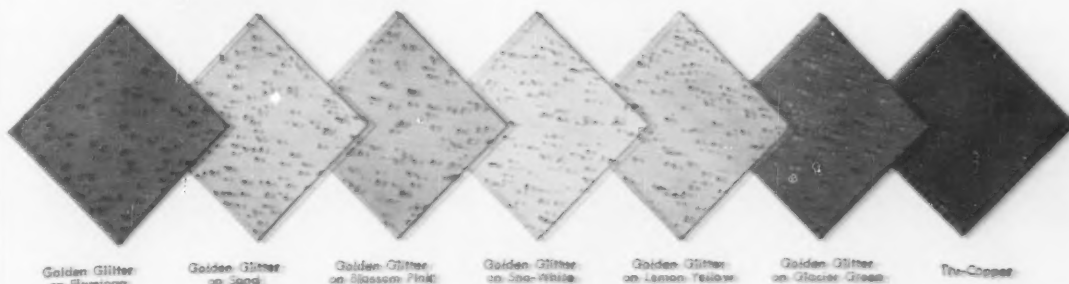
The Arborite Company Limited, Montreal 32, Que.

Please send me complete information on Genuine Arborite and Twin-Trim; also free samples of Arborite's newest patterns Golden Glitter and Plaza.

Name:

(please print)

Address:



THE ARBORITE COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER

PATTERNS

Both in versions for daytime or datetime

*Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer,
or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.*

No. 2879—The classic shirtdress updated with a high-low belt—sweeps from the back waistline to a high curve in front. Long-sleeved version included. For day make it in a seasonless Paisley silk—or an easy-care cotton. For evening, choose organdie or organza—and make a full-skirted taffeta slip to match. Sizes 10-18, 50 cents.

No. 2765—Three variations here. As shown, it makes a gay summer splash in acid green Arnel-and-cotton. Pattern also includes a scoop-neck version with wide, bowed band above the hemline—and an evening eye-catcher that might be made in lace with matching strapless lining. Sizes 11-15, 12-18, 50 cents.



2879

2765



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Versatile's the word for this Nomad 4-Door.

Handiest helper a family ever had... '59 CHEVY! This Nomad is one of five Chevrolet wagons for '59—all as beautifully at ease with a delicate bit of greenery as a rough-and-tumble cargo of kids. You can stow a whole half-ton of gear in Chevy's roomy back end—or use it as sleeping space on overnight excursions. And you can pick your power to fit your needs from thirty engine-and-transmission teams, including a lively 6 with wonderfully saving ways. Ask your Chevrolet dealer to show you the Chevy that's poised and priced to fit your own personal plan for happy living.



Here's the fresh and fashionable Bel Air 4-Door.





Look how a Moffat Range helps you cook better on the surface elements...

- 1 THERM-O-GUARD** Magic Minder you'll love to use... and will use constantly. Thermostatically-controlled element stops boiling over, burning dry. Makes any utensil automatic.
- 2 THERM-O-FRYER** Safe deep fat frying. No spills with fryer recessed in range top. No burning or boiling over with Therm-O-Guard controlled heat.
- 3 HI-SPEED ELEMENTS** with new slim tube, for *fastest* heat—fastest cooling when turned off, too. Cleaning's a cinch... a flick of the finger and the element's up—the bowl's removed—the cleaning's done!
- 4 CLOCK CONTROL** Easiest ever to operate. Controls oven, Rotiss-O-Mat, surface elements, Therm-O-Fryer, appliance outlet... makes Moffat the most *automatic* range ever!
- 5 DIAL-A-HEAT SWITCHES** Not 5—not 7—but 1001 heat positions for every need imaginable. Just dial your heat and you're off to a fast start!

See your Moffat dealer and check all the cooking features, the styling extras of the new Moffat range.



DISCOVER NEW ADVENTURES IN COOKING WITH A NEW MOFFAT RANGE

Canadians know

MOFFATS best!

CANADA'S MOST RECOMMENDED RANGE FOR OVER 75 YEARS

Continued from page 121
ter part of the eighteenth century, were all lovingly packed in the trunks of early immigrants to Canada.

Many fine examples of opaque white (Bristol) glass were exported to Canada. So was Nailsea glass (also from the Bristol district), the kind that characteristically has loops and swirls of different colors. The Irish glass houses of Waterford, Cork, Dublin and Belfast also contributed their share of collectors' items. The boat-shaped, cut-glass bowls that graced many Irish-Canadian homes in Upper Canada are now finds in antique shops.

So are the historical flasks that were originally whisky bottles. Of blown-molded glass in a variety of colors (dark amber being the most common), they were usually oval-shaped with a design such as cornucopia, eagle, hunter or even the portrait of some political figure. The half-pint size in a rare color and design commands as much as two hundred dollars today.

Early Canadian glass

The old glass most readily found in this country is known commercially as pattern glass. It was made mainly in the U.S. by the pressed process and was originally intended for table use (complete sets included pitchers, plates of different sizes and sugar bowls as well as compotes and celery dishes). "Westward-Ho" is one of the early patterns. It is distinguished by the Indian figure (kneeling) that serves

as a handle on covered pieces. The larger-sized compotes are currently worth about fifty dollars, Stevens estimates.

One of the few patterns which he has tracked to early Canadian glass factories has a design of leaves and a scene showing pine trees, a house and birds in flight. The large covered compote has sold for as high as twenty-five dollars. Prices on pattern glass vary widely, however, from one locality to the next.

Signs to look for

Among the few signed pieces of old glass, collectors watch for the valuable McKee Brothers' name on the bottom of nineteenth-century milk glass and the raised letters "Vallerys-thal" on the French variety from the same period. The rarest and most admired milk glass is the kind with an amber tint known as Fiery Opalescent. The more fire, the higher the price. Without the aid of a signature or distinctive color, collectors can tell old milk glass from new by the markedly slippery feeling of the latter. A sure sign of age in milk-glass jugs is the handle which is made from a separate piece of glass and then applied—a step that has been eliminated from modern assembly-line procedures.

As for old Canadian glass, only a small amount has been authenticated. Stevens reports the existence of a number of "whimseys" (a sugar bowl and cover, drinking glass and oval half-pint flask), manufactured by one

HAVE YOU A STORY TO TELL?

You, like most women, probably can remember a particularly dramatic, inspiring, or revealing event in your life. "What a story I could tell!" you sigh.

Well, here's your chance to tell it.

Consider what period in your life provides the best story material. Perhaps it was something that changed the whole course of your life. Perhaps several years elapsed before the situation was resolved. Perhaps your story touched on some great public event.

Type it out and send it to us. For satisfactory pieces we will pay you at our regular rates. Send your stories (with self-addressed envelope if you want your story back) to:

*Personal Experience Stories,
Chatelaine Magazine,
481 University Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario.*

of the earliest glass houses at Mallorytown, Upper Canada, around 1825. The chief commercial output of that factory was blown-glass bottles of a soft aquamarine tint. The whimses, as the name indicates, were made by the workmen for their own enjoyment and were usually intended for friends. The glass blowers from the Napanee, Ont., factory made whimses in various colors, including a dramatically deep shade of blue. Their work is of a slightly later date than that from Mallorytown.

As might be expected, the eastern areas of Canada, having been settled earliest, are the richest in old glass. On their trek to the prairies in the early part of the century, the pioneer women could take only a few of their mothers' or grandmothers' whimses in their trunks. Nowadays, the high cost of shipping antiques from east to west keeps them in unfortunately short supply in the prairie provinces.

How collections begin

Toronto and Montreal have more antique shops than all other Canadian cities combined. Moreover, the large department and jewelry stores in those centres are the only ones that regularly stock old glass and occasionally exhibit and sell valuable collections of old English and Irish glass, gathered together from all parts of Europe. Leftovers from those sales are sent on to New York or back to Britain. National tours are impractical.

But in homes all over the country, there are small and large collections of fine old glass which provide both satisfaction in the finding and joy in the beholding. Many collections were started by servicemen stationed in Britain during two wars. Many others are the consequence of a small inheritance from a careful grandmother. Once started, the collection of old glass almost invariably becomes a serious hobby.

A Toronto antique dealer likes to tell about the local physician who casually spent a few dollars on a piece of Georgian crystal which grew on him to the point where he launched into a study of the subject. He's now a recognized authority on Georgian crystal. And the dealer who tells the story is in business today because of a collection that grew too big to be contained in her house.

END◆



SOLD ON FIVE ROSES!

She's learned the secret of successful baking early — taught by her proud mother, who, in turn, was taught by hers. That secret is simply this: To get the best possible baking, use the best possible flour. And generation after generation of Canadian women have found that flour to be Five Roses — The All Purpose Flour. That's

because Five Roses starts with the best possible wheat. And each kernel is ground down to the choice, inner wheat berry. Then, careful baking tests ensure that flour of uniform, unvarying high quality goes into every bag you buy. So it's no wonder so many Canadians are sold on Five Roses. You will be, too.

BEST-SELLING COOK BOOK! A partner in excellence to Five Roses All Purpose Flour is the "Five Roses Guide To Good Cooking". Not just a cook book, but a thorough guide to the art of good baking and cooking. Get your copy by sending 50¢ to: Five Roses, Home Service Dept., Box 6089, Montreal.

FIVE ROSES

CANADA'S MOST RESPECTED NAME IN BAKING



A Letter To Our NON-CATHOLIC Neighbors

Catholics and non-Catholics, as a rule, get along right well together.

Our families live amicably next door to each other and often become lifetime friends. Our sons fight side by side on every battlefield. We work together in the same shops and factories...root for the same baseball teams...do business with one another in a spirit of mutual trust every day.

In these and other phases of everyday life, there is a close association which promotes understanding and respect. But in religion...where this close association does not exist...there is often a regrettable lack of understanding and a corresponding absence of good-will.

Many people, for instance, have all sorts of false ideas about Catholics and the Catholic Church. They actually believe that Catholics worship statues...that many sordid things happen behind convent walls...that Catholics do not believe in the Bible...that Catholic teaching is pure superstition and the Mass nothing but mumbo-jumbo.

All non-Catholics, of course, do not believe such things. But enough of these false rumors are in circulation to cause some sincere and intelligent non-Catholics to look upon the Catholic Church with suspicion, and to reject Catholic truth without even troubling to investigate it.

It is for this reason that the Knights of Columbus, a society of Catholic laymen, publishes advertisements like this explaining what Catholics really believe. We want our non-Catholic friends and neighbors to understand us and our faith, even if they do not wish to join us. We want them to know the Catholic Church as it really is...not as it is so often misrepresented to be.

It is also important to you personally, however, to inquire into the teaching of the Catholic Church. For unless you do, you cannot know whether the Catholic



Church is or is not the Church established by Jesus Christ for your salvation. You cannot intelligently accept or reject Catholic teaching until you investigate it and know what it really is.

A distinguished Catholic author has written "A Letter To A Friend Not of My Faith." This letter has been published as a pamphlet which gives a remarkably clear and beautiful explanation of Catholic beliefs, worship and history, and a blue print of Christian living which will deeply move you whether you accept or reject the Catholic viewpoint.

We will be glad to send you a free copy of this interesting pamphlet on request. It will come to you in a plain wrapper—and nobody will call on you. Write today...ask for Pamphlet No. CH-23.

FREE
MAIL COUPON TODAY

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KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU**
582 Sherbourne St., Toronto 5, Ont., Canada

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled: "A Letter To Our Non-Catholic Neighbors" CH-23

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____

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Healthy hearty way to start your day!

OGILVIE VITA-B
WHEAT GERM CEREAL

NON-SLIP

CAT'S PAW

Soft, resilient HEELS
TWIN-GRIPPER SOLES
At all shoe repairers

LETTER TO A YOUNG "SQUARE"

Continued from page 39

leaders in every field.

You are more interesting yourself right now than the girls who giggle at you. It's true that being interesting is not the best recommendation for getting elected as a cheerleader. People of your group are not quite at an age where they can appreciate an interesting personality. But they will.

I know you have to live with your classmates as they are today, not the way they'll be later. I know you want approval, encouragement, friendship and a sense of belonging. We all do. And we all have to get along with all kinds of people all our lives. But if you decide to make a greater effort to fit in with the group (and it will be a good experience for you if you do) just keep in mind that it's going to be good for only a few years—till you graduate from high school. So don't do it at the expense of anything you really believe in, because the things you believe in will make life a deeper, more varied and much more rewarding experience.

Your tastes and interests will grow with you instead of disappearing when the crowd breaks up. Many of the things that the majority enjoy depend strongly on mass emotion. The fun is in the fad. There's nothing wrong with this; in fact, some of it is very desirable. But when the crowd disappears and the fad has gone, you need something more nourishing than pop tunes, paper-back thrillers and a knack for twirling a baton. This is one of the reasons why hundreds of thousands of adults attend "appreciation" courses — to escape from "popular" diversions, which gradually become very thin, flat and pointless, and to get back to the basic arts, sciences and crafts and all those things that appeal to squares.

And one more thing. Don't be too sure because you overheard someone call you a square that you're a hopeless outcast. You may be a lot more popular than you imagine. It may be just the ones who are trying most desperately to be popular who make you feel like a drip. The really popular kids probably have a lot of respect for you, and it may include some boys whom you think have never even noticed you.

Maybe you didn't have a single

dance the night of the prom, and stood there smiling and trying to look happy until you thought you'd go mad. But boys are often shy of girls they'd like to know — and for reasons girls never suspect. A shy, self-conscious boy is often scared silly by poise, and, in spite of the fact that you were pulp inside, you may have looked very cool and aloof on the outside. Many boys are uncomfortable with a girl who seems more mature than the average, and it's generally known that the human male is often uneasy about brains in females. It's a handicap that women have been gradually overcoming since the days of crinolines and high-button boots.

The modern intelligent woman has the chance to have a lot more fun, do more things, lead a fuller life than her great-great-grandmother did. But her freedom was won by individualists, women who thought for themselves, who weren't afraid to be different.

It's one of the reasons that before long you'll look back on your teenage troubles with a grin and be glad you were a square. **END**

LANGUAGE BARRIER

Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

*A wise man, easing domestic friction,
Will learn to grapple with distaff
diction,
And dig the rules of feminine jargon:
A worthless purchase is called a
"bargain";
"Nothing to wear" means nothing
new;
Stew, when there's company, is
"ragout."
A man must grasp, once his good wife
hints it,
That she doesn't dye her hair; she
"tints" it;
Though he has an abdomen, she has
a "tummy";
What he'd call edible she terms
"yummy."
And mastery of the "Femalese,"
Whereby he interprets with practised
ease
Remarks such as, "Dear, I 'adore'
Irene!
We're just not speaking, is all I mean,"
May well encourage a married man to
Pursue the simpler study of Bantu!*

From an enchanted forest glen . . . for your enchanting table!



The timeless grace of delicate blossoms, poised on a slender stem of flowing curves . . .

"Forest Flower"* by Community sets a beautiful new trend for softly elegant design! Use it, love it . . . every day at every meal. For only fine silverware like this brings such precious beauty to your table, such lasting pride to you. And lifetime Community now costs so little. See "Forest Flower" and the other famous Community patterns at your jeweller's or fine silverware department.

CM 59-1

Community*
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE



To introduce "Forest Flower"
42-Piece Service for Eight \$69.75
(Silverware only)

"Nobility" Chest in Mahogany, Walnut
or Fruitwood finish \$20.00

*Trademarks of Oneida Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

Such a wonderful choice of skirts by GOR-RAY... straight skirts... billowing skirts... trimly pleated skirts... all exquisitely GOR-RAY-tailored in superb fabrics in a glorious collection of colours.

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Fix up
your
home,
too

A BNS Home Improvement Loan—the best way to fix up your home

When your home needs any kind of alteration or repair... adding a room, repairing the roof, redecorating... and you don't have the necessary cash—come to The Bank of Nova Scotia for a low-interest Home Improvement Loan. Repayment can be

over several years, with instalments tailored to your convenience.

Drop in at your nearby Bank of Nova Scotia branch and talk over your plans with the manager. Right now is an excellent time.

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

More than 500 branches across Canada and in London, New York, the Caribbean.

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

Continued from page 35

An average \$1 a month for yaleting would keep the husband fairly neat, making the total for his personal appearance \$9 a month.

HOME ECONOMIST AND SHOPPER:

Chicken wings, sausages, beef Stroganoff—the housewife plans economical family meals and shops on her own, usually one big trip a week to the supermarket with a gaggle of children trailing her.

The housekeeper plans the meals but orders supplies from the corner grocery which delivers. This adds dollars to the grocery bill in extra delivery costs and higher charges on most grocery items in the smaller stores which deliver. Add about \$5 a month to the food budget.

CHAUFFEUR:

The housewife squires her children about in the family car for visits to the doctor and dentist, for shopping trips for children's shoes and clothes, to parties and extra lessons of one kind or another.

The housekeeper must use a taxi for these expeditions. At three outings a month, taxi fares amount to approximately \$5.

BABY SITTER:

Whoever thinks of a mother being a baby sitter? She's baby sitting all the time! However, without her, her husband must still be away from home for business meetings, club meetings, extra working days, on weekends, and days off for golf or skiing. And the paid housekeeper must also have her time off. Thus baby-sitting fees must be added to the account.

The going rate for baby sitters is 60 cents an hour. Since a baby sitter will probably be needed twice a week, for an average four-hour period each time, the minimum total is \$20.

HANDYMAN:

Almost without thinking about it, the housewife will pick up a screwdriver or hammer to right some small wrong about the house. Such small extras as the odd painting job (shelves or chairs in the children's rooms), fixing the front-door number plaque that fell off, or putting up the magnetic knife holder, or hammering a few nails into the back steps, or put-

ting a washer into a leaky faucet, are part and parcel of a housewife's day.

Upkeep for a house on this level, considering handyman's charges of \$1 an hour, would amount to at least \$3 a month.

CLEANER:

Spot-cleaning or cleaning rugs, chesterfields and chairs is another wifely task—especially with grubby small fingers leaving imprints on everything they touch.

Professional cleaners charge \$7.50 for a chesterfield and \$2.50 for large chairs. Rugs, depending on size, could be cleaned from about \$10. Considering once-a-year cleaning, the breakdown amounts to about \$2 a month, for chesterfield, two chairs, and one rug.

SEAMSTRESS:

Quite aside from the darning, button sewing and sheet mending a wife often acts as professional seamstress—even if only for the children's curtains and bedspreads, or school-play costumes, or cushions for the living room. The cost of making them at home is just half what it costs to have them made outside.

And clothes sewed for the children save fifty percent on their clothing budget. Children's party dresses, velvet or smocked, cost \$12 to \$15 to buy and can be made at home for \$3 to \$5. Overalls, smocks, pyjamas can be made for half price. Estimating an average six articles a year for the ordinary, not-mad-about sewing mother, the saving is approximately \$5 a month.

GARDENER AND GROUNDSKEEPER:

Into shorts for gardening in summer or on with the toque and mitts in the winter for snow-shoveling duties—it's all part of the working day for a housewife. With gardeners and snow shovelers charging \$1 an hour, and working an average hour and a bit a week over the changing seasons, the monthly cost would be around \$5.

HOSTESS:

Clean the floor, vacuum, whip up a divine dinner after feeding the children, jump into something glamorous and the housewife is ready to play hostess to her husband's business associates and clients as well as to family friends.

Without his wife, a husband would probably have to entertain (other than personal friends) at a dinner in a restaurant, at a cost of \$20 for three,

rather than the \$5 it might cost at home. And he would probably give one cocktail party a year at home to entertain all his friends. Catering for food for this for thirty people would cost \$25 rather than the \$10 a wife could manage on. With one dinner a month and a cocktail party a year, entertainment would cost him about \$17 a month extra.

TAX DEDUCTION:

And not to be forgotten, the one figure everyone can pinpoint is the \$1,000-a-year tax deduction stay-at-home wives are worth to their husbands—which is a pretty \$16.65 a month.

Grand total—\$257.65 a month at least. END ♦

Teen Tempo Fashions available at:

(See page 10)

Wm. G. dress—Morgan's, Montreal and Toronto; May Co., Toronto; Deb Shop, Ottawa; Eaton's, Winnipeg; Dorothy Gould, Regina; Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

Juniorite outfit — Elsie Reid, Seven Islands, Quebec; Mozart, Syndicat de Quebec and Lady Stuart, Quebec City; Simpson's and Lilli Margo, Toronto; Ross Stores, Welland, Ontario; Mary Skidmore, London, Ontario; Pearlman's, Regina; Briarbrook Shop, North Vancouver.

Casual Togs outfit — Morgan's and Ogilvy's, Montreal; Syndicat de Quebec and Norman and Fils, Quebec City; Eaton's, Toronto, Hamilton; Freiman's, Ottawa; Wallace's, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Ontario; Holiday Shop, Bracebridge, Ontario.

Vicky Vaughn dress — Creaghan's, Newcastle, N.B.; Ogilvy's, Ottawa; Metropolitan Ladies' Wear, Montreal; Hudson Bay, Winnipeg; Eaton's, Vancouver; W. H. Anderson, Nanaimo, B.C.

Key Junior dress—Bowring Bros., St. John's, Newfoundland; Mills Bros., Halifax, N.B.; Murphy Gamble Ltd., Ottawa; Morgan's, Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton; Doig's, Brandon, Man.; Johnstone Walker, Edmonton; Hudson's Bay, Calgary; Eaton's and Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria.



LONDON BY NIGHT! BIG BEN ACROSS THE RIVER THAMES

How to spend ten days in Britain for only \$500 fare included

Learn how amazingly economical a vacation in Britain can be. Read the facts and figures below—then get in touch with your travel agent or send to the British Travel Association at 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, for free illustrated literature.

(1) *How much does it cost to get to Britain and back?* Ask your travel agent about economy fares. You can go both ways from Toronto by rail and ship for \$378; both ways by air for \$450; from Vancouver by rail and ship \$514, by air \$635.

(2) *What are prices like in Britain?* Outside London or Edinburgh, your hotel room and breakfast can cost around \$3.50; your lunch 75c; your dinner \$1.25. A good seat in a London theatre costs less than \$2.00.

(3) *What does it cost to get around in Britain?* Train travel costs as little as 2.2c per mile; bus travel about 2c; a self-drive hire car about 3c per passenger mile—including gas, oil, everything.

The best man to see about your trip is your travel agent. For free literature, write British Travel Association, Dept. CT159, 90 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



History comes to life in Britain. Ancient customs and centuries-old ceremonies abound. Here, for example, is the Hornblower of Ripon, where, for nine hundred years, the horn has been sounded nightly at the Market Cross. Come and explore old-world Britain.

COME TO BRITAIN



Below: Unusually long-legged panty-girdle of power net provides the smooth line over hips and thighs so essential for narrow skirts, slims. By Peter Pan. Sizes S, M, L. About \$6.95.

To wear under full-skirted summer dresses—a cotton broadcloth basque by Formfit. The cups are embroidered, lightly padded; the garters, detachable. Comes in A 32-36; B and C 32-38. About \$8.95.

Plain talk on BRAS and GIRDLES

BY JUNE WERKER
Sketches by Ann Buckley

What exactly do you need to know to get the right foundation for your figure?

BUYING A FOUNDATION involves certain "know-how" and a strong mind able to resist a pretty picture or the convenience of telephone or mail order. As a designer of foundations, I would like to pass some of that know-how on to you.

However marvelous "Beaux Bras" promise to be in their latest ad, the brassiere you see there may not fit you at all, although quite probably the same firm makes another style which fits you wonderfully. But you can't find that out by looking at a photograph, or by talking to a store assistant over the phone or even over the counter. There is only one way you can be sure of satisfaction and that is *by trying on several likely garments in a fitting room.*

What is a good brassiere?

It should be firm, but never squeeze.

It should lift and support the breasts to your natural bustline, which is usually about halfway between your shoulder and elbow.

Brassieres have no age tag, and it is very important for the teen-ager to be fitted as carefully as her mother. Many a young woman has lost a naturally good bustline because she neglected to wear a good brassiere as soon as her breasts began to develop.

There are also unfortunately some women who perhaps used to be size 36, and insist on asking for the same size, even though they now measure one or two sizes larger. They may still get a 36 bra on, but the bulging resulting from this strange vanity only makes them look fatter—even ugly. In the correct size, they would be smooth and trim and, in fact, slimmer.

How to tell if a bra fits

Today's softly molded fashions would hang rather badly on a girl who has little bosom of her own. Now this problem is solved attractively by a wide range of contour uplifts. They need to be tried on just as carefully as other styles, because a badly

fitted padded bra can look unnatural.

Assuming that you know your measurements and the cup size you are likely to require, let's imagine you have been shown several likely styles. You are now in the fitting room, and whether the girl attending you is a trained fitter or not, you yourself want to be able to judge the brassieres:

Put on each brassiere. Make sure that each breast is placed properly in its cup, and above the under-bustline.

Adjust the shoulder straps, lifting your bustline to a flattering line.

Now check:

✓ *Do you fill the cups?* If not, you won't get firm support.

✓ *Do you more than fill them?* If you are bulging out above the top or under the arm, this means the cups are too small.

✓ *Does the centre front of the bra lie snugly on your chest wall?* It should. This gives you a natural division, and ensures support between the breasts.

✓ *Is the side of the* Continued on page 138



Boneless, seamless, stitchless girdle of Fabricon (latex and cotton) comes in pale pink, blue or green checked pattern. Replaceable garters have ribbon tabs. By Playtex. Extra small to large. About \$5.95.

For the woman who needs firm tummy and hip control—a girdle (below) with boned, vertical-stretch front panel, reinforced elastic over the hips; 6 garters. By Nemo. Waist sizes 27 to 34. About \$15.



More and more bras are being made with front fastening—it's handier, leaves the back smooth. Left, Sacony's Locket—in airy dacron and cotton. Sizes are A32-36; B32-38; C32-40. About \$4.



For best possible fit and control, a high-waisted girdle is combined with a long-line bra (centre figure). Both are by Warner. The bra is nylon taffeta, B32-38 and C34-40. About \$6. The lightly boned, lacey elastic girdle, sizes 26-32, about \$19.50.



Junior corselette (above) smooths the figure oh so prettily. A low-back pull-on by Nemo of nylon power net, taffeta and lace with satin elastic back panel. 32-36A; 32-38B. About \$13.

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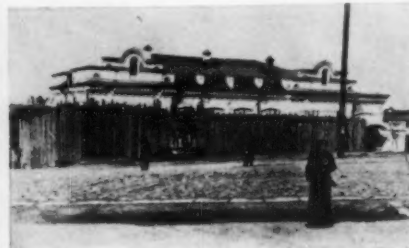
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The last Tsar—from days of glory to violent death



Royal look-alikes: Nicholas II, the ill-fated Tsar of Russia poses with his cousin-by-marriage, Britain's George V.



Death house, where Russia's royal family was shot, was once the palatial home of an Ekaterinburg merchant named Ipatiev. Red sentries guard fenced-off grounds.



Disconsolate monarch Nicholas rests in grounds where he and his family were forced to work during 16 months' captivity, guarded by Bolshevik soldiers.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ANASTASIA

Continued from page 31

she refused to tell her name or her motive for attempting suicide. Several weeks later, still refusing to speak a word about her past, she was sent to Dalldorf Mental Hospital.

She remained for two years. Toward the end of that time, one of her ward mates, a Berlin woman named Klara Maria Preuthert, who was recuperating from a nervous breakdown, came across a magazine picture of the Grand Duchess Tatiana and was struck by its resemblance to the nameless patient. Frau Preuthert had heard the rumor, which sprang up within weeks of the assassination, that a member of the Tsar's family had survived. The rumor named Tatiana, the Tsar's third daughter. Upon release from the sanitarium, Frau Preuthert went directly to a German friend, Baron Arthur von Kleist, who had many acquaintances among emigré Russian aristocrats in Berlin. To him she announced that she had found Tatiana.

Von Kleist hurried to the sanitarium with a member of the former Russian court, Baroness von Buxhoeveden. After viewing the patient, the Baroness said decisively that the woman in Dalldorf was not Tatiana; she was too small—she was as small as Anastasia, the youngest of the Tsar's daughters.

Several days later Frau Preuthert rebounded with the announcement that she had erred; her former ward mate was Anastasia. Russian emigrés flocked to the hospital and saw in the sick girl a remarkable resemblance to the youngest Romanov princess. Von

Kleist was impressed enough to ask for permission to remove the girl to his own home.

In May 1922, permission was granted and "Anastasia" began her melancholy odyssey.

On the side of the believers

Today, thirty-seven years later, she lives in an army hut in the Black Forest of Germany—ill, poor but firm in her claim to be the daughter of the Tsar. She is not without faithful followers.

One of them is Gleb Botkin, the son of the doctor who went to his death with the Tsar. Botkin lives now in New Jersey. Last October, in a letter to The New York Times, he listed half a column of "qualified witnesses" who have come forward to acknowledge "Anastasia" over the years. The distinguished German lawyer, Paul Leverkuehn, is pleading her case without fee for his services, because he is convinced of her authenticity. So is Guy Bolton, the producer of the English adaptation of the play, Anastasia. After having met the woman and exchanged letters with her, he announced, "I am prepared to stick my neck out on the side of the believers." Even more impressive, the authors of the play ceded a share of their royalties to "the heroine."

Her autobiography, *I Anastasia*, which was published in Britain last fall, "has an air of authenticity that makes it hard for the layman, at least, to doubt her," The Manchester Guardian Weekly commented. "Her book

gives the impression," the review went on, "of a woman to whom contact with others is impossible; to an alien world she brings the values and standards of a lost past with a rigidity and inhumanity as pathetic as they are appalling." What suggested the Romanov about her to the Guardian was "this fatal weakness of character, combined with an equally fatal degree of pride, stubbornness and the inability to face facts."

The facts of her current situation are bleak enough to make the sturdiest mind balk. In the long search for a lost name, this woman has lost everything: youth, the hope of happiness, usefulness and now, in premature old age, the comfort of family and friends about her. In her own words:

"Without a name, a human being is deformed, as if by a distorting mirror. No one else trusts him or believes in him, he is rejected even by those who were once close to him. Everything about him is remote, distant as a dream that escapes you before you catch it. Life itself turns into a dream."

Escape from a death cart

By "Anastasia's" own account, her life has been a long nightmare. Her claim is that she was gravely wounded but still alive when the bodies of the Romanovs and their retinue were removed from the Siberian cellar to trucks. She was discovered by a member of the guard detachment, Alexander Tchaikovsky who, because

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of a lingering loyalty to the Tsar, took advantage of the general confusion to hide her in his cart while the bodies of her family were being placed in the truck that was to carry them to the mine shaft and cremation. After caring for her for several days at the family farmhouse near Ekaterinburg, Tchaikovsky, joined by his mother, brother Sergei and sister Veronica, carted the sick girl across Russia to a haven in Rumania. A relative of the family took them into his home in Bucharest.

In the spring of 1919, Anastasia gave birth to Alexander's child and later married him. In midsummer he was mysteriously shot down in a street gun fight. Shortly after his death, the baby was put in a charitable institution. Anastasia, escorted by Sergei, set off for Berlin, with a vague plan to seek out the Princess Irene of Prussia, a sister of the murdered Tsar.

But on their first night in Berlin, Sergei deserted her and, "feeling wholly without help," the girl wandered to the bridge over the canal and threw herself into the ice-strewn water. She awakened in the Elizabeth Hospital.

From then on, the story of her life has been told in press reports in a dozen languages. It's a consistent record of hopes raised and hopes shattered.

Her stay in the home of Baron von Kleist, her first benefactor, was brief and interrupted by her inexplicable disappearance for three days in the summer of 1922. She left Von Kleist's house wearing a camel-colored coat and lilac hat and returned in a blue dress and hat.

With Von Kleist's full approval, she was removed by an Inspector Gruenberg of the Berlin police to the latter's house in the country. The inspector had arranged for Princess Irene (who had last seen Anastasia as an eleven-year-old) to confront her there.

When she saw her supposed aunt, the girl fled upstairs. She was outraged, she told her host, by the manner in which the meeting was staged.

Soon afterward, her health again deteriorated and she was sent back to hospital, where her condition was diagnosed as tuberculosis. She stayed in hospital for a year, then, again briefly, with the Von Kleists. They turned her over to Frau Preuthert from whose house she was removed by Inspector Gruenberg, who was still fascinated by "the historical mystery here." Unable to interest anyone in

her "pathetic situation" and frustrated by the woman's own passivity, he shipped her to a hospital in East Berlin.

At this point she found a new champion, a Berlin artist named Harriet von Rathlef, who had met her in the home of Inspector Gruenberg. It was on Frau von Rathlef's initiative that contact was made with the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig von Hesse-Darmstadt, a brother of the late Tsarina. Frau Tchaikovsky, as "Anastasia" was called, quickly earned the enmity of that German nobleman by remarking that she had last seen him in St. Petersburg in 1916. Germany and Russia were then at war. The Grand Duke angrily denied his presence in an enemy capital.

But the woman stuck to her sensational assertion. Later, two witnesses, a former Russian army officer and the stepdaughter of the Kaiser, came forward separately to confirm her statement.

Who is "Anastasia"?

By now, the Danish minister in Berlin, Herluf Zahle, had entered the well-publicized Anastasia story. His interest stemmed from the fact that the survivors of the House of Romanov—the mother of the Tsar, Empress Maria Feodorovna and her daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga—were living in Copenhagen, guests of the Danish royal family. The Danish minister visited Frau Tchaikovsky many times in Mommsen Nursing Home and collected a great deal of material which has never been made public. Much was inferred, however, from the fact that he paid her bills for several years.

Early in 1927, Frau Tchaikovsky entered one of the few pleasant periods in her life. She was moved to Seon Castle in Bavaria, as the guest of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, another "relative." There her reception was "extremely hospitable and understanding." She was given a room on the first floor with a fine view of the garden and lake and a daily supply of fresh flowers. "As in the old days," she writes, "I ate good food and drank vodka."

The "old days" were short-lived. In April 1927, the Berlin newspaper *Nachtausgabe* published the findings of a private detective, Martin Knop, who had been hired by the editors (possibly on the initiative of the House of Hesse-Darmstadt) to look into the Anastasia case. After search-

ing Berlin police files for missing young women with Slavic names (who might, therefore, have an understanding but no command of the Russian language, as in the mystery woman's case), he found one Franziska Schanzkowski, who had disappeared on February 15, 1920—twelve days before "Anastasia" was fished out of the Landwehr Canal.

Knop traced Franziska from the Polish German village of Borowielass, where she had lived until 1915, to Berlin where she worked in a defense plant and was injured in an explosion. As a result of her injuries, she spent three years in mental hospitals. In November 1919, she returned to the Berlin rooming house where she had lived before the accident.

The daughter of the landlady, Doris Wingender, remembered Franziska as a reader of romantic novels, who kept a picture of the Russian royal family on her dressing table. In mid-February, she disappeared. Then in July 1922, for three days, she returned to

the Wingenders, to tell a romantic story about living with a Russian emigré who kept her almost a prisoner. She asked for a change of clothing. Doris gave her a blue dress and a pale-blue hat—the same clothes as "Anastasia" wore on her return to the Von Kleist house in July 1922.

Five years later, Doris Wingender was brought to Secon to confront the Duke's guest. "She is Franziska Schanzlowski," Doris said. "Anastasia" emphatically denied ever having seen the visitor before. The detective's report was denounced as a tale concocted by the Hesse-Darmstadt family.

The next chapter in the Anastasia story opens with the arrival from the United States of Gleb Botkin, the son of the Tsar's personal physician, who had perished with the royal family in Siberia. He was there to investigate "Anastasia" for a New York newspaper. He tested her by drawing the same caricatures of court figures as he had made for the princesses'

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Golden gowns, jewel-encrusted, were worn by the royal couple.



In military mode, Princess Tatiana (left) wears parade uniform of a colonel in the Vossnessenk Lancers. Princess Olga is gowned as a colonel of the Elizabethgrad Hussars, and Tsarina (right) as Lancer.

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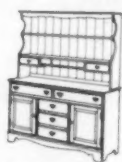
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amusement in their childhood. According to Botkin, she identified them promptly and without a miss. He pronounced her Anastasia.

On Botkin's recommendation, the Princess Xenia (a third cousin of the Tsar, who had married a wealthy U. S. businessman) brought the woman from Bavaria to her home in Long Island. The year was 1928. New York society was delighted to have the mystery woman in its midst. A fund was started for her and she was lionized by Park Avenue and Oyster Bay hostesses.

But once again, her supporters fell out, "Anastasia" took to her sick bed and by 1930, under the name of Anna Anderson, she was committed to a mental institution. A year later, having been declared mentally incompetent, she was shipped back to Germany.

Her life since then has been the dreary, dependent existence of the semi-invalid. Now, in a hut as poor as the one from which the Polish peasant, Franziska, must have escaped, "Anastasia" awaits the verdict of the Hamburg court.

Olga meets "Anastasia"

The document that the Grand Duchess Olga has dispatched from Canada may well prove to the court's satisfaction that the invalid in the Black Forest is *not* Anastasia.

Olga and her mother both accepted as tragic fact that Anastasia had died in Ekaterinburg. Olga's visit to Berlin in 1925 was to accommodate the Danish minister's curiosity, not her own. She would have wished to avoid this painful revisiting of the past.

The patient in the Mommsen Nursing Home bore only the faintest physical resemblance to the godchild Olga had cherished in St. Petersburg. Anastasia, like her mother, was thin-featured, whereas the young woman before her was fairly full-faced, with an ample mouth and broad nose. But more significantly, there was no thread of affection between them. For the battered young woman in the hospital bed, Olga felt only compassion.

Anastasia was Olga's godchild. For years Olga had spent her Saturdays at the palace with the four girls and their brother Alexis. Each Sunday, they came to her. Anastasia was a lovable child—immensely gay and innocently fond of nonsense. She took full advantage of the freedom from court formality that her godmother's

household allowed. There she met handsome young officers (one of whom Olga was to marry) and played elaborate practical jokes on her father's dignified, near-sighted adjutant. She and her aunt were not unlike in temperament: Olga, too, found the atmosphere of the court oppressively stuffy. She was happy to escape from it to nurse in the Crimea during World War I. By so doing, she escaped the fate of the royal family in Ekaterinburg.

The last happy souvenir she had of Anastasia and her sisters was a wedding present from them—a tablecloth of their own making—which arrived at the military hospital in southern Russia at which Olga was serving in time for her marriage in 1916 to Colonel Koulikovsky. Shortly afterward, the royal family was caught in the toils of the revolution.

Now, nine years later, to satisfy the Danish minister, Herluf Zahle, who had brought her from Copenhagen, and the German police inspector, Gruenberg, who had accompanied them to the hospital, she went through the painful procedure that they had agreed upon. She gave the girl a series of tests.

First she showed her a picture of Anastasia's grandmother, the Empress. It evoked no response from the girl. She presented snapshots of Anastasia's own nurse and of a group of five officers whom she had met often on Sundays in Olga's home. Again, there was no recognition—she could not even identify the officers' uniforms. A picture of Saint Nickolas, who, to a Romanov, was the most familiar of holy figures, had no significance for the woman.

The visual tests were necessary because the patient had already failed the more important ones of language. Anastasia spoke, besides Russian, French and English. The woman being interviewed knew only German and Polish. When Olga left the nursing home, her best hope for its mysterious patient was that she might recover from her delusions.

Nearly thirty years later Olga still lives with the Anastasia myth. She has no confidence that it will end with the Hamburg court decision. Several months ago, when the impending court action was publicized in North American newspapers, she received another in a long series of letters from a woman in Chicago. The woman wrote, angrily, "Why don't you expose that woman in Germany? You know that I am Anastasia." END ♦

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- 3 Canned peaches sink, bananas float in Jell-O. Add both to Raspberry Jell-O for an interesting "self-layering" mould.



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PLAIN TALK ON BRAS AND GIRDLES

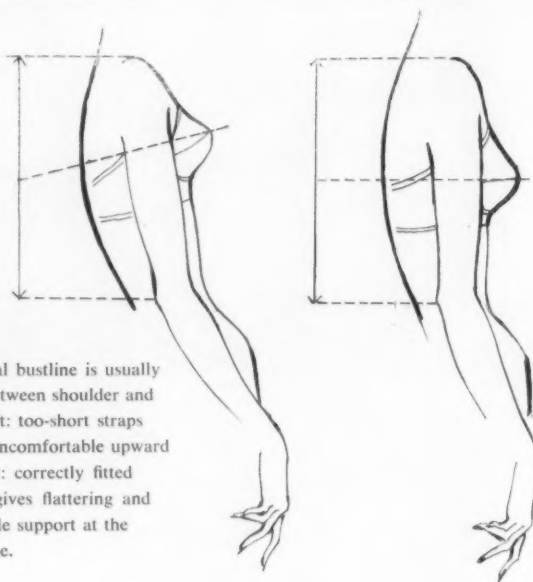
Continued from page 131

bra gaping under the arm? If so you will lose the support needed on the breast sides.

✓ *Look behind. Is the back well down below the shoulder blades?* Those who need more than average support may find the weight of their breasts pulls the back of the bra upward and out of balance. They will find much more comfort and success by switching to a long-line style, whose very design combats this tendency for bras to droop, and gives an excellent firm uplift. Contrary to the dismay that some younger women show on the subject of deeper brassieres, a long-line brassiere is just as pretty in style and fabric as its briefer sister, and can certainly do a better job.

✓ *Is the back of the brassiere digging into your flesh?* This will make an ugly bulge under your clothes. Either the bra is too tight, or you should try a deeper band which will control loose flesh smoothly.

The natural bustline is usually midway between shoulder and elbow. Left: too-short straps cause an uncomfortable upward tug. Right: correctly fitted brassiere gives flattering and comfortable support at the natural line.



✓ *Are the shoulder straps comfortable?* They should never dig into your shoulders. C cup fittings really need at least a double thickness of ribbon three-quarter inch to one inch

wide, for everyday wear. There are several brands offering this, but failing that, you should stitch some wider plush ribbon, or double satin, under the original bra strapping without

interfering with the convenience of the adjustment buckles in front. Straps are not a minor detail, they are very, very important to the success of the entire brassiere.

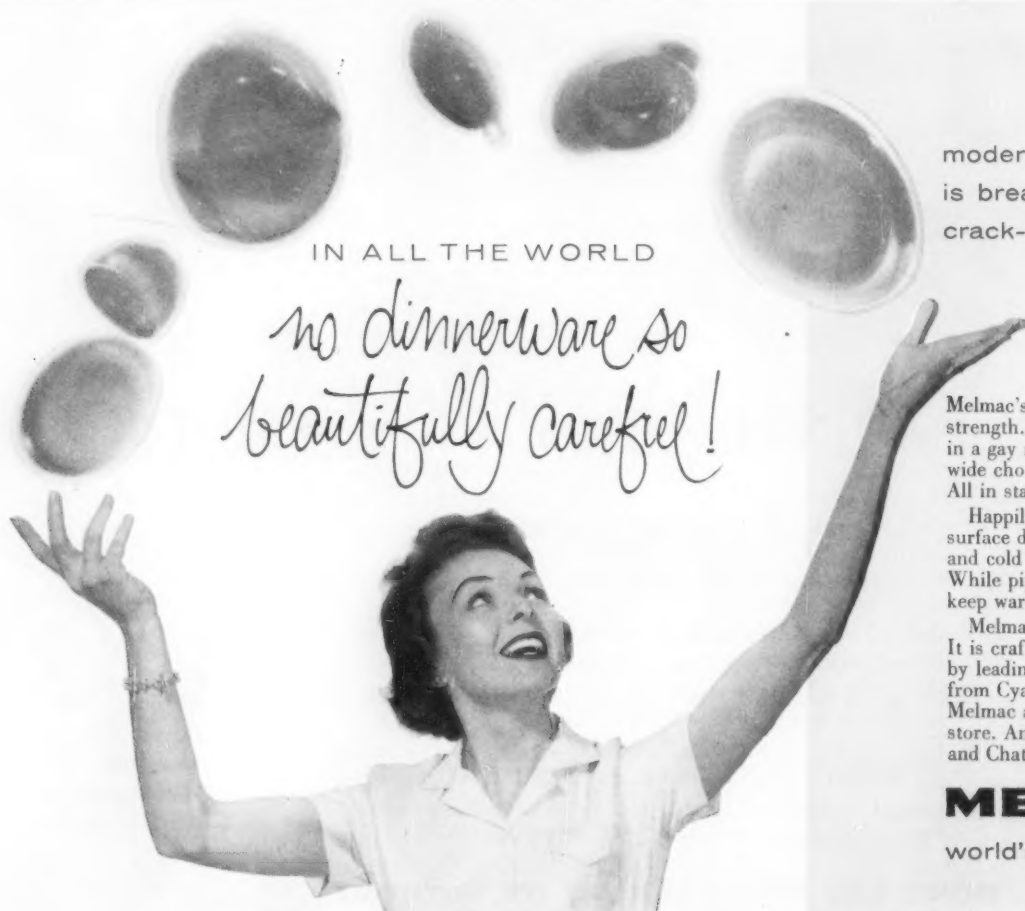
✓ *Is the under-bust band fitting firmly?* Fine. It should not be loose and let the breast slip down from the cups. Nor should it be so tight that it feels uncomfortable, or wrinkles and digs into the diaphragm.

Having checked these important features, sit down and check them again! When sitting your waist and diaphragm expand, and you want to be sure that your brassiere will allow you to sit comfortably. If a bra is too tight, the breasts and any loose flesh are pushed up giving an undesirable "trussed up" look.

Having checked for sitting, get up, bend forward and move your arms about. Are you still in the brassiere as firmly and comfortably as you were before? You should be.

If it's a wired uplift

There are some excellent wired uplifts on the market, designed for all types of figures. The wiring is used



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as a firm method of encircling the cup, ensuring a good division in the centre, and a secure hold of the breasts at each side. It is very important that the wire be well padded by a protective binding. There should be absolutely no digging into the tender tissues of the breast. A particularly vulnerable point is at each side, under the arms. The cup fitting in wired brassieres must be adequate; all the breast should be held between the padded wiring.

Darts may be necessary

Nowadays A, B, C and D cup fittings are made for a wide range of sizes. If you are a slim 32 but require the fullness of a D cup, these are now available. At the other extreme, one well-known bra is now made in AAA cup, sizes 28-34 for the very small figure or teen-ager. How-



Be sure your bra cup fitting is correct. Then, if the midriff is too loose, take tucks in both sides of back.

ever, if you are unable to find a correct cup fitting in your midriff size, this is what you should do: If you have tried a selection of 32C and none are full enough, try a selection in sizes 34C and D. You will then probably find a good cup fitting, but the rest of the brassiere will be too loose. The important thing is that you have fitted the cups, because the bra trim (back and sides) can easily be darted and made smaller, to give you a firm uplift.

Remember, bra sizes, like shoes, vary with the make. If you take a 34B in one make, you may need a 34C or 36B in a different style or

brand. This is another reason why it's important to try before you buy.

Choosing a strapless bra

Strapless brassieres require some special advice. Unless you are strictly a firm-breasted A cup fit, there is

no doubt that the best strapless designs for you are those which extend right down to the waist or beyond. Regardless of whether you need smoothing control at the diaphragm and back or not, this is the only type that, correctly fitted, is guaranteed never to let you down!

Basic rules for fitting are the same as for regular brassieres, except that the sitting-down test is especially important. Strapless designs are boned or wired, often both. If wires or boning are badly placed or too long, sitting will reveal this immediately.

It is also very important, while you



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are in the fitting room, to lift your arms and have a good wiggle as if you were dancing. You want to be sure that you can relax and enjoy yourself while the bra stays in its proper place.

On the subject of strapless bras, I would like to stress that they are designed specifically for evening or occasional wear. I have known some women who, because they are heavy-breasted and have had discomfort with inadequate shoulder straps, have tried to solve their problem by wearing strapless styles. However excellent a strapless design may be, it can never be as supporting as a good uplift with shoulder straps.

A girdle is a must

A good girdle is always most important. Choose one which molds, flatters and supports your individual figure. However slim you may be, nothing looks worse under a fashionable slim skirt than a "sloppy seat." A full-length elastic girdle, as lightweight as you like, is always smarter than a three-inch garter belt.

How to put on a girdle

TO PUT ON AN ALL-ELASTIC GIRDLE, WHICH HAS NO FASTENING:

1. Turn the garment inside out, and upside down.
2. Step into the garter end first, and bring the girdle up above your hip-line.
3. Turn the girdle right side out, making sure it is centred properly.
4. Pull it down, and into place, so that it lies smoothly over the thigh and tucks neatly under the seat.
5. Fasten back garters, then front ones.

Your saleswoman should tell you what length each girdle is designed to cover. For instance, is it meant to be worn one inch or two inches above the waistline, or is it cut from the waist down? Never dig your fingernails into the elastic when pulling a girdle into place. When taking it off, it is better to roll it off, than to pull it down by yanking it from the bottom.

SEMI STEP-IN GIRDLES, OPENING BY WAY OF ZIPPERS, are made in a wide range of fabrics and degree of control. The opening is there to allow the waist of a more rigid garment to be pulled over the hipline without exerting too much strain on you or the girdle.

1. Step into the garment (no shoes, please) with the fastening opened down to the lowest hook.

2. Bring the girdle up to its correct position at the hip.

3. Now fasten your back garters. (If you were to complete the fastening first and then stoop to fasten garters, the girdle would slip and get out of place.)

4. Fasten any hooks and eyes which are under the zipper, always starting from the bottom. This will give you the desired tummy-controlling action.
5. Close up the zipper.

6. Do up front garters.

WITH LESS ELASTICIZED WRAP-AROUND STYLES, it is just as important to fasten the hooks and eyes from the bottom upward. The garment should be wrapped around the figure, and the hooks fastened as far up as the hipline. At this point, make sure the girdle is in the right position by a slight swivel if necessary; then fasten the back garters before completing the fastening.

LACED GARMENTS should always have the lower lacing tightened first, also, to ensure correct abdominal support. Then once the garment is in place and the back garters fastened, the waistline loops should be pulled in, but never to a squeezing degree.

When the lacing of a new corset has been adjusted to a firm supporting fit, it should still be at least two inches open. Just as with shoes, lacing should never meet, or there is no longer allowance for stretch and no spring left in the garment.

How to tell if a girdle fits

A common mistake is buying girdles according to waist measurement. Unless you have the average ten inches difference between your waist and hips, this often leads to trouble. If you have narrow hips the average girdle will be too loose at the thigh, and you will gain no support around the hip and tummy. If your hips are wider than average, then the average garment selected by your waist measurement will be too tight around the hip and ride up uncomfortably.

With bras we have learned to fit the cups first. In girdles we fit the hip. And so with your hip measured, with your waistline and general body length considered, and with some idea of what degree of control you require, once again you find yourself in the fitting room, with a selection of "possibles" to try on:

- ✓ Put the girdle on in the correct manner, and in its designed position.
- ✓ First check how it fits at your widest

Chatelaine — April 1959

AFTER BATH OR SHOWER

STAY Refreshingly FRAGRANT All Over

WITH April Showers DEODORANT TALC

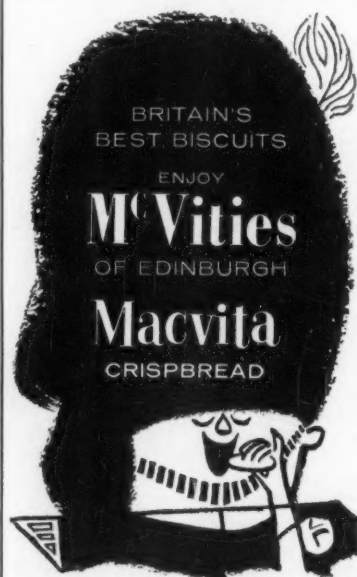


Lasting
and
Effective

only
69c

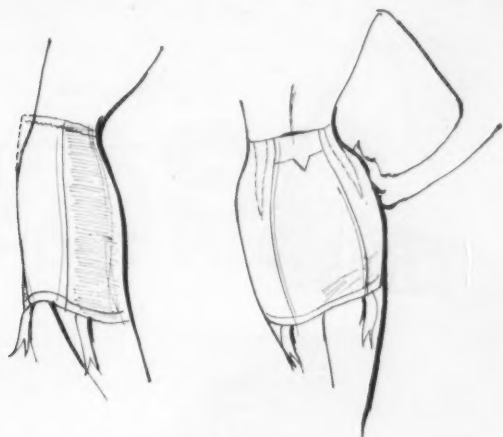
This exquisite deodorant talc protects where ordinary deodorants never do... safeguards your freshness from top to toe, with the delightfully refreshing fragrance of April Showers.

by CHERAMY
LEADING FRAGRANT TOILETRIES



MCVITIE & PRICE (CANADA) LTD.
53P 110 Julland Road, Toronto 18, Ont.





Girdles must fit your hip measurement. If the waist needs adjusting, tuck the sides, or both sides of the back (depending on fabrics)—never the front.

est point, that is around the hip and the base of your abdomen. It should be good and firm but not straining to a wrinkled crease. If it is firm at your hip, but flaps loosely around the bottom or under your seat, you should try the same style an inch or so shorter in the thigh.

Once the hip and thigh are fitted satisfactorily look at the waist or top of the girdle. The waist should never be so tight that it squeezes. This either pushes up an unsightly roll of flesh, or squeezes muscle and loose flesh downward to form a tummy—either of which is a bad bargain for an inch less at the waist.

In all-elastic pull-ons, the degree of elasticity usually ensures the proper snugness all over. However, if the waistline is obviously too loose, and stands away from your body, and no better all-over fit can be found, then this can easily be adjusted.

For example, suppose you have a 26-inch waist, but your hip measures 40 inches—two to three inches wider than the span allowed by the average garment. Try first to find a garment specially made for your figure type. Failing this you will need to try at least size 28-inch girdles, in order to fit your hip and thigh smoothly. Then any noticeable excess at the waist should be taken in by darts.

These should be stitched on either side of the back or on each side panel, depending on the fabrics involved. Even if the looseness appears to be in the front, waist darts should never be made there—only at the sides and back—or the shape of the garment will be spoiled.

Having checked the above, and with your garters fastened, sit down. The sitting test is very important.

Does the girdle stay snugly in position? It should sit with you, not ride up. Riding up indicates that the garment is too tight.

Check any boning carefully. Boning in the front panel should remain flat. If it digs into the groin, or bows out between the groin and waist, then it is too long. Back bones should either just miss the chair, or be long enough to sit under with you.

On the subject of boning I would like to stress that a firm girdle does not necessarily need boning, but if there is boning there it has been put there for a purpose—and it was not designed to be filleted! In the case of high-waisted styles, the boning is there to keep the garment up above the waist. If removed only a wrinkled flop remains!

Pantie girdles for every day

Pantie girdles are increasingly popular, and deserve a special note.

They were originally introduced specifically as a sports garment, to wear under shorts, and generally for the younger and slimmer figure.

Realizing that for some women pantie girdles have a definite advantage over regular girdles, designers have been developing an excellent range of styles and strengths, and they are now a very smart choice for everyday wear, too. Pantie girdles are the only type of foundation that will not ride up when worn without stock-

Continued on page 144

Horrockses®



HORROCKSES (CANADA) LTD., 1115 SHERBROOKE ST., W., MONTREAL, P.Q.



SHOULD YOUR NEXT APPLIANCE BE A

By Chatelaine Institute

Dryer?

A DRYER —

- Saves energy** Line drying takes 10 times as much energy as loading and unloading a dryer
- Saves clothing** Clothes are softer, fluffier and last longer
- Saves time** Hanging out an eight-pound load takes 28 times as long as placing it in a dryer
- Saves money** You need fewer linens and clothes for growing children

What's the right temperature control?

Choose a temperature-control system that suits the size of the laundry load and the fabrics in your wash basket. The preset one-temperature control is all you need if you wash one load a day, made up of mixed fabrics, cottons, linens and synthetics. This control has a maximum temperature of approximately 165 degrees and is safe for all fabrics. If you have a worthwhile percentage of synthetics or delicate fabrics you may prefer a dryer with a temperature control of several heat settings. With this type, separate the fabrics and dry each type individually. Use "normal" or "high" setting for cottons and linens; "low" setting for synthetics and "wash and wear" garments. Some dryers have a timer control which will stop dryer at your chosen time, others have a thermostatic control which will stop dryer whenever the clothes are dry. Most thermostatic controls can also be set to stop at "damp dry."

You need these basic features

1. Wide opening and easy-to-reach cylinder for convenient loading and unloading.

2. When supplied, an easily cleaned and easily reached lint screen and/or drip pan.
3. Easily cleaned controls out of small children's reach.
4. Smoothly finished rust-proof drum interior. If drum is perforated, holes should be small enough ($\frac{3}{8}$ inch or less) so that hooks or button shanks won't catch.
5. Dryer capacity should take the full load from your washer, eight to ten pounds dry weight.
6. An interior light.
7. Adequate manufacturer's warranty and good dealer service policy.
8. Detailed instruction booklet.
9. Quiet operation. Note this during a demonstration.

Extra features

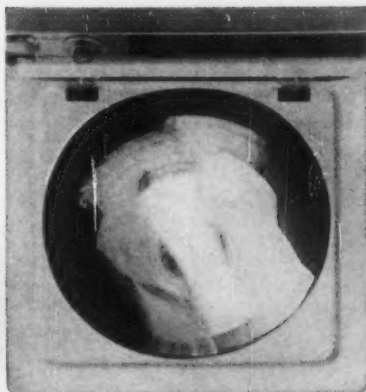
- You may find some of these worth-while, but you should be prepared to pay more for them.*
1. Chrome trim, color and all-porcelain (instead of baked enamel) exterior.
 2. Extra-long drying control set over ninety minutes.

3. Dryer shut-off signal lights, music or bell.
4. Console panel—back panel lights, illuminated controls, monograms, etc.
5. Special loading doors, push-button or foot-operated; windows in doors.
6. Ozone or sterilizer lamps.
7. Drying instructions mounted on back panel.
8. Automatic clothes sprinkler.
9. Filtered incoming air.
10. Appliance outlet for iron, with its own circuit breaker.
11. "Off" heat for fluffing pillows, towels and so on.
12. Inside safety latch that allows a small child to push door open from inside.

How to install

For a faster, more efficient operation at less cost have any electric dryer installed on 230-volt current with a 3-prong receptacle. If a dryer has no condensing system you should have it vented to the outside so that the humid air is not deposited on walls or recirculated through dryer, increasing drying time. **END**◆

Isn't it wonderful that with all its daintiness and beauty, you can wash this Luxite-Kayser lingerie any way you want...tumble or drip-dry it...and always wear without ironing. It won't lose its pretty looks or shape—ever. The wash and wear will never wash out—it's built right



into the 'Terylene'* fibre. Wouldn't you like lingerie that stays lovely with so little fuss? Look for 'Terylene' lingerie by Luxite-Kayser, famous designers of Canada's loveliest lingerie. It bears the distinctive 'Terylene' tag that tells you it's 100% automatic wash and wear.

WASH
WITHOUT WORRY

WEAR
WITHOUT IRONING



ILLUSTRATED, THE
"PORTRAIT SET" BY



   **TERYLENE**
*REGISTERED TRADEMARK POLYESTER FIBRE. 'TERYLENE' IS MADE IN CANADA BY C-I-L.

TERYLENE

takes care of itself

"Leave me alone!"



Twisted by hate, the boy beat savagely at the arm of the chair. He was twelve years old, a twitching, ugly-tempered sadist, product of a broken home and fourteen foster parents — one of twenty-eight such children treated over the last six years at a residential home in Ottawa known as the Protestant Children's Village.

To social worker Douglas Finlay, the boy was a challenge. Could he and the rest of the staff save George from a career in crime? Could they rescue the boy from his emotional agony?

Read the new Maclean's for the compelling story of the home that rebuilds children's lives.

AND THERE'S MUCH MORE

- The art of Lunenburg cooking — and eating.
- The spring we knew when we were kids.
- Mount Royal's valiant stand against progress.

READ THE MARCH 28 ISSUE OF:

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Continued from page 141

ings. And the new legged styles can be very flattering to those who need a smooth unbroken thigh line.

As with regular girdles, it is important to fit your hip first. Great care should be taken that the pantie is not too short for you, from the waist to the crotch. Take care also that the base of the legs, long or short, are not too tight. If they dig into your flesh, one of this design's main assets is lost. Most good designs are made to allow for even the quite fleshy thigh, and some have the garter attachments coming from underneath the leg, to ensure perfect smoothness under your clothing.

Personally I feel that even though your pantie girdle has a detachable crotch lining for laundering, it is nicer to wear the girdle over your briefs.

When to choose a corselette

Corselettes are, of course, a luxury in smooth all-in-one control, and are excellent for today's fashions. They require very careful shopping, because there are a lot of rules to be remembered and fitted, all in the one garment. Cup size, over-all bust measurement, length from shoulder to waist, waist measurement, hip measurement, length from waist to thigh. Personally I think that unless one's budget is unlimited, a girdle-and-bra combination is easier to find, fit and pay for—with the same good results.

There are some figures with loose flesh in the back and front midriff area which show a spare tire—despite careful fitting. This can be firmly controlled and smoothed, without boning or heavy fabrics, if the woman wears her favorite type of girdle, and replaces her brief uplift with a long-line one. The band of the bra should come down at least one inch over the top of the girdle, and the hooks provided at the bottom should be sewn on the girdle at corresponding points.

Most of us can afford to buy enough bras and girdles, perhaps in a variety of colors, to give them the frequent washing they require. But to acquire the same variety and number of corselettes is much more expensive. Corselettes should, therefore, be bought for occasional wear, if you fancy the idea of wearing them. They are at no time essential for any figure.

A final point. When you next go foundation-shopping remember that however successful the designer has been in creating a garment, that is only half the battle. Success really is up to you. Understand your figure type and your wardrobe needs. Realize that the store assistant cannot help you when you are covered up by outer clothing or "don't have the time" to try a garment on. Her advice and the fitting room cost you no more—and combined with your own know-how, they'll assure you of satisfaction. **END**◆

YOU WERE ASKING CHATELAINE

Question:

What is the best way to use starch? Can I put it in my washing machine?

—Mrs. F. W. C., Toronto.

Answer:

There are vegetable or plastic-type starches. The vegetable-type wash off during the next laundering, plastic types last through several washings. Follow starch package or bottle directions.

Sort clothes to be starched, according to the finish you wish (stiff, medium or light.) Start with pieces requiring the stiffest finish, because the starch solution becomes weaker each time it is used. Use enough starch solution to cover the clothes.

Check washing machine manufacturer's directions to see if starching can be done in your machine. If so follow the directions. Some manufacturers do not advise using plastic starch in their washer or dryer. Rinse washer with hot water after starching to prevent clogging in the drain.

Use a heavier starch solution if drying with an automatic dryer or line-drying on a windy day. Dry starched articles separately in a dryer as moisture from unstarched items will dilute the strength. Remove while still damp dry for pressing. Starched shirts iron more easily when cold. Slip them in a plastic bag and leave in the refrigerator overnight.

MARILYN BELL DILASCIO

continued from page 14

wanted, an ordinary unpretentious, untense existence.

When I went to see her recently in Camden, it was the day before a long holiday weekend. Her baby Lisa Jane was cranky; she'd just had an immunization shot at her monthly check-up. Marilyn was in a rush trying to clean house and get ready for the eighty-mile drive to her in-laws' home in Atlantic City where she and Joe were going to spend the holiday. But she relaxed for a couple of hours to talk over coffee, chatting mostly about her baby and what she wants for her ("I used to get so sick of fond mothers but now I'm worse than anybody") and about her attempts, if not to forget the fame her swimming prowess brought her, at least to get it into perspective.

Gifts for a heroine

Since their marriage a year ago last September, the DiLascios have lived in a one-bedroom ground-floor apartment that looks onto the central court of an L-shaped block of buildings, about half an hour by cab from downtown Philadelphia. The day I was there, Marilyn had propped a sponge mop and an inverted wash pail to dry on the small veranda outside. She came to answer the door in a skirt, sweater and flat shoes, looking only slightly less childlike than she did when she swam the lake at sixteen.

The living room of the apartment is furnished in the standard pattern with a chesterfield, matching big chair and TV set. The walls are beige, there's a bowl of artificial fruit on the television cabinet and the big baby carriage near the door seems to have a rightful place in the décor. But if you get close to a mahogany chest of silver, masquerading as an end table, you can see a metal plaque on front, inscribed with the best wishes of the city of Toronto. The small Oriental rug on the floor was a gift from a dealer at the time of the Lake Ontario swim and another company presented Marilyn with the combination radio-phonograph.

Over the chesterfield are three glass shelves crammed with trophies, including a full-sized stuffed beaver. All of these are part of the deluge of presentations made to Marilyn



STANFIELD'S SHIRTS AND SHORTS FOR MY FAMILY!

SALESMAN: *But madam, of course...*

MOTHER: And if you think I'd let my family go through the summer in anything but Stanfield's you've got another think coming.

SALESMAN: *Madam, I assure you...*

MOTHER: Let me tell you that Stanfield's Shirts and Shorts are made from high grade cotton yarns. So it doesn't matter how long they're worn or how often I wash them, they stay soft as new.

SALESMAN: *Madam, please! If you'd only...*


MOTHER: And another thing. My family always used to be complaining about discomfort. But not with Stanfield's. They've found that Stanfield's Shirts and Shorts don't bulge or creep up. And because the waistbands are wide and made from mercerized elastic, they don't get hot... won't roll or chafe. And that patented Munsingwear

neckband on the T-Shirts is nylon reinforced... keeps its shape for ever.

SALESMAN: *May I say something...*

MOTHER: Then Stanfield's Underwear is so hard-wearing... you can even buy Stanfield's Shorts with double seats. Comfort... long wear... *that's* why I insist on Stanfield's Shirts and Shorts. So don't try to sell me anything else.

SALESMAN: *Madam, all I've been trying to say is that I agree with you. ALL my women customers insist on Stanfield's Underwear.*

STANFIELD'S 
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
make underwear, lingerie and sleepwear for him, for her and for small types too.
STANFIELD'S LIMITED, TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

Now...for the first time

A special laxative for women!



- Regulates effectively
- Works so pleasantly
- Ideal for a woman's delicate system

Correctol is an entirely new type of laxative... developed especially for you and your delicate system!

Correctol works differently from most other laxatives. Even during menstruation, in pregnancy, after childbirth, it gives the gentle and pleasant relief a woman wants and needs. And women past middle age get the same sure, gentle relief.

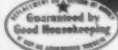
The secret of Correctol is a new *non-laxative regulator* — with a wonderful action that simply softens waste. Along with this, Correctol contains a small amount of *mild laxative* — just enough to give regularity a start.

The next time constipation troubles you, try new Correctol. Get the fast relief you want and need — in a gentle, pleasant way. Now at all drug stores. 30 tiny pink tablets, only \$1.25.

Write for FREE sample to Dept. C, P.O. Box 755, St. Laurent, Montreal 9, P.Q.

Correctol.

the first laxative especially for feminine use



Chatelaine — April 1959

after her first big swim—gifts that included a pale-blue convertible, seventy-two boxes of cereal, five years' supply of salt, three permanent waves, a complete wardrobe of dresses, five watches, three radios, two television sets and three furs.

Too young for mink

Many of these things Marilyn has never used. "I have two mink scarves I won't look old enough to wear when I'm sixty." But the DiLascios' only car is the '56 Austin that was given to Marilyn free of charge when she traded in the convertible. Otherwise Marilyn claims the swims haven't made that much difference to their financial situation. It's been estimated that in cash and merchandise Marilyn made \$100,000 in three summers, but she says, "We live on Joe's salary. Most people have an exaggerated idea of how much money I earned anyway. On the last two swims I split the proceeds 75-25 with Gus Ryder and he donated his money to the Lakeshore Swim Club."

Marilyn also says that she has yet to miss the excitement and attention she got during the marathons. "I've only been swimming once in a year and a half and that was just a paddle in a pool." Then she looks reflective and remarks, "I've never been sorry I swam Lake Ontario. People were fantastically kind to me. But Joe and I don't think we'd ever want Lisa to be a distance swimmer." Joe's own mother was a marathoner in the twenties and he met Marilyn when she swam the Atlantic City marathon race



Marilyn's husband, Joseph DiLascio, is a New Jersey state parole officer.

in 1954. "We wouldn't stop Lisa, of course—but we both think it would be nicer and a lot more dignified if she were a sprinter. She might even get on the Olympic team."

The price of fame

Neither of them would want Lisa subjected to the kind of publicity Marilyn's achievements unleashed. It was news when Marilyn got a traffic ticket, had her wallet (containing \$1.59) stolen, sang with the Loretto Abbey Triple Trio or failed an exam. When, early in 1956, it was reported that Marilyn had decided to become a Roman Catholic (at the time she was already considering marriage to Joe) her conversion was hotly debated at a conference of the United Church.

YOU WERE ASKING CHATELAINE

Question:

Periodically I get blackheads on my nose. They seem to be beneath the skin and are very hard to remove. What can I do about them?

—Mrs. P. K., Sturgeon Point, Ont.

Answer:

The basic remedy for blackheads is thorough cleansing. For soap-and-water cleansing you should use a medicated soap, and for cream cleansing your regular cleanser or a deep-cleanser. Be sure to follow each cleansing by a rinse with skin tonic. Witch hazel is available at any drugstore and is very inexpensive. Skin cleansing grains are a help and should be used as regularly as possible without irritating your skin—concentrating on the blackhead area.

Stimulating the circulation is important, too. Try this simple home facial: Divide an egg into two dishes, the white on one and the yolk on the other. Apply alternate layers to your face and leave to harden until it feels tight on your face. Leave five minutes, then rinse off and follow with a skin tonic.



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CHEST COLDS

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Nothing beats Musterole's oil of mustard, camphor and salicylates for bringing rich, fresh blood to help loosen bronchial congestion... ease aching chest muscles... open up nasal passages so you can breathe easily again.

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Available in tubes and jars—in child's mild, regular and extra strength. Stainless. Ask for Musterole. Satisfaction or your money back.

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STOP CONSTIPATION WORRIES—BREAK THE LAXATIVE HABIT!

Nujol softens waste, lubricates the intestine for easy passage. Recommended for chronic constipation and piles. Ideal for expectant mothers—because of its positive, gentle action. Break the laxative habit with Nujol or your money back.



Baby's Constipation

When baby's bowels are overloaded with waste, the entire digestive process may be affected. Little tummy often becomes sour and upset, baby suffers gassy pains, gets feverish, fussy and restless. To quickly and gently clear out the bowels, sweeten upset tummy, give Baby's Own Tablets and see if you don't soon notice a happy change in the way baby feels. Clinically and time-tested, Baby's Own Tablets are thoroughly dependable. You'll find them especially helpful, too, at teething time for their prompt relief from digestive upsets, restlessness, peevishness, colic pains, and other minor ailments due to need of a corrective. Ask your doctor about Baby's Own Tablets. Get a package today at your druggist.



Double-Action Spray Fights Germ Danger, Too! Fragrant WIZARD Deodorizer kills all household smells fast—helps protect health when used as directed. Pine Scent or Spring Bouquet.

WIZARD PUSH-BUTTON DEODORIZER

One minister even called it a portent that "we Protestants are falling down in our duty." When she's reminded of those years, Marilyn sighs and says, "The only thing that ever bothered me was when people wouldn't draw the line at what I considered my own business."

She was very careful to keep her attachment to Joe DiLascio reasonably private during the three years they wrote to each other. "But at home I always wondered whether the boys wanted to date me or Marilyn Bell, the swimmer."

Marilyn is amazed at how many people, even in the United States, still recognize her. One steamy day last July she was shopping in Gimbel's in New York with her mother. They sat down for a lemonade and were immediately accosted by a woman at the next table who leaned over, eyes popping, to ask, "Aren't you Marilyn Bell, the famous swimmer?" This kind of recognition irritates Joe DiLascio intensely. He couldn't get through to tell her mother for half an hour after Lisa was born because newspapers and wire services had the Bells' phone in Toronto tied up, asking for information.

Publicity brings worries

After Marilyn had been talking to me for more than an hour, Joe arrived home from work. A tall, good-natured twenty-three-year-old with close-cut sandy hair and horn-rimmed glasses, he complained with a great deal of earnest emphasis about this problem. "When we had the baby, a perfectly normal occurrence, they even carried a feature with pictures and our address in the Camden paper. This worried me because a lot of the parolees I'm responsible for live in this district. It's bad for them to know too much about their parole officer." They both hope that within the next couple of years, Marilyn's exploits will be largely forgotten.

Even now, except for the occasional flurry of publicity, they're able to live a fairly normal life. Marilyn "doesn't mind" housework and she says she's learning to cook. "Joe and I like mostly plain cooking — steak and potatoes, nothing fancy. I use a lot of frozen foods and mixes but, surprisingly, the supermarkets here don't come up to Canadian food stores." They've made a few good friends in Camden and are both very close to their families. They drive to At-

lantic City to see the senior DiLascios about twice a month; Marilyn's mother has flown down for visits five or six times and her sister Karen spent most of her summer vacation in Camden last year.

The DiLascios haven't mapped out any rigid plan for bringing up Lisa

Jane. But they'd like her to have two or three brothers and sisters. "We both come from small families. Joe's an only child and I have just one sister, Karen. We think it would be fun to grow up with a houseful of kids," Marilyn says.

They'll probably send Lisa to a

convent school in Philadelphia and would like her to go to college. Joe has a bachelor's degree in sociology and Marilyn took one year of a five-year occupational-therapy course at McGill University in Montreal in 1956-57. "I was just lousy at theory anyway and by that time I wanted to



WOULDN'T IT BE LOVELY?

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Ask for Smith Cush-n-Tred. You save money—for this newer, better protection can double the life of your carpets and rugs.



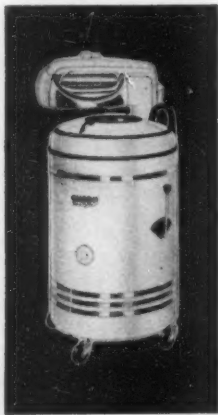
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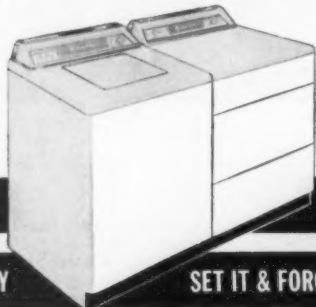
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No "Wash Day Blues" for the housewife with a Gilson Washer and Dryer. Four-way washing action gets out all the dirt—four separate rinses leave clothes sparklingly clean. Washing and drying are completely automatic—clothes come out bone-dry, or just right for ironing, as you select. Buy both units together, or separately. Wringer-type Washers are semi-automatic, and have Gilson's exclusive Unimatic Power Pump—washing action and pump on only ONE LEVER.



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CLOTHES COME OUT CLEAN & DRY

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Chatelaine — April 1959

get married so it was hard to concentrate," she explains.

Marilyn still feels very strongly Canadian and she regularly ribs Joe with such comments as, "Well, I guess you and your daughter are going to celebrate Thanksgiving this weekend." She gets firmly annoyed with people who ask her why she didn't marry "a nice Canadian boy." "I married the man, not the nationality. The important thing is that we're happy together," she says. But she's given up expecting Americans to know much about Canada. "I've developed a routine of saying with a poker-straight face, 'Back home, we're getting pretty civilized now. In some of the big cities half the people have plumbing.'"

No regrets for Marilyn

Then she explains softly, "But wherever Joe and I lived, I'd feel that this was the right thing for me. Ever since I was married, my swimming days seem more and more distant and more and more unreal." And the longer you talk to Marilyn DiLascio, who somehow managed to survive three years of hokum without acquiring a single affectation, the more you think that maybe they were.

END ♦

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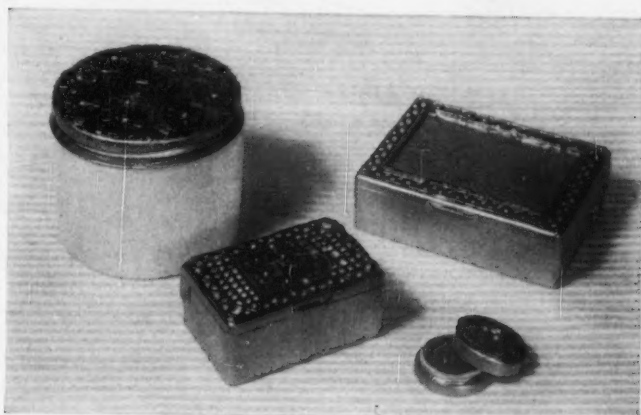
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TREASURE-TOP YOUR COSMETIC JARS

If your growing family strains the old homestead at the seams, or if you are a bachelor-cave dweller like myself, chances are your "dressing table" is a shelf in the bathroom, or the top of the water tank next to the washbasin. No matter where your creams and lotions congregate, you can still turn those few square inches of space into a charming display of feminine imagination by (a) covering it with a luxurious bit of material (or wallpaper) to match your color scheme, and (b) by dressing up ordinary cosmetic jar tops and boxes in pearls and rhinestones you can buy for pennies.

Here's where your imagination comes in

First, paint the tops to match your color scheme. Mine is green, white and gold, so I used gold metallic paint for a base. If you use metallic paint (gold-, silver- or bronze-leaf), be sure to stir it frequently during application to keep up color consistency.

Ordinary enamel needs no second coat, but if you use metallic paint, give it a coat of colorless nail polish *after* it dries, to prevent flaking. Now come the beads, and here's where your imagination takes over. Since most jar lids are round, I decorated mine in a Byzantine circles-within-circles motif, gluing on each individual bead with nail polish, working with a tweezer and centering each motif with a jewel. You may wish to decorate in the pointed arches of Gothic patterns, or have your pattern ray out from a central sparkler, or set your initial in the middle of the lid and fill in the rest with a complementary color.

You can use seed, or bugle beads, jewels of all shapes and colors, fake pearls or even small sequins. Most of them are sold in glass vials, twenty-five cents a vial, and two or three vials of different-colored sparklers should be ample to decorate three jar lids and four bottle tops.

Pushed for time? Try this short cut

On bottle tops, put the jewels only on the very top, where your fingers won't press while opening it. The sides of the tops should be painted your basic color, of course.

If you're short of time, patience or nimble fingers, here's a quick trick: pour beads, pearls and/or jewels on a piece of brown paper. When the basic paint is dry, give the lid a generous coating of nail polish, let it get tacky and press it face down into the mass of beads and pearls, over and over, until every mite of it is covered with them. Let dry, and see the dramatic effect.

Whichever way you decorate, you should end by putting on coat after coat of colorless nail polish, as a protection from chipping. Always allow to dry between coatings of polish. Six to eight coats will protect your jar tops from the most strenuous handling—*Eva Szulner*

END ♦



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*Who should mind
Your Baby?*

*Babies differ in
temperament and each needs the care of a
particular kind of person. Here's an expert's
advice on how to choose a nurse or
housekeeper best suited to your baby's character*

By BETTY FLINT, Institute of Child Study, Toronto
Sketches by Mary Spriggs

YOU MAY BE a working mother, or, even if you are not, there may be times when it is necessary for you to be away from your home. It is then that you face the very important question: whom can I trust my baby with? A loving grandmother, a willing aunt? Yes, if you're lucky enough to have either. But what if you must employ a nurse or housekeeper—what qualities should you look for?

Others are more quiet and reserved in the expression of their feelings. Few people will love your baby right away, but a good nurse or housekeeper will be genuinely interested in him from the first.

Another essential in a good housekeeper is a highly developed sense of responsibility. She must realize the importance of being on the job each day, so that you do not suddenly have to resort to a substitute. Babies blossom under consistent care of one person who knows and understands them well; a series of people caring for a baby has a detrimental effect on his mental health and happiness.

Care must be consistent

Intelligence, common sense and some knowledge of babies are, of course, basic qualities. However, beyond that there are psychological qualities which equip some people better than others to look after young children. A genuine warmth and kindness should be looked for, and it is the wise mother who lets the prospective nurse or housekeeper handle the baby, so she may watch for this quality reflected in her tone of voice, the expression on her face and the gentleness with which she picks the child up.

This quality need not be expressed in the same way by every person, because some people are naturally exuberant and demonstrative while

Babies react to tension

The new housekeeper must also recognize the importance of arriving on time, to permit mother to leave the house and baby without turmoil and anxiety, which is confusing and upsetting to him. All babies seem sensitive to emotional climate and quickly reflect disturbance if the atmosphere is tense.

Recognition that growing babies have an ever-increasing



need for activity is essential if a person is to maintain a patient and cheerful outlook when caring for them. It must be expected that as baby grows he will have to be provided with more and more things to do and can be expected to get into more and more mischief.

Toys, household equipment, pots and pans, drawers and cupboards come increasingly under the exploration of investigating mouth and fingers. Toys are dropped from high chairs and thrown out of playpens many times a day. The baby feeling his feet for the first time whimpers to be pulled to standing position only to discover he does not know how to sit down again. This causes another whimper or roar for assistance, but when once returned to safety he wants to repeat the performance.

The infinite patience to cope with this kind of activity comes only to the person who recognizes that all this is essential to healthy mental and physical growth and should be encouraged rather than discouraged, despite the drain on adult energies.

What's your baby like?

Babies differ widely from one another in temperament. From my observations I would say that there are three broad types in which they can be classed. However, it must be kept in mind that there are no clear-cut types, as all babies show characteristics which belong to all three.

There is the highly sociable baby who gurgles and chortles when people come near, who blossoms in response to attention and who enjoys being played with. This baby is a delightful company, and seems to thrive best with warm, loving, extroverted people who love to talk to and play with him. His predominant characteristics can be recognized in the early months of life by his special alertness to people who hover over him, his sensitivity to the sound of footsteps and voices, and his obvious disappointment if they do not stop by him.

If a mother has this kind of baby she will probably foster his well-being by selecting a warm, expressive, enthusiastic person who delights in the personal contact with a baby and who feels rewarded by it. It is especially important that this baby have a permanent person to whom he can relate because he is so sensitive to her actions and her contacts with him. Such babies suffer a more serious deficiency in their emotional se-

"WHAT'S BEST FOR BABY"... "What could be more wonderful than the feeling of growing up, and growing strong... learning to walk, talk and master a world that grows wider and more welcome every day. What you do is all-important." Read the advice of Ruth Parsons, famed Heinz Baby Counsellor.

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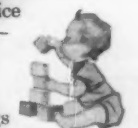
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curity than others because their security grows only from consistent and loving attention of one or two people.

Another kind of child is interested in the "things" of his world. Toys, furniture, the trappings of his crib or playpen, anything within his reach, are his greatest fascination. Given a choice of responding to a person or a toy, he will turn consistently to the toy. Often a stranger getting acquainted with this baby must do so by playing a game with toys, rather than by a direct sociable approach.

Such a child might thrive under the supervision of a person who would delight in his activity, who would be keen to provide him with toys and equipment and show him how to use them as he gets older. Her enjoyment would come from watching the child develop skills in his muscles and hands, and from seeing him put his mind to use, rather than from a direct emotional appeal.

Who watches a "watcher"?

And finally, there is a "watcher." This kind of baby tends to be shy, rather solemn, slow-moving and relaxed, particularly if he feels that he himself is under scrutiny. He is apparently happiest when watching other children play, watching adults perform household tasks, or watching the traffic on the street. His need for social contact and play activity seems much less than that of the other two kinds of children.

This child would be happy with a kindly, efficient housekeeper who would keep him on a good routine and who would feel little need to make many demands on him which would require a show of enthusiasm or any intense display of affection. This kind of person is content to give care without expecting much emotional response in return. Such a baby would be unrewarding to the warm, effervescent person, or to the person who delights in watching a child's activity.

Such ideal matching of babies and nurses or housekeepers is difficult to achieve. In fact, it frequently does not even occur in families, and complete sympathy does not always exist between a mother and child. However, mothers would avoid many headaches if they could keep the ideal as a guide when choosing the best possible person to look after their babies.

END ♦



TIPS on the daily care of YOUR BABY

1. Baby's daily bath should be before feeding. Wash baby's scalp first (it should be washed at least once or twice a week) with Johnson's Sham-



poo for Children. This wonderful shampoo won't burn or irritate baby's eyes.

2. Next, soap the rest of the baby's body. Make sure you use a mild soap to avoid irritation. Johnson's Baby Soap is the finest Castile specially formulated to cleanse gently, safely.

3. Gently clean the nose and ears with Johnson's Cotton Buds. They are made of the highest quality absorbent cotton tightly wound on flexible, rolled-paper "Safe-Stems" that can't snap or splinter.

4. Diaper Rash?

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5. Nothing makes baby feel happier or smell sweeter than a generous dusting with baby powder. Be sure that you use Johnson's Baby Powder—the favourite with mothers for over 50 years. It is the only baby powder made completely of the finest imported talc for absorbing the irritating moisture on baby's skin.

6. Before you put baby down to sleep, clean the diaper area thoroughly with pure, safe Johnson's Baby Oil or Johnson's Baby Lotion. Pat baby all over with Johnson's Baby Powder and apply Johnson's Baby Cream to elbows and knees to prevent chafing.

7. Fresh air is good

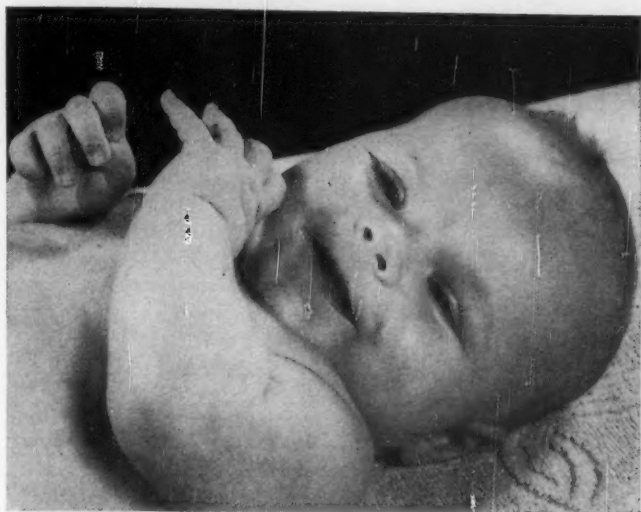
for baby—it improves baby's appetite and puts colour in baby's cheeks. During cool weather, rub Johnson's Baby Cream on baby's face and hands, not forgetting the wrists and under chin where rubbing occurs.



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Y O U R C H I L D



The Infectious Diseases

*You should protect him from some
—but let him catch others*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD

● Now, healthy babies can start on a new immunization program which will mean three fewer injections in the first two years and earlier protection against polio.

The diseases concerned are five of the very serious infectious ones—diphtheria, whooping cough (pertussis), tetanus, polio and smallpox. Thanks to the skill of the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories, in Toronto, a quadruple vaccine which will immunize a baby or child against the first four all at the same time has recently become available.

Mass production of virus

(This is the second world record in the polio field that these laboratories have established. In 1953, they undertook to produce polio virus for the first time in large amounts when other laboratories were loath to do so. They were entirely successful and this virus was used to make almost all the vaccine that successfully immunized the initial group of 400,000 children in the United States. Their remarkable achievement at this time is not generally known or appreciated.)

Today it is generally recommended that children who were given their

third polio injection a year or more ago should receive a fourth. It also has been customary to recommend two booster doses with DPT (for protection against diphtheria, pertussis and tetanus) at well-spaced intervals in the preschool period and two more against diphtheria and tetanus at intervals during their school years. In future these four booster shots will have polio vaccine in them, too, eliminating the need for separate polio vaccinations.

Vaccination against smallpox is often carried out shortly after one year of age, or earlier. It should be repeated about seven years later and preferably every seven years from then on. These repeat vaccinations cause only slight reactions.

Don't forget yourself

As polio has been attacking adults more often in the past thirty years, you should certainly have yourself as well as your children immunized against it. There is a new, even better preparation that protects you from tetanus, too. The vaccine against whooping cough is not as effective as scientists would like, but it will protect about eighty percent of children



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completely, and makes the attack less severe in the remainder. A similar but milder disease, paraptussis, is caused by another germ and the vaccine will not prevent this. However, it is relatively uncommon.

That means that we still have to contend with measles, German measles, chicken pox, mumps and scarlet fever.

Chicken pox and mumps

Both these diseases are much better got over in childhood because adults are much sicker with them. It's interesting to note, however, that infection with the mumps virus is thought to cause no symptoms at all in some thirty to forty percent of people. Men and boys past puberty may develop very painful inflammation of the reproductive glands with mumps, but fortunately this rarely has any serious after-effects.

Measles come in epidemics

In cities, measles appear in epidemic proportions every two or three years, probably because a new crop of susceptible children has been built up by that time. Approximately ten days after exposure to the disease, the child develops symptoms of a cold, with a running nose, bleary red eyes and a cough. Usually after three or four days of this, the reddish-brown rash appears, starting behind the ears, on the forehead and the upper part of the neck. It later spreads all over the body.

Children under two or three years of age and children who are under par are more likely to develop pneumonia or other complications after measles, which itself causes some inflammation around the bronchial tubes. So you should do all you can to prevent such youngsters from catching it. Keep your preschool youngsters away from other people's school children and from any child with a cold, when measles is prevalent.

If your preschool youngster is exposed to measles, call your doctor right away. If he thinks it is wise, he can give your child an injection that will make the attack of measles milder, yet even this mild attack will immunize the child from then on. If a larger amount of this material is injected early enough, he won't get the measles at all, but this protection only lasts about four weeks. The substance injected is called gamma globulin, and it contains the antibodies

present in the blood of normal adults who have had measles. It is absolutely harmless.

If a youngster does catch measles, keep him in a room by himself and don't let other people visit him, even though they have had measles, because they may pass on to him germs that may cause him in his weakened state to develop other complications. Call your doctor if you think your youngster has measles—the child will need careful nursing.

German measles for girls

German measles is milder than ordinary measles and usually the rash and the slight fever begin together. The rash generally lasts about three days and it can vary quite a bit. Ask your doctor to see the child because it is important to know if it is German measles, especially in a girl. If it is, keep a record. If you have had this disease once, you practically never get it again.

The reason you want to know definitely whether your daughter has had German measles is that if an expectant mother catches German measles in the first three months of her pregnancy, her baby is more likely to be born with serious congenital defects, such as cataract, deafness, etc.

Pregnant women (in the first three months) who have not had German measles should never go near anyone with the disease. If such a pregnant woman is exposed to it, large doses of gamma globulin will protect her and her baby for four weeks. If she actually catches this disease in the first three months, many physicians recommend a therapeutic abortion, unless the chances of having further children are poor or there are religious objections.

Obviously, you want your daughters to get German measles as children, and the boys might as well have it, too.

Scarlet fever is milder now

Scarlet fever is milder now than fifty years ago. It can also be treated very effectively in the early stages, usually with penicillin. If your child develops a suspicious-looking rash and a sore throat, call your doctor right away. Prompt treatment will also lessen the chances of his developing rheumatic fever or acute kidney disease after it. These complications are not common, but you want to guard against them.

END

IT'S YOUR WORLD

Continued from page 18

"At daybreak, bells ring and whistles blow to assemble . . . The peasants line up. At the command of company and squad commanders, the teams march to the fields holding flags. Here one no longer sees peasants in groups of two or three, smoking and going slowly and leisurely to the fields. What one hears are the sounds of measured steps and marching songs. The desultory living habits which have been with the peasants for thousands of years are gone for ever . . . Individualism has no market here."

At this point it became clear that many Chinese would resist further communalization, if only because of the destruction of family life. It seems probable, too, that Russia displayed sharp disapproval.

Oddly enough, it was at this time that many Western visitors (including some Canadians) demonstrated the blind enthusiasm of the see-no-evil school by informing the outside world that the communes were working perfectly, and represented a stroke of genius on the part of Mao. In fact, the central committee's resolution of December revealed from party sources that many people suffered from the excesses of over-zealous organizers.

These mistakes are now being rectified. The Chinese Communists cling to their faith in the People's Commune as a basic unit of an ideal society—a purely Chinese invention.

They gave the commune bosses five months in which to clean up the confusion caused by impatient and slapdash organization. This period of grace was to end in April, 1959, the

date coinciding with the postponed Second People's Congress. It is likely to be a critical moment in the fortunes of Red China, and in the extraordinary career of Mao Tse-tung. There is ample evidence that Mao exceeded his authority in accelerating the establishment of the communes. In a characteristically Chinese way, his disciples and associates may have concluded that here was another Stalin in the making but one whose usefulness could be retained.

"Grandpa knows best"

"Cure the illness to save the patient," Mao often counseled his followers. The Chinese Communists owe him an enormous debt as the inspiration of their power, and they undoubtedly would wish to save him from his own mistakes at this later stage of his career.

In this respect, Mao may benefit from another of his own aphorisms. In contrast once again to the Russians, he always insisted, "Use persuasive reasoning. It is very harmful to use crude and summary methods to ban wrong ideas because the wrong ideas will still be there."

To this philosophy, Khrushchev has a cruder reply: "Only the grave will cure the hunchback."

In these two quotations may be found the basis of dispute between Mao and the Russians. Only Mao, being Chinese, is unlikely to enter an early grave should his colleagues become disillusioned. If the old man exhibited too many dictatorial traits, what could be more expedient than to promote him to the rank of Grandfather in the new society?

In China as anywhere else, nobody ever quarrels with the gentle philosophy that Grandpa knows best. END ♦

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—Paul Rockett (cover, 38, 42, 43), Joan Chalmers (1), John Sebert (2, 10, 34, 35, 44, 48, 50), National Ballet Guild of Canada (4), Robert C. Ragsdale (14, 46, 146), Wide World Photos (18, 27, 30, 31), Panda (20), Ned Eisenstat (25), from the collection of Mrs. Hugh Bailey (26, 27, 80, 86, 96), Star Newspaper Service (27), Bain News Service (30, 31, 132, 135), Culver Service (31, 132, 135), Peter Croydon (37, 41, 68), Henry Fox (46), John Steele (46), Herb Nott (46), Edward Reynolds (104), Ray Webber (104, 105), Dennis Colwell (149), Miller Services (153), Alex Dellow (156).

ARTWORK—William Sully (28, 29), Jerry Lazare (32, 33), William Winter (39), Anne Buckley (44, 48, 50, 114, 130, 131, 138, 139, 140), Harold Town (76), Walter Yarwood (89), Robert Turnbull (94, 118), John Richmond (142), Mary Spriggs (150).

COVER—Coat by Hardy Amies, distributed in Canada by J. H. Warsh Co. Ltd., Toronto.

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Dettol is a must in every family medicine chest. Safe and non-poisonous, its gentle, soothing antiseptic action on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions promotes quick, clean healing free from infection. Never leaves a messy stain.

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Use Dettol in sick-rooms, too. Its disinfectant properties keep hands, bed linen and utensils sterile and germ free. Reduces the chance of infecting other members of the family.



DISINFECTS KITCHENS AND BATHROOMS

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The last word

is

Y O U R S

P.M. Party—more fun than chitchat

Gordie Tapp's exuberance is downright refreshing after Fred and Anna's polite chitchat [on Open House]. Robert Fulford (What's New in the Arts, February) is kidding himself if he thinks we are such paragons of perfection that we can't laugh at a bad joke.

Mrs. Ada Brown,
St. Eustache sur le Lac, Que.

I don't believe you have to be an old clutch or stupid to enjoy P.M. Party.

Jean Dunn, Transcona, Man.

The photos of Robert Fulford and Gordie Tapp, by comparison, certainly don't leave much hope for Fulford, especially after reading his cynical, insulting, dyspeptic, moronic article.

Ken Allan, Spruce Grove, Alta.

Because a woman is a housewife should she never have a moment of carefree carelessness?

Mrs. Hugh MacDonald, N. S.

I'll vote for Gordie any day—corn and all.

Mrs. K. F. Campbell, Lakeside Heights, Que.

Why a sponsor would approve of such programs as: Here's Duffy, Cross-Canada Hit Parade, Billy O'Connor Show, P.M. Party, is beyond comprehension. Why we listen to such tripe as Elaine Grand interviewing a homosexualist and Lord Bertrand Russell is another example of our apathy.

TV Viewer, New Brunswick.

After reading all the criticisms of that fine little comedian Jack Duffy, I can only quote the old saying, "No prophet honored in his own country."

Marie Fergus, Montreal.

We wonder if Mr. Fulford's wife is Duffy's wife's third cousin by marriage!

Mrs. John F. Bogue, Oakville, Man.

Bad TV doesn't sell

Three cheers for the excellent article on TV shows for our children (by Dorothy Sangster, February). I keep track of poor programs and when I shop make sure I don't buy their products.

Ruth Becker, Banff.

I just can't agree with author Sangster . . . Healthy normal children can take TV in small doses and have other interests such as reading, skating, swimming, as our children do. There is too much fuss and talk about TV and children.

Mrs. Lewis Miskell, Goose Bay, Labrador.

A very good article . . . We get one channel crammed full of the American programs—none of the good ones—and the required minimum of CBC. It's crushing!

Mrs. Levin, Regina.

As a mother of four preschool daughters I feel satisfied that our children are getting the best in entertainment.

Mrs. Ross M. Campbell, Swift Current, Sask.

Fiction—Welcome home

I am glad you are again printing fiction. I particularly enjoyed The Lovable Thief in January.

E. Sherman, Corning, Sask.

Flavia and the Beautiful Professor put me in a very good mood to receive my children's criticism. It just brought enough fantasy to brighten the day.

Mrs. Stanley Smichoski, Toronto.

Ersatz Eskimo art

With reference to Canadian Eskimo art (What's New in the Arts, January). As far as I am aware, no Eskimo artists in the Arctic are carving in wood. From time to time, as an aspect of occupational therapy, Eskimos in hospital in the south carve in wood. I would much regret if

this was considered in the category of Canadian Eskimo art.

As you may know, we are attempting to preserve the reputation of Eskimo art through the use of a registered mark which will not be available to tawdry imitations. Certainly no wood carving such as you describe could be sold with this symbol affixed.

R. A. J. Phillips,
Department of Northern Affairs and
National Resources, Ottawa.

Royalty in classless Canada

What the Queen's Job Should Be (February) by the obnoxious, self-complacent and obviously retarded Lord Altrincham is in extreme poor taste.

Mrs. F. D. Oliver, Winnipeg.

There is no room in Canada for royalty even if it became classless. When we rush to the cities to get a view of royal personages, we do so mostly out of curiosity. If it became an everyday occurrence, we would soon tire of this glamour that is so expensive.

Mrs. Roy R. Imlah, Fisherton, Man.

It would be grand for the Commonwealth countries to have the Queen living with them . . .

A British-Canadian, Toronto.

What's your opinion?

Please! Where are the fashions that do not look like Mata Hari on a bender; needlework with modern ideas? I'm disappointed . . .

Frances Scott, Toronto.

The coat dress (Best Buys, February) is one of the most attractive I have seen in a long time.

Mrs. T. H., Kelowna, B.C.

Just to congratulate you on the February Chate-laine. It ranks with the best!

Mrs. Herbert S. White, Aylmer, Ont.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE ►

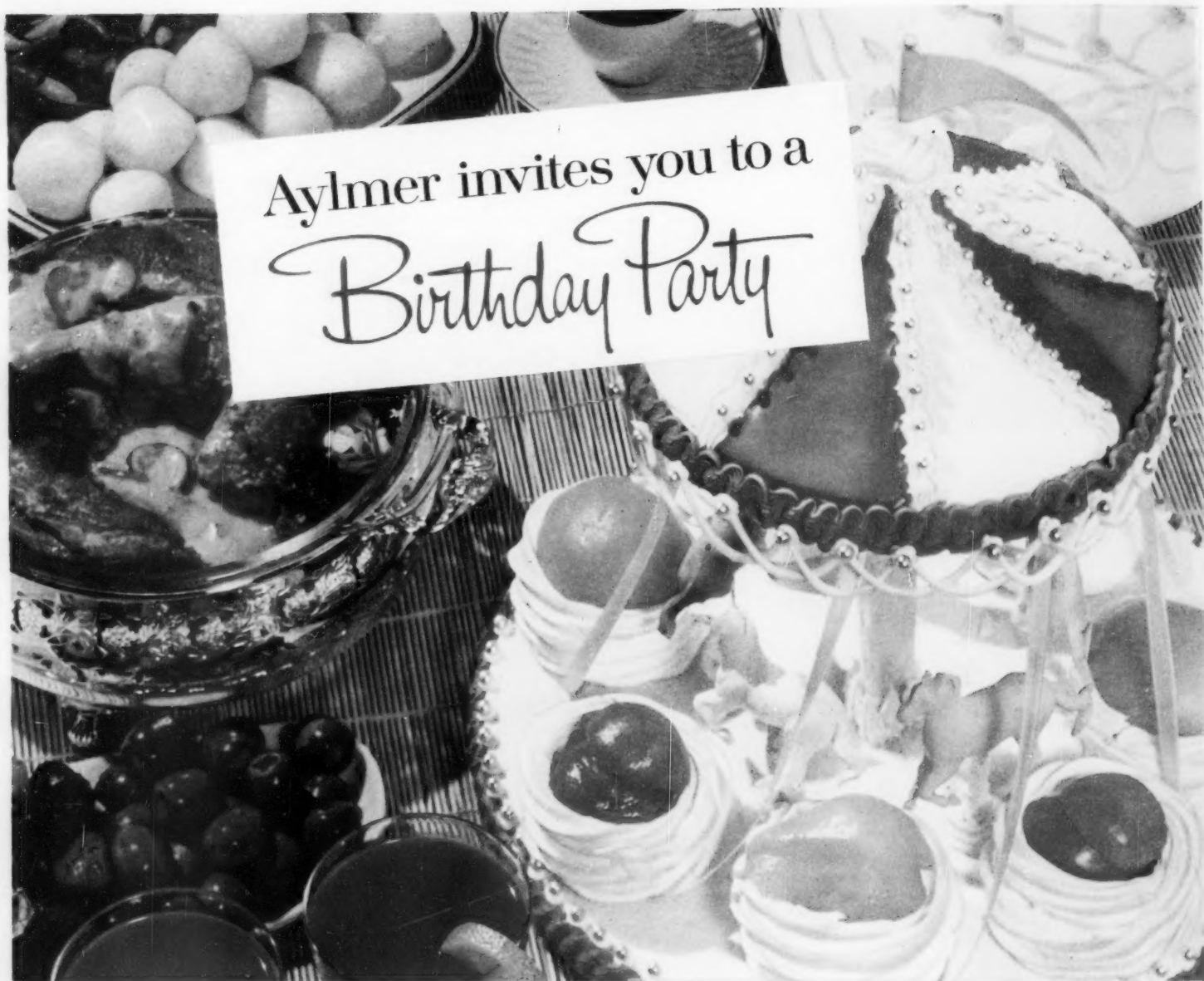
How you can be more vital than you are
The split-level personality of Gordie Tapp
My daughter married a Negro

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



Crystal by Rosenthal, Shine by Simoniz

REFLECTION OF PERFECTION / SIMONIZ VINYL WAX / FOR ALL FLOORS



Aylmer invites you to a
Birthday Party



There'll be many happy returns to the table for second helpings when you serve this beautiful Aylmer Birthday Party buffet! And you'll be surprised at how easy it is to prepare this gay, colourful dinner. Just follow the original Aylmer Menu and recipes below—and have the Happiest Birthday Party of your life!

BIRTHDAY PARTY BUFFET menu

Aylmer Sunshine Tomato Juice

Baked Chicken Supreme

Green Beans Amadine • Aylmer Small Whole Potatoes

Aylmer Stuffed Queen Olives • Aylmer Sweet Pickles

Aylmer Cranberry Sauce

Hot Biscuits—Butter

Party Meringues

Birthday Cake

Coffee



SOME RECIPE TIPS



Baked Chicken Supreme
... oven bake chicken pieces until tender. To make the sauce, allow 1 tin Aylmer Mushroom Soup for 3-4 servings; add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 2 tb. sliced green pepper, 2 tb. grated Parmesan cheese. Heat thoroughly and pour over hot chicken pieces in serving dish.



Party Meringues ... individual meringues filled with instant vanilla pudding—topped with well drained Aylmer pear, peach or apricot halves, or cherries.
Green Beans Amadine ... slivered almonds, butter and lemon juice added to hot, drained Aylmer Green Beans.

Here's Your Shopping List!

Aylmer Sunshine Tomato Juice
Lemons
Roaster or fryer chicken, cut in pieces
Aylmer Cream of Mushroom Soup
Milk
Green Pepper
Parmesan cheese
Aylmer Green Beans
Almonds
Aylmer Small Whole Potatoes
Aylmer Stuffed Queen Olives
Aylmer Sweet Pickles
Aylmer Cranberry Sauce
Tea biscuits
Butter
Meringues
Aylmer fruit for meringues (choice of Bartlett pears, peaches, apricots and cherries)
Instant vanilla pudding
Birthday cake
Coffee

"I love that
Aylmer flavour!"

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1959

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1959

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New Moon



May 7

First Quarter



May 15

Full Moon



May 22

Last Quarter



May 29



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